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THE CONDITIONS OF THE RECONSTRUCTION PROBLEM.

Conditions in the late Confederate states, from "the surrender," as it is still called in the South, up to the passage of the act of March 2, 1867, overthrowing the Johnson governments, and establishing the congressional plan of reconstruction, were pathetic in the extreme.

Out of a white population of about five million, there had gone into the Confederate army six hundred and twenty-five thousand, and of these two hundred thousand had lost their lives. Many thousands more had been maimed. Many other thousands had enlisted in the armies of the Union, and they also had suffered severely.

Prussia was in a piteous plight at the close of the Seven Years' War, and so was France at the end of her great Revolution. But Prussia, after her direful disasters, still had a certain amount of currency, and had no debts; France was left deeply in debt, but she had her currency and her financial institutions; whereas the Confederates, whose bank notes were now worthless, and whose currency and bonds were left without any government behind them, had practically nothing to show for their past savings. There was this further difference: neither Prussia nor France had ever been cursed with slavery; and all the other misfortunes of the South, aggregated, were but fleeting and temporary when compared with the enduring problems, economic and political, which were to come from the sudden manumission of four millions of slaves.

Desolation had followed in the wake of armies. Plough stock had been taken, cattle and provisions consumed, fences destroyed, in places even cotton seed was not to be had; and almost no one had credit, where credit had once been nearly universal. The harvest of death had left nothing but debts and lands, and many landowners were without a dollar that would pay taxes, state or federal. Already in the Union for purposes of taxation, but still out of it politically, the people of the late Confederate states were at once to assume their full share of the debt of nearly three billions of dollars contracted in subjugating them; they were to pay also their share of the pensions to Union soldiers: and the money thus drained from the South, to be expended in the North during the coming thirty-five years, was to be far more than equal to all the expenses of the Southern state governments, including school funds and interest on state debts. The spring of 1865 witnessed indeed the completion of the transfer of wealth in the United States from the home of the Southern planter, where it was once supposed to exist, to the Northern section of the Union.

There was but one resource left. "King Cotton," during the past four years, had grievously disappointed the prophets who had boasted of his prowess; but now he came out from his hiding places, and showed that, though he could not as a sovereign turn the tide of unsuccessful war, he still could play the

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part of Santa Claus in time of peace. Never were children more delighted by the gray-bearded king of Christmas than were the helpless and hapless people of the South by the blessings that came to them from the fleecy staple, — absolutely the only relief in sight. The cotton that had in war escaped Federal and Confederate torches, and that could elude the United States government agents, who were seizing it upon the plea, often groundless, that it had been subscribed to the Confederacy, brought high prices; and the money thus received, though wholly insufficient, was invaluable. It passed rapidly from hand to hand; for lessons of economy that are learned under compulsion are seldom taken to heart. Most of those who got money for cotton were in a mood for self-indulgence; they must put away the memory of the bitter past, and reward themselves for the sacrifices they had made. Women who had woven and worn homespuns, those who had cut up and sent their carpets to soldiers for blankets, must have silks and satins. Sorghum syrup, substitutes for coffee, and other economic makeshifts were relegated as far as possible to the limbo of the unhappy past.

These were the conditions that awaited the Confederate soldier at home. To appreciate his attitude, it must be recalled that as nine tenths of the Union army had enlisted to save the Union, and would have refused to join in a war having for its sole purpose the abolition of slavery, so five sixths of the Confederates were non-slaveholders, and had fought, not for slavery, but to maintain the old Constitution under an independent government. When it became apparent that independence was impossible, the war ended suddenly. There was no guerrilla warfare, prompted by hatred, as in South Africa or in the Philippines. The issue was decided, and the Confederate soldier turned his footsteps homeward, not ashamed of his defeat, but exulting in the thought that he could call upon mankind to witness he had made a brave fight. His cause was lost and his country desolated, but "hope springs eternal in the human breast." Now that slavery and secession were out of the way, he hoped for peace and prosperity in the old Union. One of the most notable features of his home-coming was the strangely intermingled gayety and gloom that everywhere, for weeks and months, pervaded society. The comrade who was never to return had met a soldier's fate; for him the tear had fallen as he was buried. Why should not the survivor be happy at meeting again those whom he had often thought he was nevermore to see? Mother, sister, wife, or sweetheart greeted him with joy, and as a hero who had deserved, if he did not achieve, success; and never were there gayer routs, dancing parties, and weddings than those which were everywhere witnessed throughout the late Confederacy in the times of which we write. Tables were often thinly spread, but youth and beauty and valor had shaken hands, the long agony of war was over, and the white dove of peace had come again. The theory of Malthus, that after devastating wars population increases with a bound, was being illustrated afresh. Marriages were more frequent than ever. Around camp fires and in lonely prison cells, the soldier, often a bachelor who had never before thought to prove Benedict, had been dreaming of a peaceful home, made happy by the smiles of wife and the prattle of children; and now, whatever else was in store for him, this dream must be realized.

But if the sunshine was strangely bright for some, others were in deepest gloom. Always in sight of the merry-making that was so common were homes that were wrecked forever, — husbands, fathers, sons, brothers, and fortunes, gone; and it was a matter of common remark that never had the mortality among persons who had passed middle age been so great in the late Confed-

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erate states as within the decade following 1865. Everywhere, men and women, brooding over the past, sank broken-hearted into their graves.

Its terrible losses and stinging defeat had naturally caused throughout the South much bitterness toward the North. This is well illustrated by the anecdote of the Virginian whose wife told him, one bright morning, that every negro had left the place; that he must cut the wood, and she must get breakfast. It is not recorded that the wife indulged in any expletives; but the husband, with the first stroke of the axe, damned "old Abe Lincoln for freeing the negroes;" with the next he went further back, and double-damned George Washington for setting up the United States government; and with the third, going back to the first cause of all his woes, he double-double-damned Christopher Columbus for discovering America!

This feeling of vindictiveness, while it pervaded more or less all classes who had sympathized with the Confederacy, was far more intense among non-combatants than with the returned soldiers. These had learned to respect their foes. Courage had been demonstrated to be common to both armies; kind offices to the wounded and the hungry had been mutual, and the dividing of rations by Grant's veterans with Lee's at Appomattox was just what had occurred on a smaller scale many times before. But the non-combatants at the South (and so it must have been at the North, judging from subsequent events) had none of the kindly feelings with which soldiers regarded their adversaries. It was quite common in 1865 to hear a soldier say that, for himself, he had had "enough of it; but my neighbor, who has been hiding all the time at home behind a bomb-proof position, has just now begun to get mad. What a pity he could n't have gotten his courage up before the fighting was over!" And now, thirty-five years afterwards, it may be affirmed without reserve that if the soldiers of the two armies had been allowed of themselves, uninfluenced by politicians, to dictate the terms of reconstruction, the history of the United States during the past three decades would have been widely different.

An added cause of bitterness among ex-Confederates was the imprisonment of Jefferson Davis, and his treatment in a manner that to the South seemed cruel and without justification. This generation has almost forgotten that, although Mr. Davis, then in feeble health, was doubly safe by reason of the strong case-mate at Fortress Monroe and the guards that surrounded him, an officer was required to see him every fifteen minutes, day and night, thus breaking his rest; and that the prisoner was for a long time forbidden books, except the Bible, and all correspondence, even with his wife. Irons were at one time placed on his legs; but though these were soon removed, the condition of the captive, as reported by the post surgeon, caused in May, 1866, a vigorous protest not only in the South, but in prominent Northern journals. Those were days of intense excitement, even in the North. Naturally, the ex-Confederates looked upon their President as suffering for them, and were much embittered by this incident.

But the North was not always held responsible as the *fons et origo* of Southern misfortunes in those days, which were so full of gloom to all who took time to consider the conditions that surrounded them. There was a widespread feeling that the secession leaders were answerable for the calamitous situation. Many Whigs retained their old-time prejudices against Democrats, and in every Southern state there had been Unionists. These were disposed to claim the benefit of their superior judgment, and many indeed were now "Union men" whose Union sentiments prior to secession their friends were by no means able to recall.

The disposition to put down the secessionists had received a powerful impulse

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from an unfortunate and unwise law passed by the Confederate Congress, exempting from service in the army, under certain conditions, the owners of twenty negroes, on the ground that they were needed at home to raise food-stuffs. Even in the army it had been bruited about, "This is the rich man's war, and the poor man's fight." In most of the states, the feeling of comradeship among Confederate soldiers would have rendered improbable any very equal division at the outset between secessionists and anti-secessionists; but certain it is that here were lines of cleavage that would inevitably have divided the Southern people into two bitterly hostile factions, had not the sempiternal negro question now appeared again, and this time in a form that was eventually to bring about a greater solidarity, even, than had come from the invasion of Northern armies. The shape it assumed was the suffrage involved in the reconstruction problem.

If the condition of the Southern white in 1865–66 was such as to command, from the present standpoint, the sympathy of the generous-minded, still more strikingly pitiful and helpless was the condition of the freedman. Not in all the imaginings of the Arabian Nights is there any concept so startling as the sudden manumission of four millions of slaves, left unshackled to shift for themselves, — without property, without resources excepting their labor, without mental training, and with no traditions save only such as connected them with bondage and barbarism. What was to become of these people? Would their energies be properly directed, and would they, as other peoples had done, gradually build up with their strong arms a future for themselves? Or would they be misdirected and led away from reliance on labor into fields where, by reason of their limitations, success was impossible? This was not for the freedman to decide. It was a problem for the white man, the Caucasian, who makes and unmakes the laws and governments of the world; who fashions civilizations, sometimes in comely shape, sometimes awry, but always in moulds of his own making. And it was still further a question as to what white man was to undertake the solution of this problem. Was it to be the white man whose lot was cast in the same land with the freedman, or was it to be the man who sympathized with him from afar, but knew him not?

Rehabilitation of the states, therefore, involving as it did the future relations of both whites and blacks to the states and the federal government, marked a crisis in our history second in import only to that created by the attempt to secede. The task was delicate, and called for deliberation and wise statesmanship. If, instead, the intense patriotism and philanthropy of the hour were allowed to become only the handmaids of acrimony and political ardor, and if results have proven the policy adopted to have been fraught with evil, the commentator fails of his duty who does not set up a beacon light to warn his countrymen of the dangers that come to the ship of state from venturing, when full-freighted, into the stormy waters of partisanship; for assuredly the perils of the future are not to be avoided by concealing or glossing over either the errors of the past or the reasoning upon which they proceeded.

Mr. Lincoln, as early as December 8, 1863, had formulated a plan of reconstruction by the Executive, — voters to be those who were qualified "by the election laws of the state, existing immediately before the so-called act of secession, and excluding all others;" but Congress had afterwards passed a joint resolution asserting its own power over reconstruction. Mr. Lincoln, it is true, killed this resolution by a pocket veto; but the great head of his party had been removed by an assassin, and there stood the action of Congress, and the declara-

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tion of Mr. Sumner, one of its foremost leaders, on the 25th of February, 1865, that "the cause of human rights and of the Union needed the ballots as well as the muskets of colored men."

It was feared in the South that President Johnson, especially after he had said that traitors must be deprived of social position, and "treason made odious," would share Mr. Sumner's views. Mr. Sumner has claimed that for a time he did; but if so, the President soon changed his mind, for on the 9th of May, 1865, he made an order recognizing Mr. Lincoln's plan in Virginia, and on May 29 he issued his proclamation for the reconstruction of North Carolina, excluding negroes, and recognizing as voters only those qualified by the state law at the date of the attempt to secede.

The continued presence of the military and the aggravating conduct of many of the officials of the Freedmen's Bureau were causing much dissatisfaction at the time of this proclamation; yet it was an immeasurable relief to feel that the seceded states were to be admitted without putting the ballot into the hands of the ex-slave.

The repugnance of Southern white men to negro suffrage was extreme. Edmund Burke, in one of his speeches in the British Parliament, pointing out the difficulties in the way of the subjugation of the American colonies, explained that in all the slaveholding communities there was an aristocracy of color; every white man felt himself to belong to a superior race, and this pride of race to an extent ennobled and elevated him. It was a true picture, and such a people were naturally prejudiced against meeting their inferior, the negro, as an equal at the ballot box. But their aversion had a better foundation than prejudice. The negro had nowhere shown himself capable of self-government. White manhood suffrage had obtained for years in all the seceded states, and never had the suffrage been purer or given better results. The population was largely of English and Scotch descent. Free schools had not been general, and illiteracy was more prevalent than in the Northern states; but joint discussions before the people by candidates for office were almost universal, while the code of honor regulating duels, then sanctioned by public opinion, exacted from every speaker rigid responsibility for his statements in debate; and so it came about that even among those who were uneducated there were unusually correct ideas of the high duties discharged by freemen in casting their ballots. Their suffrages were not for sale, and in self-government the morality and patriotism of voters count for almost everything; without these, book-learning is a snare.

It is easy enough to write that the success of universal manhood suffrage for whites, although in evidence both North and South, was not a sufficient argument for giving the ballot to every male over twenty-one among four millions of ex-slaves, and to add that a question like this ought to have been decided on its merits, and without regard to its effects on political parties. This is a truth that was recognized by Mr. Lincoln and by Mr. Johnson, each feeling that the burden of decision rested upon him. Individual responsibility sobers and lifts men up to meet great crises. Divided authority, however, weakens the sense of responsibility, and leaves passion full play, especially in a numerous body like Congress; and never was there so much bitterness between parties, or so much at stake upon the action of Congress. The Confederacy, after a bloody war against the Union, was prostrate. Should ex-Confederates come back with increased membership in Congress, representing all the negroes as freedmen, instead of, as previously, three fifths of the negroes as slaves? Should the party claiming to be the party of the Union incur the danger

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of handing over the government to an alliance of ex-Confederates with the Democrats, who in their platform of 1864 had denounced the war for the Union as a failure? Had not the North freed the slave? Was not this freedman the ward of the nation? Ought not the government to be keenly watchful of his interests, and was it not a duty to protect him and give him power to protect himself? The ballot was clearly the remedy, provided the freedman was competent to wield it. This was the question,—competency,—and it called for decision on its own merits; but passion, prejudice, love of power, philanthropy, and a sense of justice to the negro, all combined to obscure the issue, and to make it, as it soon became in Congress, a party question. A few Republicans were to oppose their party in the House and Senate, and be soon driven out of public life. The party that elected Mr. Johnson was to oppose him, and the party that opposed him in the election was to sustain him unanimously in Congress. This President, who had come to his office on account of his services to the Union, was to become the best friend, the adviser, and the leader of the ex-Confederates in a political contest; and occupying this peculiar attitude, he had uncommon need of tact, in which, unfortunately for his new allies, he was singularly lacking.

The Southern whites looked upon negro suffrage as a crime against Republican government,—a crime against which the people of the North, and if not they, then the President and the Supreme Court, would protect them. They had abandoned in good faith both slavery and secession, all that they thought were in issue, and now they were uncompromising in demanding what they denominated their "rights" as conceded by Lincoln and by Johnson. They never once thought of a compromise, but staked all upon the result of the fight between the President and Congress.

From March 4 till December 4, 1865, Congress was not in session, and during all this time Mr. Johnson was busy carrying out in the Southern states Mr. Lincoln's plan of reconstruction. The result was that when Congress convened, in December, Representatives and Senators from most of the late Confederate states were applying for admission. The Thirteenth Amendment, abolishing slavery, had been ratified by these states, and new constitutions had been adopted. The issue was thus fairly presented,—whether Congress would recognize reconstruction after the Lincoln-Johnson plan. The new constitutions set up under Johnson all confined suffrage to white men.

It is strange that, inasmuch as the country was yet to pass upon the question, Mr. Johnson, in his message in December, 1865, and elsewhere in his many public utterances, should not have appealed earnestly for support to the memory of his great predecessor, the author of the plan he was pursuing. On the contrary, prompted probably by egotism, he always spoke of the policy as his own.

It has been said that Mr. Lincoln's Southern birth and association with Southern men naturally inclined him against negro suffrage. Johnson was not only born in the South, but had always lived there. The views of the two Presidents as to who ought to exercise the power to define suffrage, and as to the manner in which that power should be exerted by the Southern states, were almost identical.

Mr. Lincoln wrote to Governor Hahn, when the convention he had called to reconstruct Louisiana during the war was about to assemble: "I barely suggest for your private consideration whether some of the colored people may not be let in, as, for instance, the very intelligent, and especially those who have fought gallantly in our ranks." So Mr. Johnson, August 15, 1865, to Governor Sharkey, of Mississippi: "If you could extend

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the elective franchise to all persons of color who can read and write, and who have a certain amount of property, etc., you would *completely disarm the adversary*, and set an example that other states would follow."

It would have been wise for Mississippi and the other Southern states to follow the advice given Governor Sharkey. The few negroes qualified under these restrictions could have done no harm, and such a course might have had weight with voters in the North, to whom the general policy Congress was pursuing toward the South was to be submitted before the venture upon negro suffrage was made.

The majority sentiment in Congress did not, at the outset, favor negro suffrage as a condition of rehabilitation, and progress in that direction was not rapid. In the spring of 1865, the New York Tribune, while contending that the negro was entitled to the ballot, was urging the unwisdom of taking issue with a Republican President who had at hand all the patronage of the government. When, however, the 4th of July, the national anniversary, had come, orations were made by such leaders as Boutwell in Massachusetts, Garfield in Ohio, and Julian in Indiana, advocating broadly negro suffrage for the late Confederate states, — and this before a single state convention had assembled under Johnson's reconstruction proclamations.

In forwarding the claim of the negro for the ballot no factor was more powerful than the Freedmen's Bureau. The Bureau had been established by the act of March 3, 1865, to take care of the freedmen who were flocking into the Union lines; and as those lines advanced the Bureau had been extended all over the South. Backed by the bayonet, and exercising absolute power to settle disputes between two races where natural friction was easily aggravated, the officers of the Bureau had exceptional opportunities for good or for evil. Many performed their duties faithfully; but many others were in search even then of the offices that were afterwards to come by the votes of their wards. To get these offices, the North must be made to believe that the ballot was a necessity for the negro; and it was easy, especially for the subordinate officials who dealt directly with the freedman, to encourage discontent among their wards and strife between the races. The Southern white man was frequently impulsive, and, when vexed by negro "insolence" and by the stories that came to him of the injustice at Bureau headquarters, where often, in negro language, "the bottom rail was on top," he took justice into his own hands, and sometimes it was injustice. Race prejudice was also here and there painfully apparent in superior courts and in juries. Thus there was enough truth in some of the many stories of outrages that were circulated in the North to make them all current at their face value. So it came about that the Freedmen's Bureau, the real purpose of which was to make contracts for the freedmen, settle questions between them and their employers, and take care of its wards generally, was, through many dishonest and partisan officials who were attached to it, proving to be a prime factor in the manufacture of political opinion during the whole period covered by this article. The reports of Bureau chiefs, where they spoke of quiet, passed unnoticed; it was the reports of outrages that attracted attention.

The dispensing of supplies without price to able-bodied persons must always tend to produce idleness: this tendency of its own work it was the especial duty of the Freedmen's Bureau to correct. The greatest crisis that had ever occurred in the lives of four million people had arrived. Slavery had lifted the Southern negro to a plane of civilization never before attained by any large body of his race, — had taught him to be law-abiding

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and industrious. If the guardians of this man, who was bewildered by his new surroundings, and who was clay, though unwashed clay, in the hands of the potter, had shown him the absolute necessity of continued industry, the negro would have had at this critical moment the best chance of thrift that was ever to come to him. But, unluckily, this was not to be. Instead of being properly directed, the credulous freedman was in many instances encouraged in idleness, while he was deluded by false hopes. General Grant, in a report to the President, after having made a tour of inspection in the South, though he qualified his statement by attributing to "many, and perhaps a majority of them," the inculcation of proper ideas, nevertheless said, "The belief widely spread among the freedmen of the Southern states, that the lands of the former owners will at least in part be divided among them, has come from the agents of this Bureau;" and further, "The effect of the belief in the division of lands is idleness and accumulation in towns and cities."

Idleness is the prolific parent of hunger, want, and crime, and the widespread idleness prevailing everywhere in the South in the fall and winter of 1865 called loudly for legislation. It was during this period that the legislatures elected under the presidential reconstruction plan were in session, and passed, most of them, vagrancy and apprenticeship laws, some containing very stringent provisions. These statutes embraced, most of them without material variations, the features of the old law of Maine, brought forward in Rev. Stats. of 1883, sec. 17, p. 925, providing that one who goes about begging, etc., "shall be deemed a tramp, and be imprisoned at hard labor," etc.; and the old law of Rhode Island, brought forward in Rev. Stats. of 1872, p. 243, "If any servant or apprentice shall depart from the service of his master or otherwise neglect his duty," he may be committed to the workhouse; and the long-existing law of Connecticut, contained in the Revision of 1866, p. 320, punishing by fine or imprisonment one who shall entice a "minor [apprentice] from the service or employment of such master."

In some instances details were harsher than in the New England laws, but existing conditions were without precedent. Southern legislators were excited by the aggravated evils that surrounded them, and they seem never to have thought of political results.

One feature that was in practically all these apprentice laws, and that attracted general attention at the North, was a provision giving preference as masters to former owners of negro minors when before a court to be bound over. This was looked upon by many Northern voters as conclusive evidence of an intent to continue slavery, as far as could be, exactly as it had existed. In reality it was a humane provision. William H. Council, Booker T. Washington, and other leading colored students of the negro question, as it has been bequeathed to us from the days of reconstruction, concur in holding that the negro's best friend at the South was and is the former slaveholder. But, unfortunately, Southern legislators did not know that here they were outraging the sympathies of Northern voters.

The features of this legislation that met with the most universal condemnation were the Mississippi law of November 25, 1865, requiring every freedman to make a contract for a home and work by the second Monday in January, 1866; a similar law of Louisiana, passed in December; and a statute of Mississippi, punishing unlawful assemblages of blacks, or of whites and blacks mixed. Acts were also passed by Florida, Louisiana, Alabama, and Mississippi, forbidding to negroes the use of firearms: in two of these states absolutely, in one except by license, and in the other of such arms only as were "appropriate for purposes

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of war." Recollections of the negro insurrection headed by Nat Turner, coupled with predictions long ago made by Mr. Calhoun, and frequently by others during and preceding the Civil War, had inspired in the South a very general fear that, in favoring localities, the suddenly emancipated slaves might attempt to repeat the massacres of San Domingo. In two of the states thus forbidding or limiting the use of firearms the negro was in the majority; in the other two there were "negro belts," where the few whites would be helpless in case of an insurrection.

The most indefensible provision anywhere found by the writer is a statute of Mississippi, enacting that, while freedmen might hold personal property, they should not be allowed to lease lands or tenements "except in towns or cities, where the corporate authorities shall control the same." How much of this enactment was the result of pure prejudice, and how much of it came from the bogy of negro supremacy in a state in parts of which the negro was in numbers as overwhelming as he had been in San Domingo, the reader will determine for himself.

Much was yet to be learned about the freedman by both Southerner and Northerner. The one was to find out how peaceful, the other how incapable as a voter, the freedman was.

There was little chance for moderation in public sentiment or for deliberate action by Congress, when Southern people, in constant dread, were watching and guarding against insurrection, which they even feared might be prompted by agents of the Freedmen's Bureau; and when, at the same time, Northern people, with their hearts full of sympathy for the helpless and hapless freedmen, were daily watching the reports of that Bureau for stories of cruelty by the former masters. The friction, reasonably to be expected, between the master race on the one hand, almost all of them with the domineering blood of the Anglo-Saxon in their veins, few of them saints and all the rest sinners, and the negro on the other, now dazed by the blinding light of sudden freedom, would naturally be enough, even without official intermeddling, to cause almost any one to believe or to do anything toward which either prejudice or philanthropy might incline him. Nevertheless, there were prominent Republicans who took no stock in the continued scrutiny by the North of the relations between whites and blacks in the South. Among these was the head of Lincoln's and of Johnson's Cabinet, Mr. Seward, who said in an interview in April, 1866: —

"The North has nothing to do with the negroes. . . . They are not of our race. They will find their place. They must take their level. The laws of political economy will determine their position, and the relations of the two races. Congress cannot contravene those."

But Mr. Seward and his views were then in a woeful minority.

Only one of the late Confederate states had legislated in relation to the negro when Congress met, December 4, 1865, and yet the members of that body had already made up their minds against Mr. Johnson's plan of reconstruction.

The first step of this Congress was the passage, by practically a solid party vote, of the celebrated "Concurrent Resolution" to inquire by a Committee of Fifteen into the condition of the late Confederate states; the next was the passage in the House, December 14, of a resolution referring to that Committee of Fifteen every question relating to conditions in the late Confederate states, and to admit no member from these states until the committee had reported; then came the defeat of the Voorhees resolution, indorsing the presidential plan. The Republicans, in the votes on all these measures, presented practically a solid front, while the Democrats were unanimous in opposition. The action of the Senate

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was on like lines. In the language of Mr. Stevens, Congress was already determined "to take no account of the aggregation of whitewashed rebels who, without any legal authority, have assembled in the capitals of the late rebel states and simulated legislative bodies."

Reconstruction was already a party question. Mr. Stevens, the leader of the radicals, said, during these proceedings, on the floor of the House, December 14, 1865: —

"According to my judgment, they [the insurrectionary states] ought never to be recognized as capable of acting in the Union, or of being recognized as valid states, until the Constitution shall have been so amended as to make it what its makers intended, *and so as to secure perpetual ascendency to the party of the Union.*"

A sample of the arguments for the Concurrent Resolution is the following, by a prominent member, Mr. Shellabarger, in answer to Mr. Raymond: —

"They framed iniquity and universal murder into law. . . . Their pirates burned your unarmed commerce upon every sea. They carved the bones of your dead heroes into ornaments, and drank from goblets made out of their skulls. They poisoned your fountains, put mines under your soldiers' prisons, organized bands whose leaders were concealed in your homes; and commissions ordered the torch and yellow fever to be carried to your citizens and to your women and children. They planned one universal bonfire of the North from Lake Ontario to the Missouri," etc.

Moderation was out of the question. A few conservative Republicans, who, like Mr. Raymond, of New York, stood out for Mr. Johnson's policy, were trampled under the feet of the majority. Others, though halting now and then, kept in line with the party which was steadily marching forward to the view that was already held by the radicals, and afterward expressed by Mr. Sumner in debate upon the bill for suffrage in the District of Columbia: —

"Nothing is clearer than the absolute necessity for suffrage for all colored persons in the disorganized states. It will not be enough if you give it to those who read and write; you will not in this way acquire the voting force which you need there for the protection of Unionists, whether black or white. You will not secure the new allies who are essential to the national cause."

To reach this goal there were many obstacles to be overcome, and time was necessary. The plan of the radicals included legislation relating to freedmen; there was good reason to expect hostility from the Supreme Court, and Southerners did not foresee how a square decision from that tribunal could be avoided; it included constitutional amendments; three fourths of the states only could amend the Constitution, and several of the Northern states were hostile to negro suffrage; while, if the policy entered upon should fail, the failure would be disastrous. The Democrats in Congress had allied themselves with the cause of the Southern whites, and, as Mr. Stevens expressed it on the floor of the House, if negroes were not to have the ballot, the representatives from the Southern states, with the Democrats "that would be elected in the best of times at the North," would control the country.

The radicals were looking hopefully to the investigation of the Committee of Fifteen, under the Concurrent Resolution, of which Mr. Seward said (Bancroft's Seward, p. 454) it "was not a plan for reconstruction, but a plan for indefinite delay." The committee was composed of twelve Republicans and three Democrats, and of them Mr. Blaine says (Twenty Years in Congress, vol. ii. p. 127): "It was foreseen that in an especial degree the fortunes of the Republican party would be in the keeping of the fifteen men who might be chosen."

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This committee was appointed in December, 1865, continued its investigations until June, 1866, when, dividing on strictly party lines, the majority made its report June 18, and the minority June 22.

The majority report discussed at length theories of reconstruction, and bitterly condemned the plan of the President. As to conditions in the South, it found that the Freedmen's Bureau was "almost universally hated," and that "the feeling in many portions towards the emancipated slaves, especially among the uneducated and ignorant, is one of vindictive and malicious hatred. This deep-seated prejudice against color is assiduously cultivated by the public journals, and leads to acts of cruelty, oppression, and murder, which the local authorities are at no pains to prevent or punish."

The committee went on to recommend that Congress should not admit the late Confederate states to representation "without first providing such constitutional or other guaranties as will tend to secure the civil rights of all the citizens of the Republic," the disfranchisement of a portion, etc. As to the nature of the guaranties to be required there was in this report nothing definite. The three minority members, in their report, vigorously combated the views of the majority.

Mr. Stevens had reported, January 31, 1866, and the House had passed, a proposition for a constitutional amendment providing that, whenever suffrage was denied on account of race or color, the persons so denied suffrage should be excluded from the basis of representation. But there was no promise that such amendment, if adopted, should be taken as a settlement. The amendment, however, was never to be submitted to the states, as Mr. Sumner and other radicals joined with the Democrats and conservative Republicans, and defeated it in the Senate.

Both Democrats and Republicans were now treating all measures affecting the South as political, and the late Confederate states were being counted as in the Union for the purpose of passing on constitutional amendments, while their governments were held as "revolutionary, null, and void" for all other purposes. Nothing could more conclusively illustrate the intense partisanship of the hour.

The fairest chance the Southern state governments, as set up by Johnson, had to stem the tide that was setting in against them — but it is doubtful whether that could have succeeded — was by unanimously ratifying the Fourteenth Amendment. Had this amendment been accepted by both sides as a settlement, it would have reduced the representation of the late slave states and left them in control of suffrage. But this article disfranchised nearly all Southerners of prominence and experience, and Southern people could not bring themselves to vote for the degradation of those whom they had honored and trusted. Johnson, too, now their friend and political leader, advised against it; so did Northern Democrats. It was a political fight to a finish between the prostrate ex-Confederates, without representation in Congress and without an acknowledged vote anywhere, aided by the President, a handful of Democrats in Congress, and an unknown number of sympathizers in the North, on the one side, and the Republican party in unmistakable control of Congress on the other. The bill for the extension of the Freedmen's Bureau, which failed to pass over Johnson's veto, and the civil rights bill, which did pass over a veto, — these, and the angry discussions over them in the spring of 1866, only intensified, North and South, the bitterness of the struggle in progress.

If Mr. Lincoln had lived, and had carried on, as the speech in answer to a serenade just before his death indicates

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he would have done, the policy embodied in the North Carolina proclamation, approved by him shortly before his death,[1] and used by his successor as the basis of his policy, he would have had before him the same open field and the same nine months preceding the meeting of Congress that were before Johnson; and though it would have been a strange spectacle to see the great Republican chieftain politically allied with ex-Confederates, one cannot avoid the conclusion that, tactful and at the same time great-hearted as he was, he would have been continually pointing out to Southerners the breakers that they did not, and he did, see ahead. His influence, too, with his own party, after the successful termination of the war, would have given him a measure of control over his party that Johnson did not possess.

Mr. Johnson was much abused for having "deserted" the party that had honored him, and now that the fight was on, instead of the coolness and skill of a gladiator, he manifested only the qualities of an angry bull rushing at a red rag. In a public speech, alluding to some charge that he had played Judas, he said: "If I have played the Judas, who has been my Christ that I have played the Judas with? Was it Thad Stevens? Was it Wendell Phillips? Was it Charles Sumner?"

Numerous conventions, state and national, were now, in 1866, being held, all devoted to the manufacture of public opinion for and against the Johnson plan of reconstruction.

No two eras in our history differ more widely than the epoch-making years 1787 and 1866. In the one, statesmen were sitting with closed doors to formulate, uninfluenced by outside discussion, the Constitution which is the most perfect work of man. In the other, with doors wide open, members of both political parties uttering fiery declarations which were echoed and reëchoed all over the land, the two houses of Congress as political bodies, with passion at white heat, shaped the policy according to which the chief corner stone of the old Constitution — the suffrage on which it rested — was to be remodeled; and the trend of all the work of the session of 1865–66 was in the direction of the guaranties demanded by Mr. Stevens and Mr. Sumner.

That policy, when the session had closed, was submitted to the Northern voters in the congressional elections of 1866. It was overwhelmingly approved; and at the last session of that Congress the act of March 2, 1867, was passed, reconstructing the states on the basis of universal negro suffrage, to which the Fifteenth Amendment, intended to secure the rights thus granted, was but a corollary, — both, as we have seen, begotten of partisanship out of philanthropy; and this was not the first, nor has it been the last, of these *liaisons*.

It is not making any new or startling assertion to say that negro suffrage was a failure. It did not give Republican control at the South, except for a brief period, and it did not benefit, but injured, the freedman; it made unavoidable in the South the color line, and *impossible there two capable political parties, of which all men, North and South alike, now see the crying need.*

The negro had, when suddenly emancipated, one recourse: he was by training a good laborer. The pathway was wide open before him to profit by ex-

[1] "The very same instrument for restoring the national authority over North Carolina, and placing her where she stood before her attempted secession, which had been approved by Mr. Lincoln, was by Mr. Stanton presented at the first Cabinet meeting which was held at the Executive Mansion after Mr. Lincoln's death, and having been carefully considered at two or three meetings, was adopted as the reconstruction policy of the [Johnson's] Administration." (McCulloch's Men and Measures, p. 378.)

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perience based upon the results of continued industry. Laws like those we have noted, repressing idleness, even though unnecessarily severe, as some of them undoubtedly were, would have given him a continuing forward impulse in what was his only possible line of betterment; for the lesson of self-support is a prerequisite of all development. In Mr. Seward's language, the negro would have found his place.

To import the ex-slave into politics was to make a parasite of a plant that needed to strike its roots deep into the earth. To implant within him the thought that he might live without work was an egregious error. Influential negroes, those who should have led in industry and thrift, not only themselves deserted the cotton field for the field of politics, but drew others after them to march in processions and listen to discussions no syllable of which was comprehensible save only appeals to race antagonism. The consequences of the mistake then made have come down to this day; and as to some of them, at least, whites and blacks are now working together for relief.

Professor W. H. Council, the able negro president of the college at Huntsville, Alabama, voiced the present best Southern thought when he said, in his annual address to his colored students, in October last: —

"As our footsteps diverge from political walks, they approach industrial success and true citizenship. The negro will grow strong and grow into usefulness in proportion to his contribution to industrial development, and not political strife."

Hilary A. Herbert.

THE NEW INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION.

THE law regulating human development may possibly be formulated somewhat as follows: Nature favors those organisms which, for the time being, operate cheapest; but organisms are wasteful which, relatively, lack energy. An organism may fail in energy either because it is deficient in mass, or because it has been imperfectly endowed with energetic material. In either case the result is the same: organisms which, compared with others, are wanting in energy are wasteful, and, being wasteful, nature rejects them. Applying this law to recent social phenomena, certain deductions may be made which are not without interest regarding the past, and may be worthy of consideration in view of the future. An inquiry of this kind must begin with Europe, which until lately has been the focus of activity.

Scientifically speaking, the Urals have never formed a dividing line between Europe and Asia. The boundary between the two continents has been fixed by the path of trade, which early regulated the flow of civilization and the migrations of the races. The true frontier of modern Europe has always consisted of a triangular isthmus, about 800 miles broad at its narrowest, following the line of the Vistula and the Dniester, or from Dantzic to Odessa; and some 600 miles deep along its base, from the mouth of the Vistula to the Neva, or from Dantzic to St. Petersburg. The apex of this triangle rests upon the Black Sea, at the outlet of the Dniester and the Dnieper; while its eastern frontier is formed by the chain of water courses which unites the Black Sea with the Baltic, by the way of the Dnieper, the Lovat, Lake Ladoga, and the Neva.

A thousand years ago, when Constan-

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tinople was the capital of the world, the Eastern trade reached Scandinavia by these water courses; Kiev being the outpost of the Greek economic system, and Novgorod the northern emporium. The Scandinavian merchants left Novgorod, bearing furs and amber to sell on the Bosphorus, and brought back spices and coin. Speaking generally, this isthmus, though forming, as it were, a debatable land between two civilizations, appertained to Europe, and contained what are now the German Baltic provinces of Russia, beside Poland and Lithuania. Within the commercial thoroughfare formed by these water courses lay the cradle and hotbed of Western civilization; beyond lay desolate wastes, impenetrable alike to the trader and the soldier. These wastes cut off the Occident from the Pacific coast, a region singularly favored both in soil and minerals. Europe, on the contrary, has never been remarkable either for the fecundity of its soil or for the wealth of its mines. It reached high fortune rather because, before railroads, its physical formation lent itself in a supreme degree to cheap transportation by water.

A tongue of land deeply indented by the sea, and penetrated throughout by rivers navigable, at least, for small craft, Europe could market what it had to sell when the treasures of Asia and America lay inaccessible. This advantage she retained until within about twenty years, and the new industrial revolution has been at once the cause and the effect of its loss.

Even a generation ago competition remained much upon the basis of the eighteenth century. Although tending to shrink, the margin of profit stayed broad enough to spare the individual trader, and distance afforded Europe protection against the attack of more favored communities. America, for example, did not harass France or Germany. On the contrary, America offered these countries the best market for their surplus; the United States buying manufactures with bullion, raw materials, or food, which last freight raised to a price harmless to the value of land. The case of England will illustrate a universal condition.

Between 1760 and 1870 Great Britain reached the plenitude of prosperity, and she did so chiefly because of the American trade. As late as 1860 a disparity existed between England and the United States, which to-day seems almost incredible. While England's exports of manufactures then reached $613,000,000, those of the Union only slightly exceeded $40,000,000; and while in 1860 Great Britain had substantially completed her railroad system, that of the United States lay in embryo. Thirty thousand miles of road were then in operation; nearly 200,000 are now in use, and even in 1900 4500 more were added. The United Kingdom, in 1898, possessed altogether 22,000 miles, and building has long gone on at the rate of a hundred miles or so a year. The burden of construction on the two communities can be easily compared. In 1860, with the facilities then existing, neither iron, nor coal, nor grain, nor meat could be exported from America in competition with the product of British mines or farms; while, on her side, Great Britain could sell her manufactures in the United States almost at her own price. The reason for this is obvious. A generation ago, land rates of transportation could not be made even to approximate sea rates: therefore, iron, for instance, could not be brought from the interior to the ports. England had substantially no land carriage. Her resources lay on the coast.

In these years Great Britain accumulated great sums in ready money, mostly, perhaps, through the returns of agriculture. The manufacturing population grew apace, — eating much, yet producing no food; nevertheless they paid for food liberally, because the revenue from Amer-

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ica provided ample wages. Thus passing from hand to hand, the larger share of American remittances finally lodged in the coffers of the landlords in the shape of rent. The landlords consequently enjoyed opulence, habitually saved a part of their incomes, and invested what they saved either in business paper or in foreign securities. Agriculture thus formed the corner stone of the economic system of Europe during the decades which ended with the Franco-German war.

Bagehot wrote Lombard Street between 1870 and 1873, and in the introduction to that interesting essay he inserted a passage which has made luminous many subsequent phenomena. Commenting on the loanable funds always lying on deposit in London, Bagehot observed: —

"There are whole districts in England which cannot, and do not, employ their own money. No purely agricultural county does so. The savings of a county with good land, but no manufactures and no trade, much exceed what can be safely lent in the county. These savings are . . . sent to London. . . . The money thus sent up from the accumulating districts is employed in discounting the bills of the industrial districts. Deposits are made with the bankers . . . in Lombard Street by the bankers of such counties as Somersetshire and Hampshire, and those . . . bankers employ them in the discount of bills from Yorkshire and Lancashire." [1]

Almost as Bagehot wrote these words the economic equilibrium of the world changed; and it changed because the introduction of the railroad permitted the consolidation of larger and more energetic masses than had theretofore existed. The movement first gained headway in central Europe, which prior to 1870 had been the most decentralized portion of a decentralized continent.

The consolidation of Germany between 1866 and 1870 led to the downfall of France, and the transfer to Berlin of a large treasure, in the shape of a war indemnity. Besides entering on a period of industrial expansion incident to accelerated movement, the German Empire, by means of this treasure, succeeded in restricting its coinage to gold. Silver being discarded fell in value, until, in 1873, France also curtailed its silver coinage; and thus, by degrees, half the supply of metal for the currency having been eliminated, a contraction followed, which lasted until the abundant yield of gold about 1897 began to make good the deficiency. The contraction of the currency caused a fall in prices, more particularly the prices of agricultural products and freights, and this fall struck at the very vitals of England.

The structure of society had not been simplified in Great Britain, during the French Revolution, as it had on the Continent. Consequently, in 1870, much of the apparatus of the Middle Ages survived, especially in the customs relating to the tenure of land. In Great Britain land was expected to earn two profits, — one for the cultivator, the other for the landlord; and though this had been possible when freights were high, it became impossible as they fell, accompanied as the fall in freights was by a decrease in the value of the crops themselves.

In 1873 it cost, on the average, about $0.21 to convey a bushel of wheat from New York to Liverpool, in 1880 only about $0.117; or, estimating the value of the bushel of wheat in London in the early seventies at $1.60, and allowing for the reduction in railroad as well as in ocean rates, the farmer lost something equivalent to a protective tariff of 10 per cent. This difference seems toward 1880 just about to have offset the rent. At a later date matters grew worse and farms went out of cultivation.

And now a very curious phenomenon occurred. In earlier days the manufactures of Great Britain had been sold in America; the proceeds had been remitted to Lancashire or Yorkshire, had

[1] Lombard Street, p. 12.

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for the most part been spent in wages, and by the wage earner had been expended for food; the sale of food had paid the gentry's rent, and the gentry's accumulations had either found their way back to Lancashire in the form of loans, or had been invested in American stocks. Such was the condition when Bagehot wrote Lombard Street. What happened in the next two decades a few figures will explain better than much argument. For example, the acreage under wheat in England, Scotland, and Wales fell from 3,490,000 acres in 1873 to 1,897,000 in 1893, while imports of wheat rose from 43,863,000 hundredweight in 1873 to 65,461,000 in 1893. Meanwhile, the population of the United Kingdom had only grown from 32,000,000 to 38,000,000. In other words, the imports of wheat had increased 50 per cent, and the population 20 per cent: and this leaves out purchases of flour, which had swelled from 6,000,000 to 20,000,000 hundredweight.

The course of trade is obvious enough. The profits made on sales of merchandise abroad, and paid out in wages, no longer remained with English farmers as the price of food, thus forming a basis for English credit. After 1879, as soon as earned, these profits flowed back again whence they came, with the effect of gradually converting the landholding class from lenders into borrowers.

The landed class became borrowers largely because of the traditionally extravagant system of family settlements. The eldest son took the property, but he took a property incumbered with settlements for the widow, the brothers and sisters. These settlements constituted a fixed charge on rent; and when rents disappeared the owner had to make good the settlements, or pay the interest on his mortgages, which amounted to the same thing, out of sales of personal property. Hence, although economy might be practiced, liquidation on a large scale became imperative; and frequently it proved impracticable, even with frugality, to save the land.

At all events, the best property to realize upon was American stock and bonds, and, accordingly, from the early eighties sales began. At first the drain upon the United States was hardly noticeable; then it gathered volume, and after 1890 grew overwhelming. The purchasing power of this country failed, the market broke, gold flowed abroad in floods, and the panic of 1893 supervened. But to comprehend that momentous convulsion, and to realize the bearing it has had on all later events, a few words must be said in relation to the straits into which the United States had fallen, and the gigantic exertion by which the people freed themselves from debt. There is little more dramatic in recent history.

In 1865 the problem presented was this: The United States could certainly excel any European nation in economic competition, and possibly the whole Continent combined, if it could utilize its resources. So much was admitted; the doubt touched the capacity of the people to organize a system of transportation and industry adequate to attain that end. Failure meant certain bankruptcy. Unappalled by the magnitude of the speculation, the American people took the risk. What that risk was may be imagined when the fact is grasped that in 1865, with 35,000 miles of road already built, this people entered on the construction of 160,000 miles more, at an outlay, probably, in excess of $10,000,000,000. Such figures convey no impression to the mind, any more than a statement of the distance of a star. It may aid the imagination, perhaps, to say that Mr. Giffen estimated the cost to France of the war of 1870, including the indemnity and Alsace and Lorraine, at less than $3,500,000,000, or about one third of this portentous mortgage on the future.

As late as 1870 America remained relatively poor; for America, so far as

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her export trade went, relied on agriculture alone. To build her roads she had to borrow, and she expected to pay dear; but she did not calculate on having to pay twice the capital she borrowed, estimating that capital in the only merchandise she had to sell. Yet this is very nearly what occurred. Agricultural prices fell so rapidly that between 1890 and 1897, when the sharpest pressure prevailed, it took something like twice the weight of wheat or cotton, to repay a dollar borrowed in 1873, that would have sufficed to satisfy the creditor when the debt was contracted. Merchandise enough could not be shipped to meet the emergency, and balances had to be paid in coin. The agony this people endured may be measured by the sacrifice they made. At the moment of severest contraction, in the single year 1893, the United States parted with upwards of $87,000,000 of gold, when to lose gold was like draining a living body of its blood. And the terror lay in the fact that the further realizing went, and the lower prices fell, the greater the needs of the foreigner became, and the more drastic had to be the liquidation. After 1890, for example, cotton spinning for some years ceased to pay in Lancashire: consequently, many manufacturers found themselves in the same plight as the landlords, and had to resort to the same expedients.

What America owed abroad can never be computed; it is enough that it reached an enormous sum, to refund which, even under favorable circumstances, would have taken years of effort; actually forced payment brought the nation to the brink of a convulsion. Perhaps no people ever faced such an emergency and paid, without recourse to war. America triumphed through her inventive and administrative genius. Brought to a white heat under compression, the industrial system of the Union suddenly fused into a homogeneous mass. One day, without warning, the gigantic mechanism operated, and two hemispheres vibrated with the shock. In March, 1897, the vast consolidation of mines, foundries, railroads, and steamship companies, centralized at Pittsburg, began producing steel rails at $18 the ton, and at a bound America bestrode the world. She had won her great wager with Fate; society lay helpless at her feet; she could flood the markets of a small, decentralized, and half-exhausted peninsula with incalculable wealth. How tremendous her victory was, how far reaching must be its results, may be judged from the returns which show the condition of the British minerals.

As early as 1882, the iron mines of the United Kingdom yielded their maximum, at 18,000,000 tons of ore; in 1898, the yield had fallen to 14,000,000. In 1868, 9817 tons of copper were produced; in 1898, 640 tons. Two years later the turn came in lead, the output in 1870 having reached 73,420 tons, as against 25,355 in 1898; while tin, which stood at 10,900 tons in 1871, had dwindled to 4013 according to the last returns. The quantity of coal raised, indeed, increases, but prices have advanced from 50 to 70 per cent during the year; and though now they tend to fall, it is only through a shrinkage of the industrial demand, caused by inability to compete on such a basis. The end seems only a question of time. Europe is doomed not only to buy her raw material abroad, but to pay the cost of transport. And Europe knew this instinctively in March, 1897, and nerved herself for resistance. Her best hope, next to a victorious war, lay in imitating America, and in organizing a system of transportation which would open up the East.

Carnegie achieved the new industrial revolution in March, 1897. Within a twelvemonth the rival nations had emptied themselves upon the shore of the Yellow Sea. In November Germany seized Kiao-chau, a month later the Russians occupied Port Arthur, and

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the following April the English appropriated Wei-hai-wei; but the fact to remember is that just 400 miles inland, due west of Kiao-chau, lies Tszechau, the centre, according to Richthofen, of the richest coal and iron deposits in existence. There, with the rude methods used by the Chinese, coal actually sells at 13 cents the ton. Thus it has come to pass that the problem now being attacked by all the statesmen, soldiers, scientific men, and engineers of the two eastern continents is whether Russia, Germany, France, England, and Japan, combined or separately, can ever bring these resources on the market in competition with the United States.

From the days of Alexander downward, the dream of every dominant Occidental race has been to overrun the East; but, with the exception of England, who invaded India from the sea, no Western people have ever established a foothold in the recesses of Asia. Alexander left nothing behind him, and the Romans met disaster. Tiberius addressed himself to the task of reducing Germany. He first made three successful campaigns between the Rhine and the Elbe by way of Paderborn and Brunswick. He then proposed a combined movement from the Rhine and the Danube against Bohemia; but before it could be executed, in the year 9, Augustus sent Varus to organize the newly conquered province of North Germany, where Varus with his army perished. Subsequently, the government decided that the cost of expansion exceeded the profit, and the legions retired behind the Rhine. A century later Trajan marched down the Tigris to the Persian Gulf, contemplating an attempt on India by sea; but Hadrian, on maturer consideration, fell back upon the Euphrates. In the Middle Ages, whenever the Crusaders ventured beyond the defiles of the Lebanon, they suffered defeat; and the Teutonic Knights could never force their way beyond the region of Livonia.

Thus repulsed, mediæval Europeans cast about for means to reach Cathay by water, since ships fit for the purpose then existed. In 1497 Vasco da Gama doubled the Cape of Good Hope on his voyage to India, while five years earlier Columbus, in pursuit of the same object, had stumbled on America. This discovery changed the equilibrium of society by giving it an impulsion westward, — an impulsion shared by Asia as well as Europe. Here doubt is impossible. Colonization in Hispaniola began in 1496, and emigration has poured westward ever since; on the other hand, the organization of modern Russia dates from Ivan the Terrible, who reigned from 1533 to 1584. Modern Russia, indeed, is nothing but the old Tartar Empire centralized on the Neva instead of on the Amoor, with the Slavic influence instead of the Mongol in the ascendant. Almost contemporaneously with the voyage of Columbus the current began to sweep the Asiatics over what had once been Europe. Novgorod lay at the eastern extremity of the triangular isthmus between the continents; and Novgorod was a European town, and a bulwark of the Baltic provinces. In 1495 Ivan III. pillaged Novgorod, expelled the German merchants, and began to press westward. In the middle of the next century Ivan the Terrible occupied Narva, reached the Caspian, crossed the Urals, and began the conquest of Siberia. In 1703 Peter the Great fixed the capital on the Neva. In 1772 came the first partition of Poland, and by 1795 Asia had pushed her frontier across the debatable land, and had reached the Vistula.

Withal, the new empire, like its Tartar predecessor, has proved impervious to attack, and this invulnerability has controlled the most complicated problem of modern times. That problem is the old one of the possibility of absorbing northern Asia in the European economic system. Had Napoleon prevailed in 1812

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he might have solved the difficulty; for an archaic community often reaches with rapidity the level of its conqueror, as did Gaul after Cæsar's campaigns. When, however, the primitive race remains free, subject to no severer constraint than the pressure of peaceful competition, instances are rare where the pupil has overtaken the master, while the master has kept his vigor. Certainly Russia has not outstripped Germany and France. For two centuries Russia has imported foreigners with a view to accelerate her movement, and yet to-day the Russian people are, relatively, as sluggish as when Ivan the Terrible ruled at Moscow. No more striking illustration of comparative inertia could be found than the building of the Siberian railroad, — an inertia the more noteworthy as no enterprise was ever undertaken under more favorable auspices, or with stronger incentive to activity through apprehension of impending peril.

To regard the Siberian railroad as a purely Russian venture is incorrect; it is only necessary to read the French newspapers of the last decade to be convinced of the contrary. The Siberian railroad has been the result of the effort made by Europe to extend its base over Asia, and it has been made possible only by the support of the Western nations. Russia's chief contribution has lain in the administrative department, and it has been the administration which has crippled the enterprise.

As long as the United States acted as a useful appendage to Europe, absorbing at once her surplus manufactures and population, and repaying her with silver and gold, Europe looked on the development of eastern Asia with indifference; but no sooner had the shadow of American competition fallen across the Atlantic than penetrating the recesses of Asia was recognized as essential to safety. Uneasiness, which had been growing since 1880, gave way to alarm dur ing the crisis of 1890, when the Bank of England betrayed unequivocal signs of weakness, and in 1891 an imperial rescript ordered the construction of the Siberian road to begin on the Pacific coast.

Much has been said about the magnitude of the Siberian railroad scheme. It has certainly strained the resources of Russia and France; it has even impaired the credit of the Czar's government; it has been prosecuted with all the resources and vigor of the empire: probably, therefore, it may fairly serve as a gauge of Russian energy, whereby the Russian may be measured with the citizen of the United States.

The length of the entire Siberian line, including branches, fell short of 6000 miles. The road runs for the most part through an easy country; the land cost nothing; work can be carried on from several points at once; and a French company offered to complete the task within six years, at an average cost of $30,000 the mile. In reality, the main division, on whose effective working success or failure hung, is only half this length. From Cheliabinsk to Stretensk on the Amoor, where steam navigation to the Pacific begins, is less than 3000 miles, and M. de Witte solemnly assured the world that this vital section should be in thorough order by 1898, or 1899 at the latest. In the spring of 1900, when the Chinese outbreak occurred, not only did this line prove unfit for ordinary travel, but incapable of transporting enough troops to Manchuria to afford police protection to the road itself. As for garrisons, the Russian government appears to have sent them to Port Arthur and elsewhere by sea, which is equivalent to the United States government sending troops to California round the Horn. Such is the fruit of nine years of toil, at an outlay estimated at double the price asked by Frenchmen for the work, and with a product so inferior that experts are agreed the road will have to be nearly rebuilt to raise it even to the European standard. The European standard, nevertheless, re-

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presents perhaps not more than half the energy developed by American systems.

In the United States, between 1880 and 1890, the average construction exceeded 6000 miles of road annually, all built by private enterprise; and in 1887 more than 12,000 miles of track were laid. Had the United States been under a stimulus of apprehension such as the Russians felt in regard to their eastern frontier, the building of a line equal to that to the Amoor could scarcely have occupied three years at the most, and probably much less.

Measuring thus Russian with American energy, the former could hardly hold a higher ratio than as one to four or five in relation to the latter, — a handicap which would seem to preclude successful competition.

This conclusion is likely to be generally accepted by Europeans; for at present the theory that the Siberian railroad would provide a practicable channel for international traffic, as against the sea, appears to have been abandoned. Therefore, for the next generation, the relations of the West toward China in regard to transportation promise to remain nearly unchanged.

Furthermore, there can be no mistaking the symptoms. Russia is betraying exhaustion under the strain of an attempt at industrial competition. Hence she has collapsed at the crucial moment, and her collapse has checked the partition of China, which has been a chief aim of central Europe. A convulsion in China has long been anticipated as the signal for a division of the empire by an agreement of the Powers, somewhat as Poland was apportioned a century ago. In 1795 Russia possessed the energy to seize her prey. In 1900 she could with difficulty move an army corps, far less prosecute a campaign. A severe financial crisis has been in progress in Russia for many months. Hitherto M. de Witte has been unable to secure his annual loan to cover his deficit, and accordingly the Bank of Russia is losing gold. Every item of outlay possible to be suppressed has been suppressed; yet paralysis supervened. This paralysis isolated Germany and England; for the overland route to Berlin remained closed, and in the rear lay the United States intrenched in Luzon. The Germans perceived finally that the military position was hopeless, and capitulated. The victory for America, in the East, appears to be decisive, and the organization of northern China by her commercial rivals, temporarily at least, postponed.

On the other hand, assuming that Europe is once more foiled in her attempt to expand eastward, it is not demonstrated that an economic equilibrium will be reached with America in the ascendant. Though now the position of Europe is untenable, her energy is not exhausted, and therefore she will presumably seek means of defense. If she cannot expand, she will doubtless consolidate, and try to compensate for inferior resources by superior administration. Should all else fail, she will, unless the precedents of history are to be reversed, resort to war. Probably without exception sinking communities have fought for life. Upon the same principle, the present economic situation logically points toward a collision. After finishing her internal lines of communication, America has extended them across the sea to her rival's ports, the more effectually to deluge them with her wares. Furthermore, the United States bars all avenues of escape. She has long held South America closed; she is now closing China; and while thus caging Europeans within their narrow peninsula, she is slowly suffocating them with her surplus. Any animal cornered and threatened will strike at the foe; much more, proud, energetic, and powerful nations. Nevertheless, war is an eventuality which each can ponder for himself. European economic consolidation, though perhaps equally dangerous, is less familiar.

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Obviously, great economies may be effected by concentration. Disarmament, more or less complete; the absorption of small states, like Holland, Belgium, Denmark, and the like; the redistribution of the Austrian Empire; the adoption of an international railroad system, with uniform coinage and banking; and, above all, the massing of industries upon the American model, may enable Europe to force down prices indefinitely, and possibly turn the balance of trade. In other words, the twentieth century offers the prospect of a continuation of the conditions of the last upon a progressive scale, the severity of competition depending largely on the supply of gold coming from the mines, in proportion to the volume of trade.

Should the foregoing statement of facts be approximately correct, and presupposing that the United States succeeds temporarily in preventing the industrial development of China, the following inferences seem justified. Europe stands at a disadvantage, whether in war or peace, because of inferior natural resources, inadequate bulk, and imperfect organization; but the position of Europe is not so desperate that it may not be amended by inertia in America and energy at home. Moreover, Americans must recognize that this is war to the death, — a struggle no longer against single nations, but against a continent. There is not room in the economy of the world for two centres of wealth and empire. One organism, in the end, will destroy the other. The weaker must succumb. Under commercial competition, that society will survive which works cheapest; but to be undersold is often more fatal to a population than to be conquered.

Economies consist in the administration of masses, thus eliminating double profits, surplus wages, and needless rent. Such masses in America are represented by the so-called "trusts:" therefore the trust must be accepted as the corner stone of modern civilization, and the movement toward the trust must gather momentum until the limit of possible economies has been reached.

Analogously with political institutions, all institutions of any country are but the reflection of a social condition; and as that condition changes, so must habits and methods of thought and government. In proportion as the United States consolidate within, in order to evolve the largest administrative mass, so must they be expected to expand without; and as they expand, they must simplify and cheapen their administrative machinery, until in this direction, also, the limit of economy by mass has been attained. When that limit has been touched the process will automatically stop, as the Roman Empire stopped under Augustus. In the stern struggle for life, affections, traditions, and beliefs are as naught. Every innovation is resisted by some portion of every population; but resistance to innovation indicates, in the eye of nature, senility, and senility is doomed to be discarded. When a whole nation becomes senile, like the Chinese, it perishes. That nation thrives best which is most flexible, and which has fewest prejudices to hamper adaptation.

One quality Nature inexorably demands of men: she exacts from them the capacity to exert their energy through such channels as she may open from age to age. Those who can conform to her behests she crowns with wealth, with power and renown; those who rebel or lag behind she exterminates or enslaves. Should America be destined to prevail, in the struggle for empire which lies before her, those men will rule over her who can best administer masses vaster than anything now existing in the world, and the laws and institutions of our country will take the shape best adapted to the needs of the mighty engines which such men shall control.

Brooks Adams.

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THE LAST PHASE OF NAPOLEON.[1]

ANYTHING from Lord Rosebery's pen is sure to be sparkling and attractive. But the petty miseries of Napoleon at St. Helena, his squabbles with Sir Hudson Lowe, and the bickerings of his little household were hardly a subject worthy of being handled by one who has been Prime Minister of England, who may again be Prime Minister of England, and who is being courted as a leader by a large section of a great political party. Perhaps Lord Rosebery, while awaiting the call of Destiny, wishes to kill the time without mental strain by dallying with lighter themes. Though strictly critical and veracious, he is evidently under a spell, and feels that in dealing with the great conqueror he is dealing with something more than human.

Napoleon on his way to Elba, after his first deposition, found his statues overturned, and was more than once in peril of his life from the fury of the people against their fallen tyrant. He owed to the intrepidity of the allied Commissioners a narrow escape from a violent end. A mob surrounded the carriage, demanding his head; and to save his life he had to escape by a back window, and ride the next post disguised as a courier with a white cockade upon his breast. Did he suffer any indignity worse than this at the hands of Lord Bathurst or Sir Hudson Lowe? The political and municipal bodies of France at once, with one accord, acclaimed his fall and the deliverance of the country. One of his own marshals, Augereau, his companion in many victories, thus addressed the soldiers: —

"Soldiers! The Senate, the first interpreter of the national will, worn out with the despotism of Buonaparte, has pronounced, on the 2nd April, the dethronement of him and his family. A new dynasty, strong and liberal, descended from our ancient kings, will replace Buonaparte and his despotism. Soldiers! You are absolved from your oaths: you are so by the nation, in which the sovereignty resides; you are still more so, were it necessary, by the abdication of a man who, after having sacrificed millions to his cruel ambition, has not known how to die as a soldier."

Ney, on Napoleon's return from Elba, marched against him, promising the King to bring him back in an iron cage.

Napoleon's wonderful success after his return from Elba was due, not to love of him, but to hatred of the Bourbons, to the restless discontent of the soldiery, and to the fear of the peasantry that the old dynasty would restore the feudal system and resume the confiscated lands. Napoleon would never have been recalled by the French people. In Lord Russell's interview with him at Elba, the subject of his anxious inquiry was the disposition, not of the people, but of the army. The disposition of the people he knew too well.

After his first deposition, the fallen Emperor was treated with studious respect by the allies, and notably by the British. He was received, says Alison, by Captain Usher, who commanded the vessel in which he sailed for Elba, agreeably to the orders of the government, with the honors due to a crowned head: a royal salute was fired as he stepped on board, the yards were manned, and every possible respect was shown to him by all, from the captain to the cabin boy. So great was the contrast between this reception and that with which he had met at the hands of his own subjects that he burst into tears. It was when he had broken his word, made his escape from

[1] *Napoleon: The Last Phase.* By LORD ROSEBERY. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1900.

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Elba, and again for the purposes of his own ambition plunged the world into slaughter and havoc, that he was treated with less indulgence. That, with his invariable perfidy, he had from his first removal to Elba meditated breach of his parole and return to France, if he had a chance, can hardly be matter of doubt. In his interview with Lord Russell, he affected to fear that the allies had a design upon his life. He was evidently providing an excuse for his flight. He actually invited Lord Russell to visit him in Paris, and the invitation was repeated in the Hundred Days through Bertrand.

This man had sacrificed to his ambition at least two millions of lives. He had oppressed and plundered all the nations, till they rose together in united effort against the intolerable iniquities of his sway. He had formed a design, as he himself avowed, of reducing them all to satellites of France, the domestic liberties of which he had extinguished. He had, besides, committed a long series of particular crimes: he had murdered Pichegru, the Duc d'Enghien, Toussaint-Louverture, and Hofer; he had slaughtered four thousand prisoners of war in cold blood, because he found it difficult to hold them. He had trampled on public faith as well as the laws of humanity. Had he, upon the renewal of his criminal attempts, been treated with more severity than he was, the measure would have been impolitic, certainly unsentimental, but it would not have been unjust. It might not even have been entirely impolitic, if it would have broken the spell the prevalence of which was to be so prolific of evil.

Any idea that consideration was due to Napoleon for having, after Waterloo, abstained from putting himself at the head of the Jacobin populace of Paris, and prolonging the resistance to the allied armies, is preposterous. There was not between him and the populace the sympathy by which such a combination could have been formed. He hated the populace of Paris. In the Hundred Days, Guizot saw him, after receiving at a window a mob demonstration, turn away with a shrug of disdain.

Suppose, after all that Napoleon had done, — the physical and, still worse, moral evil that he had brought upon the world, the loss and suffering which he had brought upon Great Britain in particular, and the pertinacious malignity with which he had sought her ruin, — a British minister, upon the renewal of all this, did, in a letter to his colleague, give vent to his indignation in an angry phrase suggesting that Napoleon deserved to be handed over to the King of France for treatment as a rebel: was this a thing to fill the world with horror? Lord Liverpool did not really expect the King of France to put Napoleon to death as a rebel, nor had he the slightest intention of doing anything of the kind himself.

It was unfortunate, perhaps, that the British government should have had to undertake the custody of a prisoner whose extraordinary genius and still more extraordinary fortunes were sure to create a sentiment in his favor and against his keepers. But this could hardly have been helped. A fortress in Russia or Prussia would have been more penal than St. Helena. To allow the ex-Emperor to go to the United States, there to cabal against Great Britain, would have been fatuous. It must be remembered that there were French, Austrian, and Russian Commissioners at St. Helena. Prussia was invited to send a Commissioner, but did not.

In the indictment of the British government, as presented by Lord Rosebery, there are three counts: —

I. The denial of the imperial title. Napoleon was allowed himself to assume, and did assume, the title, as he did all the forms of imperial state. But could the government have given it to him? His own legislature had dethroned him,

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and forced him to sign his abdication. With his little empire of Elba he had been allowed to retain his title of Emperor. But how, without disparagement to the title of the restored dynasty, could he be recognized as Emperor of the French? Does not the revival of the title by Napoleon III. show that there was a substantial reason for refusal? On the captive's playing at Emperor no restriction seems to have been placed. All the forms of imperial etiquette were strictly observed in his little court. Its members were kept standing for hours, till they nearly dropped from fatigue. At dinner, Lord Rosebery tells us, he was served on gold and silver plate, and attended by his French servants in rich liveries. When he took an airing, it was in a carriage and six, with an equerry riding on each side. A really noble nature surely would have preferred to lay aside a title which had become a mockery of forfeited greatness, and have found a higher majesty in simple manhood, dignified as it would have been by misfortune.

II. The second charge is niggardly supply of funds. But this seems at once to fall to the ground. The original allowance was £8000 a year. This was enlarged to £12,000, and ultimately there was no fixed limit. If there were rats at Longwood, there was wherewithal to buy ratsbane, and the governor could scarcely be blamed for leaving that business to the suite. Napoleon appears to have been supplied with everything that he desired, including, it is curious to hear, large consignments of books, of which, we are told, this mighty conqueror was a great, even a voracious reader. Bertrand confessed that St. Helena was better than Elba.

III. There is, unfortunately, more foundation for the charge of want of tact and indelicacy on the part of Sir Hudson Lowe, whose vigilance was extreme, but who was otherwise ill chosen for his rôle. Sir Hudson was haunted by fears of an escape; for which, in fact, there were plots on foot, and one, as the Russian government thought, feasible, though there could hardly be serious danger, considering the inaccessibility of the island and the unwieldy corpulence of the captive. Lowe's instructions were "to permit every indulgence to Napoleon compatible with the entire security of his person." It is not alleged that he departed from the first part of these instructions, but only that he was overstrict and maladroit in the execution of the second. He seems to have shown no ill will. He raised the allowance on his own responsibility. In inviting the ex-Emperor to meet Lady Loudon at dinner he may have committed a social blunder, but he meant only to be kind. Napoleon was irritable and petulant. "Lowe was antipathetic to him," says Lord Rosebery, "as a man and as a jailer. Consequently, Napoleon lost his temper outrageously when they met." This seems to suggest a fair summary of the case. Napoleon, it will be remembered, for an unfortunate though well-intended remark, kicked Volney in the stomach, so that he had to be carried out of the room. He gave vent "outrageously" to his temper against the British ambassador, Lord Whitworth, before the whole diplomatic circle. He shoots Madame Bertrand's pet kids, to her great distress, because they strayed upon his garden, and other innocent animals share their fate. So he used to shoot his wife's favorite birds at Malmaison. He had in him, in fact, a strong dash of the Quilp. Lamartine thought that he insulted in order to provoke insult and found a case for his friends in the British Parliament, whose intervention was his hope of release. Montholon, one of his confidants at Longwood, in fact, avowed that this was their game. If Napoleon had allowed Sir Hudson Lowe to see him regularly without seriously intruding on his privacy, even to see him at a window, all would apparently have gone well.

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Pope Pius VII. was the head of Catholic Christendom. Yet the treatment which he received as Napoleon's captive was less respectful, according to Lord Rosebery, than that received by Napoleon. "He was put into captivity, not as Napoleon was confined, but almost as malefactors are imprisoned." A cardinal who had displeased the despot was confined in a state prison in Savoy. All these things, as well as the conqueror's far more serious offenses against humanity, were then fresh in the minds of the people with whom he had to deal.

One of Napoleon's occupations at St. Helena, as Lord Rosebery evidently believes, was the forging of a document which, if genuine, would have thrown the blame for the catastrophe in Spain off his own shoulders, and on to those of Murat. Another was the execution of a will leaving a legacy to Cantillon, who had attempted to assassinate Wellington. The duke had some reason for saying that Napoleon was not a gentleman. It is true that this man was a Jupiter; true also that he was a Jupiter Scapin. He seems to have been framed by nature to show the difference between intellectual and moral greatness. His views of humanity were sagacious as his intellect was great; they were low as his character was mean.

Lord Rosebery has given us a vivid and amusing picture of the companions of Napoleon in his exile. A curious set they seem to have been. Never, surely, did august adversity receive a less impressive tribute from the attachment and sympathy of friends. In fact, as Lord Rosebery admits, Napoleon had no friends. He speaks of Ney, Murat, and Soult in the most unfeeling way. His own brothers and sisters defied and abandoned him. Two of his sisters, on whom he had conferred royalty, tried to make independent terms for themselves with the enemy. He avowed that he cared for people who were useful to him only for so long as they were useful. He would bear no divided attachment. "You are mad to love your mother so," said Napoleon to Gourgaud. "How old is she?" "Sixty-seven, Sire." "Well, you will never see her again; she will be dead before you return to France."

"Napoleon," says Lord Rosebery, "was not good in the sense in which Wilberforce or St. Francis was good. Nor was he one of the virtuous rulers. He was not a Washington or an Antonine." On the other hand, he was not a monster, like Eccelino or Timur the Tartar. He did not love evil for its own sake. He was a Corsican, and a thorough Corsican, of extraordinary genius, initiated in wickedness under the Jacobins and confirmed under the Directory, probably about the two worst schools in which it was possible for any human being to be trained. He was utterly unscrupulous, utterly regardless of faith or truth, absolutely selfish, absolutely devoid of the slightest sense of humanity or the slightest feeling for the sufferings of his kind. The horrors of the retreat from Moscow, the horrors of the retreat from Leipsic, touched him not. His bulletin at the end of the Russian campaign contained no word of remorse, but announced to bleeding France that the Emperor never was in better health. On the morrow of a battle he always went over the field, and presumably felt pleasure in the sight. To drag generation after generation of French boys from their homes for consumption in his wars, till he had actually reduced the stature and physique of the country, cost him not a pang. At the last, his only regret was that he could not stake his few remaining conscripts on the gambling table. Constant installments of glory he deemed necessary to his position; and what was necessary to his position was to be supplied, no matter at what cost to his nation or to mankind. Brougham used to repeat a story told him by one who accompanied the Em-

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peror's flight from Waterloo. Seeing Napoleon depressed, and thinking that he might be touched by the slaughter of so many old comrades, his companion said, "Wellington also has lost many of his friends." "Yes," replied Napoleon with an oath, "but he has n't lost the battle." When the list of the slain was brought to Wellington, tears ran down the iron cheeks.

The supreme genius of Napoleon for war nobody disputes. Perhaps his only rivals are Alexander, Hannibal, and Cæsar. Marlborough would hardly be placed in the same rank, though it is to be remembered that he conquered, with armies composed of very motley material and long used to defeat, the victorious veterans of Louis XIV., not to mention that he left off victorious. Napoleon had the great advantage of being despot as well as commander in chief, with his hands entirely free, unaffected by failure, and master of all the resources of the state. He had no English Parliamentary Opposition to interfere with him, or Dutch Deputies to tie his hands. In war power the political element always stands for a good deal. Napoleon was fortunate, also, in having to command such people as the French, brave, light-hearted, fired with enthusiasm by the Revolution, and at the same time inured to obedience by immemorial absolutism, which was as complete under Robespierre as under Louis XIV., while the conscription had recruited the army with men of a superior class.

Napoleon's special characteristic as a general seems to be the wonderful celerity of his movements, which he owed partly to his admirable physique. He was able, Lord Rosebery tells us, to fight Alvinzi for five consecutive days without taking off his boots. But latterly he grew corpulent and somewhat torpid. Lord Russell said that when he saw him at Elba he was so fat that, as he laid his hand upon the table, you could hardly see his knuckles. Hence, no doubt, his fatal delay between Ligny and Waterloo. His decline as a general, however, appears to have begun before his last campaign. Experts think that it showed itself at Leipsic, where he neglected to provide sufficient bridges for his retreat.

In peace, as in war, Napoleon was a first-rate organizer and administrator. The government which, as First Consul, he gave France could hardly fail to be welcome, after a reign of murderous anarchy followed by one of unprincipled cabal, maladministration, and corruption, when it was for order rather than for liberty that everybody pined. But he lacked the moral element of statesmanship which would have enabled him to found an enduring polity, and his system was only set up again by the cracksman of Ham to fall ignominiously once more. How little root it took in the lifetime of its author the scandalous success of Malet's conspiracy showed. Glory ever fresh, its author admitted, was essential to its existence. But fresh glory could not be supplied forever, while ultimate defeat was sure, and on the first, second, and third trial proved to be ruin.

The brightest point in Napoleon's history is the Code to which he had the good fortune to give his name, and on which, though the body of it was the work of professional jurists, his practical sagacity and extraordinary powers of application seem in a wonderful degree to have left their mark. It must not be supposed, however, that the Code Napoléon was a sudden light out of darkness. Those who fancy that it was forget Tanucci, Bentham, and the general progress of European jurisprudence. The main lines of the Code had, in fact, been laid down by the Constituent Assembly, which had decreed the liberty of worship, trial by jury, publicity of criminal proceedings, with other securities for fair trial, a uniform system of criminal jurisprudence, equality in taxation, abolition of all feudal burdens and privileges.

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The article of the Code which Lord Rosebery specially connects, and which is generally connected, with Napoleon's name is the rule of inheritance subdividing the land. This, however, had been already introduced, and it seems doubtful whether, in retaining it, Napoleon was obeying the dictate of his own judgment, or yielding to the anti-feudal sentiment of the people. If he wished to create an hereditary aristocracy, as it appeared he did, he could scarcely be an enemy to entails. In either case the results were the same: an immense body of landowners; a territorial democracy, conservative, or at all events opposed to communism; and, in large districts at least, the civilization of *La Terre*. The Revolution having made a clean sweep of the past, Napoleon's genius had the great advantage of a perfectly blank paper on which to work.

Among other curious points, Lord Rosebery has dealt with Napoleon's religion. In a passage of Newman's works to which he refers, and which he thinks beautiful, the cardinal has tried to secure the countenance of the famous conqueror for the religion of Christ. But there is no ground, according to Lord Rosebery, for this claim. The only religion to which Napoleon was inclined appears to have been Mahometanism, which had taken his fancy in Egypt, partly perhaps by its militant character, but principally as a religion of the East, to which, as the most grandiose field of enterprise, his imagination constantly turned. His restoration of the Catholic Church in France was purely political. He seems himself to have attended mass in the Tuileries by doing business in an adjoining room. He admitted that if he had turned his mind to religious subjects, he would not have been able to do great things. Assuredly, he would not have been able to do some things which he deemed great, had he been under the restraints of religion even in the slightest degree.

Napoleon, says Lord Rosebery, indefinitely raised mankind's conceptions of its own powers and possibilities. He indefinitely raised, among other conceptions, that of human servility and of the proneness of mankind to worship mere power. A glance at the starry heavens will measure the stature of the intellectual giant. Moral power will not lose by the comparison. It is itself, if our inmost nature does not lie to us, a particle of the power "through which the heavens are fresh and strong."

Lord Russell, when the present writer questioned him about Napoleon's look, said, and emphatically repeated, that there was something evil in the eye. He had remarked that it flashed on an allusion to the excitement of war as contrasted with the dullness of Elba. A feature in the character which, perhaps, has hardly been enough noticed was a sheer lust of war, and especially of battles, the emotions of which, Napoleon seems to have owned, were agreeable to him. It appears not improbable that this had a share, together with his insatiable ambition and his political need of glory, in launching him on his mad invasion of Russia, for which it is difficult to assign any political purpose, as he refused to restore the kingdom of Poland.

Another feature not much noticed in Napoleon's character is his classicism. In his early days he had employed his garrison leisure partly in reading Roman history; and instead of being repelled, he had been fascinated by the presentation of the Roman Empire in Tacitus. We see the result in his Eagles, his Legion of Honor, his political nomenclature, and the general cast of his political institutions. Perhaps the image of the Roman Empire as a model for reproduction floated vaguely before his mind, as it does before those of our imperialists at the present day. A grosser anachronism, it is needless to say, there could not be than an attempt to impose upon the European family of living na-

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tions anything like the yoke imposed by Rome on a set of conquered provinces in which national spirit was extinct.

Longwood, Lord Rosebery will own, as vividly described by him, is not sublime. The glory of sunset is not upon it. It was, in truth, no harvest sun that was setting there, but a meteor, brilliant and baleful, that was ending its course. Not that its course was then altogether ended. In 1871, Napoleon, reimpersonated in his nephew, brought an invading army for the third time into Paris.

Joinville, in his wisdom, carried the bones of Napoleon from their resting place in St. Helena to Paris. He carried with them the Napoleonic lust of military adventure which largely contributed to the overthrow of the monarchy, bourgeois, drab-colored, and pacific, of his own house.

Judgment on Napoleon's character must, of course, be qualified by due allowance for the influences under which it was formed. But if he was not the worst of men, he was about the worst of all enemies to his kind. When we consider not only the havoc which he made in his lifetime, but all that followed, — the Holy Alliance and the absolutist reaction, the violence with which the pendulum afterwards swung back to revolution, the spirit of militarism which now pervades the world, — we shall be ready to admit that, of all the disastrous accidents of history, not one is more disastrous than that which made the Corsican a citizen of France.

Goldwin Smith.

A PLEA FOR NEW YORK.

Mr. Howells once started a question that went the rounds of the newspapers: "Why should any one love New York?" Some answered, with a sigh, that there was indeed no good reason why any one should do so. Others bristled up to the defense of the unconscious metropolis, and succeeded in showing, not why any one *should*, but the fact that they themselves *did* love with a rare and surpassing devotion the city that affords them sensation and their daily bread. It is clear that the question, in the answers it elicited, did not escape altogether the harassments derived from a political bias. The anxious mugwump, gazing from his high tower upon the indifference of those who ought to be interested in the city's welfare, would fain find a cause in the city itself for their distressing lack of attention to his familiar exhortations; the striped Tammany man, on the other hand, is profoundly convinced of the moral and material greatness of the community in which he is so prominent a figure; while Republicans are prone to believe New York wicked by reason of its steadily Democratic majorities. Considerations such as these serve only to obscure the issue, and must be rigidly abjured if we would address ourselves to the preservation of an impartial mind.

In beginning our examination of Mr. Howells's question, it will not greatly affect most of us to hear it said that the question itself is, in a certain sense, an idle one. In the same sense are all questions idle that do not bear directly upon a practical end. It is by reason of the light it throws on the way, of the consciousness that it awakens in other directions, that such a question is valuable. Most of us like or dislike New York. A large majority of us who live there have to put up with it, whether we like it or not. We shall perhaps not like our individual lots the better for knowing that there are good grounds for be-

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lieving in and loving the community within which those lots are cast. But if we know (and such a question is a help to our finding out) that the conditions under which we live, and the society of which we form a part, are not so much inferior to those obtaining elsewhere, then we have made a step toward contentment; and that step is usually one in the direction of increasing the usefulness of our lives to ourselves and others. A question that stimulates, even indirectly, such a result is not to be called an idle one.

It may be maintained that we love a place chiefly for two things: first for the associations it brings us, and then for the present interests it affords. Besides these, we may be in love with its external beauty; but few cities of our modern, overcrowded, industrial type are beautiful externally. At most there are some beautiful spots in them, best rendered by the etcher's point, so minute and delicate is the treatment they demand; and even these derive how much of their charm from association! For instance, Washington Square is almost beautiful to the present writer; but he cannot be certain it would so appear were he to chance upon it in a foreign city. There was nothing remarkable there architecturally — nothing above what might be called distinguishing in its old-fashioned respectability — until they built the Arch and the Judson Memorial Church; and of the effect produced by these, it must be said that it is already impaired, and is threatened with extinction, by the inroads of an advancing commercialism from the side of Broadway. If the bronze bust of Alexander Holley is fine, the statue of Garibaldi is decidedly queer. These are not the things that give to the old part its fascination, in his eyes; rather, certain vague and shadowy recollections of childhood, together with an intellectual connection, formed later on, between its green, shabby precincts and a whole class of city lives with the glamour of Bohemianism upon them beating backward and forward about its boundaries. These are the associations of the place; and associations do not need to be historical, in order to lend a place character and to give it a certain kind of beauty.

In such associations New York is rich; even in the historical association that clings to men and events, rather than to phases of social development, it is not poor. The difficulty is that so many of its inhabitants — the larger half — have lived there too short a time to feel the value of such association. It has been said by a witty traveler that long search for an old New Yorker discovered him at last in the person of a corner policeman, who brought to the discharge of his official duties a composure that distinguished him from the bustling throng of money-makers. Assuming the story to be true, — although we should not have thought of going to the police force for a specimen of the native New Yorker, — this man, if he passed his childhood in Greenwich Village, or even in a Mulberry Street tenement, when there was still room in the "yard" for a row of green cabbages, and the families took pride in their "garden," is in a better position to judge of local associations than are most of our critics.

The geographical position of New York, on a long slip of land between the waters, explains much about the city. It explains the crowded slums of the lower end of the peninsula, now creeping threateningly along the river banks, until already half the island is covered with them. It explains the hideous elevated railways, made necessary by the daily rush of people going in the same direction at the same time. It does not explain why New York, with water washing both its shores, is not a clean city; that is another chapter. But it explains why, in spite of carelessness in destroying old landmarks, associations are thicker than ghosts in a churchyard. The

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ghosts of nationalities have passed over it, and are passing. Irish, Germans, Jews, Italians, and negroes have occupied in succession the same quarter, and each racial wave has swept on its way "up town," leaving behind it an odor not always of sanctity. Poor

> "ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
> Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
> Pestilence-stricken multitudes!"

as Shelley says of the dead autumn leaves driven before the west wind, — is the souvenir of these to be forgotten, and are the associations connected with their coming too vile to dignify and adorn the city that gave them a refuge? Castle Garden! What associations, painful, palpitating with hope and fear, its name must call up to many a prosperous citizen of to-day! What second building in the world, scarce excepting the Roman Coliseum, has witnessed scenes so touching, so dramatic? Such a scene, for instance, as the following, of which I remember reading in the newspaper. A young Englishman had come there to meet his two children, whom he had delayed sending for until his position in the new country was assured. With them came their mother, a poor, forlorn little woman, who seemed to have no interest in life apart from this girl and boy. But she had not been sent for, and her husband refused to receive her. Some one had written him that she had proved an unfaithful wife. In vain she protested her innocence; in vain the children pleaded to have her stay with them, urging pathetically upon their father how good mamma had been to them. The man was obdurate, and the woman, desisting at last from her entreaties, bade the children go with their father. Such is the wonderful strength of weakness! The woman found herself without a friend, in a country unknown to her. On the threshold of so blank a future the newspaper account left her standing.

Hundreds of episodes as poignant as this have been enacted within the walls of the old Garden, where Jenny Lind once sang to the "wealth and fashion" of New York, and where now the fishes swim and the sea anemones bloom, not alone for the wealth and fashion, but for all the people of the city, — among them many, no doubt, to whom the place brings up memories of other days and different scenes.

In the meantime they are not all ghosts, it may be objected; they are with us still, these fateful foreigners that have trailed their sad procession through this romantic Castle Garden. Yes, they are ghosts only in their relations to one another, passing and flitting one before the other from neighborhood to neighborhood, as a fresh wave of alien population sweeps up from the Battery. But the city holds them all, — real creatures of flesh and blood, who contribute according to their strength to her prosperity. Perhaps she is not the better for them all. Yet I am sure that her life is incomparably the richer for their presence here. In the case of the Irish and the Germans, their roots have struck deep into the soil; what the city might have become without them it were idle to guess. They cannot be absolved from their share of responsibility for the evils that have grown upon us. In particular, the Irish have written a chapter of corruption and misrule upon the city's records. In other cities, it is only fair to say, native Americans have done the same. But in New York the Irishman's superiority in the domain of ward politics has been unquestioningly accepted by the other nationalities, and the fabric that has arisen is his own handiwork. Beauty and refinement have not entered very largely into its composition; where is the political machine that can show us beauty and refinement? But before condemning it utterly let us remember one essential fact, which, if not in its present favor, at least holds out a hope for the future, — namely, that it

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springs from the people. New York is governed to-day, not by the wealthy, the intelligent, or the specially fit, — in a word, by those persons constituting in every community the privileged class, — but by persons from the lower ranks of her citizens. Representatives of the poor they are not; it is much that they are not representatives of the rich.

Apart from the peculiar sphere of politics, Irish influence in New York — the Irish note in her cosmopolitan symphony — has always been marked and insistent. The popular pastimes get their dominant characteristics from the Irish, although they have submitted to modifications from the German. Irish wit and easy-going Irish nonchalance are responsible for a great deal of the picturesque incident of our daily lives. The popular songs are chiefly Irish, and some of them are admirable in the plain grasp they have upon the essentials in words and music. Listen to little Annie Rooney's accepted suitor: —

"She 's my Annie, I 'm her Joe;
She 's my sweetheart, I 'm her beau."

These words have a universal application; simple as they are, they are not to be surpassed (I mean, of course, in a popular song, wedded to music) in the vivid sense of personal relationship conveyed. It is impossible to listen and not feel the heart of the people beating beneath them. Or take some of the Harrigan songs, — Danny by my Side, Maggie Murphy's Home, The Knights of the Mystic Star. Danny and his girl go walking every Sunday afternoon, with a host of other lovers, on Brooklyn Bridge: —

"Laughing, chaffing,
Watching the silvery tide;
Dressed in my best,
Each day of rest,
With Danny by my side."

These songs illustrate some phase of existence in the metropolis, and have a local life. It would be easy to multiply examples of the social influence of the Irish, were it not patent to all. The Irish are preëminently a sociable race, and where so many are gathered together as in New York, we should not expect the community to escape the contagion of their example. Their political ascendency has aided in stamping upon the city, in its external aspects, some of the less engaging qualities of the race. Improvidence and lack of consequence seem only less marked in the Irishman than in the negro, and New York thoroughfares, police courts, and public institutions yield abundant evidence of the fact.

These are some of the earmarks of the Irish in New York. Most of the nationalities have not yet been here long enough to leave earmarks, and their value as elements in her interestingness, if one may be allowed the word, is as yet chiefly picturesque. No one will be inclined to dispute their services in this regard who has seen what used to be "the Bend" in Mulberry Street, on a fine afternoon, the bright colors of its Neapolitan population all astir in the sunlight; or who has walked through the Pig Market in Hester Street, on a Saturday night. The quality of such a locality that strikes the modern observer most is, fortunately, not the picturesque one. The world, with the possible exception of *fin-de-siècle* Frenchmen, is growing too humane to feel first for beauty, where there is a question of human degradation and misery. Yet it is of no use, on this account, to deny the picturesque; and the true artist may accept it gratefully, even gladly, not as a compensation for the misery it covers, but as one testimony the more to that visible beauty of the universe which lingers still after man has done his worst in abasement of his fellow and himself.

One scene impressed me strangely, when I saw it first. I had been walking through the Italian quarter, where the light-hearted, careless inhabitants, gathered about the street stands piled high with red peppers and gayly colored mer-

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chandise, were lingering to chatter in the new-found enjoyment of the April sunshine, when, turning a sudden corner, I found myself in Mott Street. Here the Chinese, sombre-clothed and sullen, stood silent in their doorways. The place was so quiet as to seem deserted, but for these silent figures. It was like a scene from the last act of The Flying Dutchman, where the jovial sailors are disturbed in their revelry by the sudden appearance of the uncanny seamen of the phantom ship. These unaccountable Chinamen! Like an enigma they stand in the middle of our Western civilization, and no man can read them. The Italians — "dagos" and "guineas," the northern races prefer to call them — have come into possession of nearly all the fruit stands in New York, and their little boys are our bootblacks. This means for New York a gain in picturesqueness, and little corresponding disadvantage anywhere. The Italians in New York do not live a life of prolonged basking in the sunshine, whatever may be their custom at home on the vine-yard-clad hills of *provincia di Napoli;* they work for their living, and it will not be long before they too have imprinted their earmarks upon the city.

How is it with the sturdy Teuton? If he has been left until so late in the story, it has not been because we had forgotten him. The figure of the Irishman himself is not more familiar to the patient New Yorker. (Will the typical gentleman on the police force kindly consent to do duty again?) The Teuton has brought us much that we cannot dispense with. He has brought us the love of music, — it is a matter of doubt whether we really cared for it (as a nation, I mean) before he came, — and for this one gift he ought to be held in immortal honor amongst us. But this need not blind us to the fact, as it seems to be, concerning the social influence of the German in New York, — that it is, when one considers the force in which he is here, remarkably slight. Not that it is so surprising, after all. For the German is an impressionable animal, and has a wonderful habit of adapting himself to circumstances, — putting on the fashion of the place. So, when he has gone into politics and become an alderman, he has borne a very faithful resemblance to an Irish city father; and when he has gone into business, he has laid aside his steady Teutonic habits, and developed a degree of shrewdness and what is called "business head" that compares not unfavorably with the Yankee original. In the meantime he has retained his deeper characteristics, and it is a pleasant reflection that they are at work upon the generations destined further to modify the national character. The German is playing for the long run. If the future is to belong to him, his graceful acquiescence in the present ought to reconcile us to his coming domination. He is a most courteous conqueror, never insisting upon his national holidays, as do almost all the other nationalities in New York, but content to regard St. Patrick and Uncle Sam as twin divinities. For all the years he has been in New York, the city has only to show, in its external features, a crop of "summer gardens," — rather dilapidated bowers, where the national taste for nature and the national taste for beer receive a gratification by no means proportionate. It has a permanent German theatre and an intermittent German opera: and with these the stock of things German — unless we include the imported beers — must be brought to an abrupt close. Mind, we said external things. Of course it has German thrift, and the magnificent product; German stability and German erudition (just enough of it to boast of). But in its character and aspects the city is entirely un-German, and the spirit of its people is quite the reverse of the tranquil and imaginative *Geist* that possesses the populace in the towns and cities of the Fatherland.

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Should an apology be deemed necessary for the attention here bestowed upon the foreign element in New York, let it be found in the statement that the charm of nationality is subtle and pervading. One reason, it cannot be doubted, why Europe is so fascinating to Americans lies in the close juxtaposition of nationalities there: you have only to travel a few miles to find yourself amid different surroundings, in which men and customs are also different; in traveling these few miles you have left one civilization for another. In our country it is possible to travel for hundreds of miles without shifting the ideal. There is no need to deny an interest to the facts one will observe, — symptoms they are of a passion for progress that will one day turn in a direction less prosaic, — but it is idle to pretend that, for the moment, the interest they excite compares with that felt in the problems of race and mind suggested by the brushing of one civilization against another. New York, in this regard, enjoys some of the advantages of Europe; her experience of nationalities is already deep and varied. This, surely, may count as a large element among the "present interests" the city has to offer those of her citizens who will see.

What are these interests, — the rest of them? Matthew Arnold, we know, makes the test of a civilization's success the answer to the question, "Is it interesting?" Whether the justice of such a test be admitted or not, we shall probably all agree that the response a place makes has a good deal to do with our liking or disliking it. "What are the interests of New York?" we can hear the average citizen repeating. "Why, they are too numerous to mention." And the average citizen is not far wrong. He is not much troubled with civic pride, the average citizen of New York, and he does not, in general, feel it necessary to boast about the town; that is big enough to take care of itself. He has the provincialism common to the denizens of all great cities, to whom what goes on in the world outside the city walls is of far less consequence than what occurs within. This is provincialism, of course, because it sets a higher value upon the interests of a part than upon those of the whole; but if that part is the centre, there is a greater chance of its interests coinciding with those of the whole, and the provincialism is not without an excuse, which it usually lacks. Now, New York is still — be it said gently, and with due regard for the tender susceptibilities of sister cities — the centre,[1] the intellectual and social no less than the commercial centre, of the United States. Chicago may be destined to take the place, but the change will not occur, as so many of the inhabitants of the Western city seem to think, upon the day when she surpasses New York upon the population lists. Chicago, it may be admitted, is in some respects even more representative of the American spirit of progress than is New York, but she requires time in which to grow a tradition capable of attracting to her the finest flower of the national life; as yet she is too much the creature of chance, the product of forces gigantic but blind. Boston has succeeded in creating for herself an atmosphere of culture superior to that in which New York swelters; and she enjoys to some degree the aspects of an independent capital. Philadelphia, on the other hand, while more American than either Boston or New York, seems never to have parted with the colonial stamp, and consequently fails to impress one as a capital at all. Neither city occupies in the public eye the position ascribed to New York. To enumerate but a very few of the many indications of this, it

[1] If there is a sense in which this statement requires a qualification, it lies herein: that the large foreign population of all our greater cities renders them less representative of the American type of character than the smaller cities and country districts.

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is only necessary to refer to the fact that about one half of the news, not local, published in the lesser newspapers of the country is under date of New York; further, to the well-known habit of men who have made fortunes in other parts of the country of coming to New York to spend or increase them; again, to the generally accepted belief that any problem in letters, art, or social economics solved in New York — a new play produced successfully, or a measure of reform carried — is solved as well for the country at large; and lastly, to the interest in the city and its social conditions manifested by people everywhere, one class displaying as much anxiety to see the Bowery as another to behold for themselves the magnificence of Fifth Avenue.

If, then, it be true that we of New York live at the centre of a civilization, no matter how crude and undeveloped in some respects we may be willing to admit it to be, can we escape the admission of a considerable degree of superficiality in ourselves, if we assert that for us it is lacking in interests? It is possible, of course, to find ourselves out of sympathy with its tendencies; it is possible to lament the lack of coherency in its plan, to complain of the lack of symmetry that permits such glaring inconsistencies in its social and physical structure, although we should not omit to consider our own share in its building; but it is scarcely possible to deny to it an uncommon measure of the interest that attaches to growth. New York is vast, confused, incomplete. There is a struggle for expression going on in all its parts at once, but they are separated one from another, and a common denominator is missing. The soul of man yearns for unity in an organism, and in this respect New York must long remain unsatisfactory. But in the meanwhile all who care for progress cannot well refuse the city their interest.

Will they, at the same time, accord it their affection? It is natural for men to love the place where their labor is being accomplished, their duty done, although it is also a little natural for them to growl at it sometimes. If it be true that the children and foster children of New York form an exception to a rule so universal, the reason for it ought to be nearly as obvious as the fact. I do not think that either is very obvious; but admitting the fact, for the sake of argument, what can the reason be? It will hardly be enough to say, as used to be said, that the average dweller in New York looks upon the city as a transient stopping place, convenient for the acquisition of a fortune or a competence, as the case may be, but not to be regarded in the light of a permanent home. That must be true now of only a small portion of the population. To be sure, many wander from house to house, hardly giving themselves time to identify with home the aspect of any particular house or set of apartments; yet the Irishman's question, delivered pathetically to the other occupants of an elevated-railway car in which he had been standing, supported by a strap, from the Battery to Harlem, — "Hev yez none o' yez homes?" — must be answered, for a sufficiently large number of us, in the affirmative. "Yes, you have homes, some of you," perhaps some hyperæsthetic critic will be found to reply; "but they are so painfully deficient in individuality and in distinction, these homes of yours. And that is why I cannot care for your city, because it lacks these things, and because it is lacking besides in the charm of a quality best described by the French word *intimité*, — a quality that is subjective and personal as well as possessed of an objective side. Without this I can respect your achievement, but it is impossible for me to give you my affection."

There is quite certainly a distressing want of individuality about our long, straight streets, lined with ugly "brown-

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stone fronts" or gaunt tenements, according as one is in the rich or in the poor quarter of the town; they have forfeited even the privilege of a name. But one is not so sure that this lack of individuality in the parts does not in itself secure a kind of individuality for the whole. At least, this is only an outward and physical peculiarity, and one that our architects, with something very near to genius, are conspiring every day to overturn. As for distinction, — most assuredly we lack distinction; it is a national defect. But distinction comes of itself, or does not come, and he who makes its acquisition the object of his ambition is apt to earn the solitary distinction of turning out an unconscionable prig. We are too frank, too ingenuous (except when we go abroad), to deserve to be called prigs; and for the present we should seek consolation for the absence of distinction in our possession of the good sense that prevents us from going in search of it. Nor is it only that we as a city lack individuality and distinction, but we lack also, it seems, a subtle something that our critic chooses to define as intimité, — meaning, perhaps, the quality that permits one to feel himself at home amid surroundings that speak to his spirit with the force either of a long authority or of a peculiar degree of intensity. Intimacy and cosiness are the terms of subject and object that enter into the definition. The objection is too vague to admit of a reply in exact terms. But perhaps we guard against possible misapprehension in hazarding the remarks that intimacy is perfectly compatible with vastness in a city, and that it is a mistake to assume New York guiltless of a tradition. Intimacy, in our sense, means the parting with a little piece of one's soul, with which the object of the intimacy becomes endowed. Does no part of the soul of its inhabitants cling about New York? One can answer for himself, yes; and he fancies he is not the only one who finds expressed in the city as an entity some part or portion, privately favored, of himself. And in answering thus, has he, whoever he may be, replied to the objections of our critic, to the skepticism of Mr. Howells? Not in the least. "De amore nullum argumentum" might be, if it is not, a Latin proverb. Were he as full of reasons as the sea is of sands, these gentlemen might continue shaking their heads, and refuse to be convinced. Perhaps it will be Mr. Howells's punishment somewhere to learn to like New York. But why should Mr. Howells be punished?

In conclusion, perhaps apology should be made for dwelling so long, in the course of our journey through social New York, upon the commoner phases of existence, when the way was open to us, by wandering a little from the high-road, to find that which would enliven and diversify the journey. Fifth Avenue and Wall Street, no less than Hester Street and the Bowery, might have been found to yield perspectives full of the interests that reward life. These things are interesting because they are so many exemplifications of life, — the one thing, with its correlative death, that is permanently interesting. New York, for us of the western world, sums up more of life — holds in solution more of the consecrated element — than any other place; hence is more interesting. Her brow is not stainless: Dishonor sits there with Renown. In this New York is but the prototype of our modern civilization. Let us love her if we can. If we cannot, there is danger lest, lacking soil in which to spread our roots, we end by withering in those higher attributes that bring to bloom in the individual the blossom of the race.

J. K. Paulding.

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THE TORY LOVER.[1]

XIII.

THERE was one man, at least, on board the Ranger who was a lover of peace: this was the ship's surgeon, Dr. Ezra Green. With a strong and hearty crew, and the voyage just beginning, his professional duties had naturally been but light; he had no more concern with the working of the ship than if he were sitting in his office at home in Dover, and eagerly assented to the captain's proposal that he should act as the Ranger's purser.

The surgeon's tiny cabin was stuffed with books; this was a good chance to go on with his studies, and, being a good sailor and a cheerful man, the whole ship's company took pleasure in his presence. There was an amiable seriousness about his every-day demeanor that calmed even the activities of the captain's temper; he seemed to be surgeon and purser and chaplain all in one, and to be fit, as one of his calling should be, to minister to both souls and bodies. It was known on board that he was unusually liberal in his views of religion, and was provided with some works upon theology as well as medicine, and could argue well for the Arminian doctrines against Dickson, who, like many men of his type, was pretentious of great religious zeal, and declared himself a Calvinist of the severest order. Dickson was pleased to consider the surgeon very lax and heretical; as if that would make the world think himself a good man, and the surgeon a bad one, which was, for evident proof and reason, quite impossible.

On this dark night, after the terrible sea of the afternoon had gone down, and poor Solomon Hutchings, the first victim of the voyage, had been made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances of a badly broken leg, the surgeon was sitting alone, with a pleasant sense of having been useful. He gave a sigh at the sound of Dickson's voice outside. Dickson would be ready as usual for an altercation, and was one of those men who always come into a room as if they expect to be kicked out of it.

Dr. Green was writing, — he kept a careful journal of the voyage, — and now looked over his shoulder impatiently, as if he did not wish to be interrupted.

Dickson wore a look of patient persistence.

The surgeon pointed to a seat with his long quill, and finished the writing of a sentence. He could not honestly welcome a man whom he liked so little, and usually treated him as if he were a patient who had come to seek advice.

"I only dropped in for a chat," explained the visitor reprovingly, as his host looked up again. "Have you heard how the captain blew at young Wallingford, just before dark? Well, sir, they are at supper together now. Wallingford must be a tame kitten. I suppose he crept down to the table as if he wanted to be stroked."

"He is a good fellow and a gentleman," said Ezra Green slowly. "The captain has hardly left the deck since yesterday noon, when this gale began." The surgeon was a young man, but he had a grave, middle-aged manner which Dickson's sneering smoothness seemed always to insult.

"You always take Jones's part," ventured the guest.

"We are not living in a tavern ashore," retorted the surgeon. "The officer you speak of is our captain, and commands an American man-of-war. That must

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be understood. I cannot discuss these matters again."

"Some of the best sailors vow they will desert him in the first French port," said Dickson.

"Then they make themselves liable to be shot for desertion whenever they are caught," replied Green coolly, "and you must take every opportunity to tell them so. Those who are here simply to make a little dirty money had better have stayed ashore and traded their country produce with the British ships. They say there was a fine-paying business on foot, out at the Isles of Shoals."

This advice struck home, as the speaker desired. Dickson swallowed hard once or twice, and then looked meek and stubborn; he watched the surgeon slyly before he spoke again.

"Yes, it is a very difficult crew to command," he agreed: "we have plenty of good loyal men aboard, but they want revenge for their country's wrongs, as you and I do, I hope!"

"War is one thing, and has law and order to dignify it; common piracy and thievery are of another breed. Some of our men need education in these matters, not to say all the discipline they can get. The captain is much wronged and insulted by the spirit that has begun to spread between decks. I believe that he has the right view of his duty; his methods are sometimes his own."

"As in the case of Mr. Wallingford," blandly suggested Dickson, swift to seize his opportunity. "Even you would have thought the captain outrageous in his choice of words."

"The captain is a man easily provoked, and has suffered certain provocations such as no man of spirit could brook. I believe he was very wrong to vent his spite on Mr. Wallingford, who has proved as respectful of others and forgetful of himself as any man on board. I say this without knowing the present circumstances, but Wallingford has made a nobler sacrifice than any of us."

"He would have been chased to his own kind among the Tories in another week," sneered the other. "You know it as well as I. Wallingford hesitated just as long as he dared, and there 's the truth! He 's a good mate to Ben Thompson, — both of 'em courtiers of the Wentworths; and both of 'em had to hurry at the last, one way or the other, whichever served."

"Plenty of our best citizens clung to the hope that delay would bring some proper arbitration and concession. No good citizen went to war lightly and without a pang. A man who has seen carnage must always dread it; such glory as we win must reckon upon groans and weeping behind the loudest cheers. But war once declared, men of clear conscience and decent character may accept their lot, and in the end serve their country best," said the doctor.

"You are sentimental to-night," scoffed Dickson.

"I have been thinking much of home," said the surgeon, with deep feeling. "I may never see my home again, nor may you. We are near shore now; in a few days this ship may be smeared with blood, and these poor fellows who snarl and bargain, and discuss the captain's orders and the chance of prize money, may come under my hands, bleeding and torn and suffering their last agony. We must face these things as best we may; we do not know what war means yet; the captain will spare none of us. He is like a creature in a cage now, fretted by his bounds and all their petty conditions; but when the moment of freedom comes he will seek action. He is fit by nature to leap to the greatest opportunities, and to do what the best of us could never dream of. No, not you, sir, nor Simpson either, though he aims to supplant him!" grumbled the surgeon, under his voice.

"Perhaps his gift is too great for so small a command as this," Dickson returned, with an evil smile. "It is understood that he must be transferred to

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a more sufficient frigate, if France sees fit," he added, in a pious tone. "I shall strive to do my own duty in either case." At which Dr. Green looked up and smiled.

Dickson laughed back; he was quick to feel the change of mood in his companion. For a moment they were like two schoolboys, but there was a flicker of malice in Dickson's eyes; no one likes being laughed at.

"Shall we take a hand at cards, sir?" he asked hastily. "All these great things will soon be settled when we get to France."

The surgeon did not offer to get the cards, which lay on the nearest shelf. He was clasping his hands across his broad breast, and leaning back in a comfortable, tolerant sort of way in his corner seat. They both knew perfectly well that they were in for a long evening together, and might as well make the best of it. It was too much trouble to fight with a cur. Somehow, the current of their general interest did not set as usual toward theological opinions.

"I was called to a patient down on Sligo Point, beyond the Gulf Road, just before we sailed," said Green presently, in a more friendly tone. "'T was an old woman of unsteady brain, but of no commonplace fancy, who was under one of her wildest spells, and had mounted the house roof to sell all her neighbors at auction. She was amusing enough, — 't is a pretty wit when she is sane; but I heard roars of laughter as I rode up the lane, and saw a flock of listeners at the orchard edge. She had knocked off the minister and both deacons, the lot for ninepence, and was running her lame neighbor Paul to seventy thousand pounds."

"I heard that they called the minister to pray with her when her fit was coming on, and she chased him down the lane, and would have driven him into the river, if there had not been some men at fall ploughing in a field near by. She was a fixed Calvinist in her prime, and always thought him lax," said Dickson, with relish, continuing the tale. "They had told the good man to come dressed in his gown and bands, thinking it would impress her mind."

"Which it certainly seemed to do," agreed the doctor. "At any rate, she knocked him down for ninepence. 'T was a good sample of the valuation most of us put upon our neighbors. She likes to hear her neighbor Paul play the fiddle; sometimes he can make her forget all her poor distresses, and fall asleep like a baby. The minister had somehow vexed her. Our standards are just as personal here aboard ship. The Great Day will sum up men at their true value, — we shall never do it before; 't would ask too much of poor human nature."

Dickson drummed on the bulkhead before he spoke. "Some men are taken at less than their true value."

"And some at more, especially by themselves. Don't let things go too far with Simpson. He 's a good man, but can easily be led into making trouble," said the surgeon; and Dickson half rose, and then sat down again, with his face showing an angry red.

"We must be patient," added the surgeon a moment later, without having looked again at his companion. "'T is just like a cage of beasts here: fierce and harmless are shut in together. Tame creatures are sometimes forced to show their teeth. We must not fret about petty things, either; 't is a great errand we have come out upon, and the honest doing of it is all the business we have in common."

"True, sir," said Dickson, with a touch of insolent flattery. "Shall we take a hand at cards?"

XIV.

Captain Paul Jones was waiting, a most affable and dignified host, to greet

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his guest. Wallingford stood before him, with a faint flush of anger brightening his cheeks.

"You commanded me, sir," he said shortly.

"Oh, come, Wallingford!" exclaimed the captain, never so friendly before, and keeping that pleasant voice and manner which at once claimed comradeship from men and admiring affection from women. "I'll drop the commander when we're by ourselves, if you'll consent, and we'll say what we like. I wanted you to sup with me. I've got a bottle of good wine for us, — some of Hamilton's Madeira."

Wallingford hesitated; after all, what did it matter? The captain was the captain; there was a vigorous sort of refreshment in this life on shipboard; a man could not judge his associates by the one final test of their being gentlemen, but only expect of each that he should follow after his kind. Outside society there lies humanity.

The lieutenant seated himself under the swinging lamp, and took the glass that was held out to him. They drank together to the flag they carried, and to their lucky landfall on the morrow.

"To France!" said the captain gallantly. It was plainly expected that all personal misunderstandings should be drowned in the good wine. Wallingford knew the flavor well enough, and even from which cask in Hamilton's cellar it had been drawn. Then the captain was quickly on his feet again, and took the four steps to and fro which were all his cabin permitted. He did not even appear to be impatient, though supper was slow in coming. His hands were clasped behind him, and he smiled once or twice, but did not speak, and seemed to be lost in thought. As for the guest, his thoughts were with Mary Hamilton. The flavor of wine, like the fragrance of a flower, can be a quick spur to memory. He saw her bright face and sweet, expectant eyes, as if they were sitting together at Hamilton's own table.

The process of this evening meal at sea was not a long one; and when the two men had dispatched their food with businesslike haste, the steward was dismissed, and they were left alone with Hamilton's Madeira at better than half tide in the bottle between them, a plate of biscuit and some raisins, and the usual pack of cards. Paul Jones covered these with a forbidding hand, and presently pushed them aside altogether, and added a handful of cigars to the provisioning of the plain dessert. He wished to speak of serious things, and could not make too long an evening away from his papers. It seemed incredible that the voyage was so near its end. He refilled his own glass and Mr. Wallingford's.

"I foresee much annoyance now, on board this ship. I must at once post to Paris, and here they will have time to finish their machinations at their leisure, without me to drive them up to duty. Have you long known this man Dickson?" asked the captain, lowering his voice and fixing his eyes upon the lieutenant.

"I have always known him. He was once in our own employ and much trusted, but was afterward dismissed, and for the worst of reasons," said Wallingford.

"What reputation has he borne in the neighborhood?"

"He is called a sharp man of business, quick to see his own advantage, and generous in buying the good will of those who can serve his purpose. He is a stirring, money-getting fellow, very close-fisted; but he has been unlucky in his larger ventures, as if fortune did not much incline to favor him."

"I despised the fellow from the first," said the captain, with engaging frankness, "but I have no fear that I cannot master him; he is much cleverer than many a better man, yet 't is not well to forget that a cripple in the right road can beat a racer in the wrong. He has been sure these last days that he possesses my confidence, but I have made

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him serve some good turns. Now he is making trouble as fast as he can between Simpson and me. Simpson knows little of human nature; he would as soon have Dickson's praise as yours or mine. He cannot wait to supplant me in this command, and he frets to gather prizes off these rich seas. There 's no harm in prizes; but I sometimes think that no soul on board has any real comprehension of the larger duties of our voyage, and the ends it may serve in furthering an alliance with France. They all begin, well instructed by Dickson, to look upon me as hardly more than a passenger. 'T is true that I look for a French frigate very soon, as Dickson tells them; but he adds that 't is to Simpson they must look for success, while if he could rid himself of Simpson he would do it. I must have a fleet if I can, and as soon as I can, and be master of it, too. I have my plans all well laid! Dickson is full of plots of his own, but to tell such a man the truth about himself is to give him the blackest of insults."

Wallingford made a gesture of impatience. The captain's face relaxed, and he laughed as he leaned across the table.

"Dickson took his commission for the sake of prize money," he said. "A pirate, a pirate, that 's what he is, but oh, how pious in his speech!

> 'Unpitying hears the captive's moans
> Or e'en a dying brother's groans!'

There 's a hymn for him!" exclaimed the captain, with bitter emphasis. "No, he has no gleam of true patriotism in his cold heart; he is full of deliberate insincerities; 'a mitten for any hand,' as they say in Portsmouth. I believe he would risk a mutiny, if he had time enough; and having gained his own ends of putting better men to shame, he would pose as the queller of it. A low-lived, self-seeking man; you can see it for yourself, Mr. Wallingford?"

"True, sir. I did not need to come to sea to learn that man's character," and Wallingford finished his glass and set it down, but still held it with one hand stretched out upon the table, while he leaned back comfortably against the bulkhead.

"If our enterprise has any value in the sight of the nations, or any true power against our oppressors, it lies in our noble cause and in our own unselfishness," said Paul Jones, his eyes kindling. "This man and his fellows would have us sneak about the shores of Great Britain, picking up an old man and a lad and a squalling woman from some coastwise trading smack, and plundering what weak craft we can find to stuff our pockets with ha'pennies. We have a small ship, it is true; but it is war we follow, not thievery. I hear there 's grumbling between decks about ourselves getting nothing by this voyage. 'T is our country we have put to sea for, not ourselves. No man has it in his heart more than I to confront the enemy; but Dickson would like to creep along the coast forever after small game, and count up by night what he has taken by day, like a petty shopkeeper. I look for larger things, or we might have stopped at home. I have my plans, sir; the Marine Committee have promised me my proper ship. One thing that I cannot brook is a man's perfidy. I have good men aboard, but Dickson is not among them. I feel sometimes as if I trod on caltrops. I am outdone, Mr. Wallingford. I have hardly slept these three nights. You have my apology, sir."

The lieutenant bowed with respectful courtesy, but said nothing. The captain opened his eyes a little wider, and looked amused; then he quickly grew grave and observed his guest with fresh attention. There was a fine unassailable dignity in Wallingford's bearing at this moment.

"Since you are aware that there is some disaffection, sir," he said deliberately, "I can only answer that it seems to me there is but one course to follow, and you must not overrate the opposition. They will always sit in judgment

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upon your orders, and discuss your measures, and express their minds freely. I have long since seen that our natural independence of spirit in New England makes individual opinion appear of too great consequence, — 't is the way they fall upon the parson's sermon ashore, every Monday morning. As for Lieutenant Simpson, I think him a very honest-hearted man, though capable of being influenced. He has the reputation in Portsmouth of an excellent seaman, but high-tempered. Among the men here, he has the advantage of great powers of self-command."

Wallingford paused, as if to make his words more emphatic, and then repeated them: "He has the mastery of his temper, sir, and the men fear him; he can stop to think even when he is angry. His gifts are perhaps not great, but they have that real advantage."

Paul Jones blazed with sudden fury, and he sprang to his feet, and stood light and steady there beyond the table, in spite of the swaying ship.

"Forgive me, sir," said Roger Wallingford, "but you bade us speak together like friends to-night. I think you a far greater man and master than when we left Portsmouth; I am not so small-minded as to forget to honor my superiors. I see plainly that you are too much vexed with these men, — I respect and admire you enough to say so; you must not expect from them what you demand from yourself. In the worst weather you could not have had a better crew: you have confessed to that. I believe you must have patience with the small affairs which have so deeply vexed you. The men are right at heart; you ought to be able to hold them better than Dickson!"

The captain's rage had burnt out like a straw fire, and he was himself again.

"Speak on, Mr. Lieutenant; you mean kindly," he said, and took his seat. The sweat stood on his forehead, and his hands twitched.

"I think we have it in our power to intimidate the enemy, poorly fitted out as we are," he said, with calmness, "but we must act like one man. At least we all pity our countrymen, who are starving in filthy prisons. Since Parliament, now two years agone, authorized the King to treat all Americans taken under arms at sea as pirates and felons, they have been stuffing their dungeons with the innocent and guilty together. What man seeing his enemy approach does not arm himself in defense? We have made no retaliation such as I shall make now. I have my plans, but I cannot risk losing a man here and a man there, out of a crew like this, before I adventure a hearty blow; this cuts me off from prize-hunting. And the commander of an American man-of-war cannot hobnob with his sailors, like the leader of a gang of pirates. I am no Captain Kidd, nor am I another Tench or Blackbeard. I can easily be blocked in carrying out my purposes. Dickson will not consent to serve his country unless he can fill his pockets. Simpson cannot see the justice of obeying my orders, and lets his inferiors see that he resents them. I wish Dickson were in the blackest pit of Plymouth jail. If I were the pirate he would like to have me, I'd yard-arm him quick enough!"

"We may be overheard, sir," pleaded Wallingford. "We each have our ambitions," he continued bravely, while his father's noble looks came to his face. "Mine are certainly not Dickson's, nor do I look forward to a life at sea, like yourself, sir. This may be the last time we can speak together on the terms you commanded we should speak to-night. I look for no promotion; I am humble enough about my fitness to serve; the navy is but an accident, as you know, in my career. I beg you to command my hearty service, such as it is; you have a right to it, and you shall not find me wanting. I know that you have been very hard placed."

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And now the captain bowed courteously in his turn, and received the pledge with gratitude, but he kept his eyes upon the young man with growing curiosity. Wallingford had turned pale, and spoke with much effort.

"My heart leaps within me when I think that I shall soon stand upon the shore of France," Paul Jones went on, for his guest kept silence. "Within a few days I shall see the Duke de Chartres, if he be within reach. No man ever took such hold of my affections at first acquaintance as that French prince. We knew each other first at Hampton Roads, where he was with Kersaint, the French commodore. My only thought in boarding him was to serve our own young navy and get information for our shipbuilding, but I was rewarded by a noble gift of friendship. 'T is now two years since we have met, but I cannot believe that I shall find him changed; I can feel my hand in his already. He will give our enterprise what help he can. He met me on his deck that day like a brother; we were friends from the first. I told him my errand, and he showed me everything about his new ship, and even had copies made for me of her plans. 'T was before France and England had come to open trouble, and he was dealing with a rebel, but he helped me all he could. I loaded my sloop with the best I had on my plantation; 't was May, and the gardens very forward. I knew their vessels had been long at sea, and could ship a whole salad garden. I would not go to ask for favors then without trying to make some pleasure in return, but we were friends from the first. He is a very noble gentleman; you shall see him soon, I hope, and judge for yourself."

Wallingford listened, but the captain was still puzzled by a look on the young man's face.

"I must make my confession," said the lieutenant. "When I hear you speak of such a friend, I know that I have done wrong in keeping silence, sir. I put myself into your hands. When I took my commission, I openly took the side of our colonies against the Crown. I am at heart among the Neutrals: 't is ever an ignominious part to take. I never could bring myself to take the King's side against the country that bore me. I should rather curse those who insisted, on either side, upon this unnatural and unnecessary war. Now I am here; I put myself very low; I am at your mercy, Captain Paul Jones. I cannot explain to you my immediate reasons, but I have gone against my own principles for the sake of one I love and honor. You may put irons on me, or set me ashore without mercy, or believe that I still mean to keep the oath I took. Since I came on this ship I have begun to see that the colonies are in the right; my heart is with my oath as it was not in the beginning."

"By Heaven!" exclaimed the captain, staring. "Wallingford, do you mean this?" The captain sprang to his feet again. "By Heaven! I could not have believed this from another, but I know you can speak the truth! Give me your hand, sir! Give me your hand, I say, Wallingford! I have known men enough who would fight for their principles, and fight well, but you are the first I ever saw who would fight against them for love and honor's sake. This is what I shall do," he went on rapidly. "I shall not iron you or set you ashore; I shall hold you to your oath. I have no fear that you will ever fail to carry out my orders as an officer of this ship. Now we have indeed spoken together like friends!"

They seated themselves once more, face to face.

There was a heavy trampling overhead. Wallingford had a sudden fear lest this best hour of the voyage might be at an end, and some unexpected event summon them to the deck, but it was only some usual duty of the sailors. His heart was full of admiration for the

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great traits of the captain. He had come to know Paul Jones at last; their former disastrous attempts at fellowship were all forgotten. A man might well keep difficult promises to such a chief; the responsibilities of his life were in a strong and by no means unjust hand. The confession was made; the confessor had proved to be a man of noble charity.

There was a strange look of gentleness and compassion on the captain's face; his thought was always leading him away from the past moment, the narrow lodging and poor comfort of the ship.

"We have great dangers before us," he reflected, "and only our poor human nature to count upon; 't is the shame and failures of past years that make us wince at such a time as this. We can but offer ourselves upon the altar of duty, and hope to be accepted. I have kept a promise, too, since I came to sea. I was mighty near to breaking it this very day," he added simply.

The lieutenant had but a dim sense of these words; something urged him to make a still greater confidence. He was ready to speak with utter frankness now, to such a listener, of the reasons why he had come to sea, of the one he loved best, and of all his manly hopes; to tell the captain everything.

At this moment, the captain himself, deeply moved by his own thoughts, reached a cordial hand across the table. Wallingford was quick to grasp it and to pledge his friendship as he never had done before.

Suddenly he drew back, startled, and caught his hand away. There was a ring shining on Paul Jones's hand, and the ring was Mary Hamilton's.

XV.

Next day, in the Channel, every heart was rejoiced by the easy taking of two prizes, rich fruit-laden vessels from Madeira and Malaga. With these in either hand the Ranger came in sight of land, after a quick passage and little in debt to time, when the rough seas and the many difficulties of handling a new ship were fairly considered.

The coast lay like a low and heavy cloud to the east and north; there were plenty of small craft to be seen, and the Ranger ran within short distance of a three-decker frigate that looked like an Englishman. She was standing by to go about, and looked majestic, and a worthy defender of the British Isles. Every man on board was in a fury to fight and sink this enemy; but she was far too powerful, and much nobler in size than the Ranger. They crowded to the rail. There was plenty of grumbling alow and aloft lest Captain Paul Jones should not dare to try his chances. A moment later he was himself in a passion because the great Invincible had passed easily out of reach, as if with insolent unconsciousness of having been in any danger.

Dickson, who stood on deck, maintained his usual expression of aggravating amiability, and only ventured to smile a little more openly as the captain railed in greater desperation. Dickson had a new grievance to store away in his rich remembrance, because he had been overlooked in the choice of prize masters to bring the two merchantmen into port.

"Do not let us stand in your way, sir," he said affably. "Some illustrious sea fights have been won before this by the smaller craft against the greater."

"There was the Revenge, and the great San Philip with her Spanish fleet behind her, in the well-known fight at Flores," answered Paul Jones, on the instant. "That story will go down to the end of time; but you know the little Revenge sank to the bottom of the sea, with all her men who were left alive. Their glory could not sink, but I did not know you ever shipped for glory's sake, Mr. Dickson." And Dickson turned a leaden color under his sallow skin, but said nothing.

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"At least, our first duty now is to be prudent," continued the captain. "I must only fight to win; my first duty is to make my way to port, before we venture upon too much bravery. There 'll be fighting soon enough, and I hope glory enough for all of us this day four weeks. I own it grieves me to see that frigate leave us. She 's almost hull down already!" he exclaimed regretfully, with a seaward glance, as he went to his cabin.

Presently he appeared again, as if he thought no more of the three-decker, with a favorite worn copy of Thomson's poems in hand, and began to walk the deck to and fro as he read. On this fair winter morning the ship drove busily along; the wind was out of the west; they were running along the Breton coast, and there was more and more pleasure and relief at finding the hard voyage so near its end. The men were all on deck or clustered thick in the rigging; they made a good strong-looking ship's company. The captain on his quarter-deck was pacing off his exercise with great spirit, and repeating some lines of poetry aloud: —

"With such mad seas the daring Gama fought,
For many a day and many a dreadful night;
Incessant lab'ring round the stormy Cape
By bold ambition led" —

"The wide enlivening air is full of fate."

Then he paused a moment, still waving the book at arm's length, as if he were following the metre silently in his own mind.

"On Sarum's plain I met a wandering fair,
The look of Sorrow, lovely still she bore" —

"He 's gettin' ready to meet the ladies!" said Cooper, who was within listening distance, polishing a piece of brass on one of the guns. "I can't say as we 've had much po'try at sea this v'y'ge, sir," he continued to Lieutenant Wallingford, who crossed the deck toward him, as the captain disappeared above on his forward stretch. Cooper and Wallingford were old friends ashore, with many memories in common.

The lieutenant was pale and severe; the ready smile that made him seem more boyish than his years was strangely absent; he had suddenly taken on the looks of a much-displeased man.

"Ain't you feelin' well, sir?" asked Cooper, with solicitude. "Things is all doin' well, though there 's those aboard that won't have us think so, if they can help it. When I was on watch, I see you writin' very late these nights past. You will excuse my boldness, but we all want the little sleep we get; 't is a strain on a man unused to life at sea."

"I shall write no more this voyage," said Wallingford, touched by the kindness of old Cooper's feeling, but impatient at the boyish relation with an older man, and dreading a word about home affairs. He was an officer now, and must resent such things. Then the color rushed to his face; he was afraid that tears would shame him. With a sudden impulse he drew from his pocket a package of letters, tied together ready for sending home, and flung them overboard with an angry toss. It was as if his heart went after them. It was a poor return for Cooper's innocent kindness; the good man had known him since he had been in the world. Old Susan, his elder sister, was chief among the household at home. This was a most distressing moment, and the lieutenant turned aside, and leaned his elbow on the gun, bending a little as if to see under the sail whether the three-decker were still in sight.

The little package of letters was on its slow way down through the pale green water; the fishes were dodging as it sank to the dim depths where it must lie and drown, and tiny shells would fasten upon the slow-wasting substance of its folds. The words that he had written would but darken a little salt water with their useless ink; he had written them as he could never write

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again, in those long lonely hours at sea, under the dim lamp in his close cabin, — those hours made warm and shining with the thought and promise of love that also hoped and waited. All a young man's dream was there; there were tiny sketches of the Ranger's decks and the men in the rigging done into the close text. Alas, there was his mother's letter, too; he had written them both the letters they would be looking and longing for, and sent them to the bottom of the sea. If he had them back, Mary Hamilton's should go to her, to show her what she had done. And in this unexpected moment he felt her wondering eyes upon him, and covered his face with his hands. It was all he could do to keep from sobbing over the gun. He had seen the ring!

"'T is a shore headache coming on with this sun-blink over the water," said Cooper, still watching him. "I 'd go and lie in the dark a bit." It was not like Mr. Wallingford, but there had been plenty of drinking the night before, and gaming too, — the boy might have got into trouble.

"The Lusitanian prince, who Heaven-inspired
To love of useful Glory roused mankind."

They both heard the captain at his loud orations; but he stopped for a moment and looked down at the lieutenant as if about to speak, and then turned on his heel and paced away again.

The shore seemed to move a long step nearer with every hour. The old seafarers among the crew gave knowing glances at the coast, and were full of wisest information in regard to the harbor of Nantes, toward which they were making all possible speed. Dickson, who was in command, came now to reprimand Cooper for his idleness, and set him to his duty sharply, being a great lover of authority.

Wallingford left his place by the trunnion, and disappeared below.

"On the sick list?" inquired Dickson of the captain, who reappeared, and again glanced down; but the captain shrugged his shoulders and made no reply. He was sincerely sorry to have somehow put a bar between himself and his young officer just at this moment. Wallingford was a noble-looking fellow, and as good a gentleman as the Duke de Chartres himself. The sight of such a second would lend credit to their enterprise among the Frenchmen. Simpson was bringing in one of the prizes; and as for Dickson, he was a common, trading sort of sneak.

The dispatches from Congress to announce the surrender of Burgoyne lay ready to the captain's hand: for the bringing of such welcome news to the American commissioners, and to France herself, he should certainly have a place among good French seamen and officers. He stamped his foot impatiently; the moment he was on shore he must post to Paris to lay the dispatches in Mr. Franklin's hand. They were directed to Glory herself in sympathetic ink, on the part of the captain of the Ranger; but this could not be read by common eyes, above the titles of the Philadelphia envoy at his lodgings in Passy.

After reflecting upon these things, Paul Jones, again in a tender mood, took a paper out of his pocketbook, and reread a song of Allan Ramsay's, —

"At setting day and rising moon," —

which a young Virginia girl had copied for him in a neat, painful little hand.

"Poor maid!" he said, with gentle affectionateness, as he folded the paper again carefully. "Poor maid! I shall not forget to do her some great kindness, if my hopes come true and my life continues. Now I must send for Wallingford and speak with him."

XVI.

Every-day life at Colonel Hamilton's house went on with as steady current

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as the great river that passed its walls. The raising of men and money for a distressed army, with what survived of his duties toward a great shipping business, kept Hamilton himself ceaselessly busy. Often there came an anxious company of citizens riding down the lane to consult upon public affairs; there was an increasing number of guests of humbler condition who sought a rich man's house to plead their poverty. The winter looked long and resourceless to these troubled souls. There were old mothers, who had been left on lonely farms when their sons had gone to war. There was a continued asking of unanswerable questions about the soldiers' return. And younger women came, pale and desperate, with little troops of children pulling at their skirts. When one appealing group left the door, another might be seen coming to take its place. The improvident suffered first and made loudest complaint; later there were discoveries of want that had been too uncomplainingly borne. The well-to-do families of Berwick were sometimes brought to straits themselves, in their effort to succor their poorer neighbors.

Mary Hamilton looked graver and older. All the bright elation of her heart had gone, as if a long arctic night were setting in instead of a plain New England winter, with its lengthening days and bright January sun at no great distance. She could not put Madam Wallingford's sorrow out of mind; she was thankful to be so busy in the great house, like a new Dorcas with her gifts of garments, but the shadow of war seemed more and more to give these days a deeper darkness.

There was no snow on the ground, so late in the sad year; there was still a touch of faded greenness on the fields. One afternoon Mary came across the flagstoned court toward the stables, tempted by the milder air to take a holiday, though the vane still held by the northwest. That great wind was not dead, but only drowsy in the early afternoon, and now and then a breath of it swept down the country.

Old Peggy had followed her young mistress to the door, and still stood there watching with affectionate eyes.

"My poor darlin'!" said the good soul to herself, and Mary turned to look back at her with a smile. She thought Peggy was at her usual grumbling.

"Bless ye, we've all got to have patience!" said the old housekeeper, again looking wistfully at the girl, whose tired face had touched her very heart. As if this quick wave of unwonted feeling were spread to all the air about, Mary's own eyes filled with tears; she tried to go on, and then turned and ran back. She put her arms round Peggy, there in the doorway.

"I am only going for a ride. Kiss me, Peggy, — kiss me just as you did when I was a little girl; things do worry me so. Oh, Peggy dear, you don't know; I can't tell anybody!"

"There, there, darlin', somebody 'll see you! Don't you go to huggin' this dry old thrashin' o' straw; no, don't you care nothin' 'bout an old withered corn shuck like me!" she protested, but her face shone with tenderness. "Go have your ride, an' I'm goin' to make ye a pretty cake; 't will be all nice and crusty; I was goin' to make you one, anyway. I tell ye things is all comin' right in the end. There, le' me button your little cape!" And so they parted.

Peggy marched back into the great kitchen without her accustomed looks of disapproval at the maids, and dropped into the corner of the settle next the fire. She put out her lame foot in its shuffling shoe, and looked at it as if there were no other object of commiseration in the world.

"'T is a shame to be wearin' out, so fine made as I was. The Lord give me a good smart body, but 't is beginnin' to fail an' go," said the old woman impatiently. "Once 't would ha' took twice

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yisterday's work to tire foot or back o' me."

"I 'm dreadful spent myself, bein' up 'arly an' late. We car'ied an upstropelous sight o' dishes to an' fro. Don't see no vally in feedin' a whole neighborhood, when best part on 'em 's only too lazy to provide theirselves," murmured one of the younger handmaidens, who was languidly scouring a great pewter platter. Whereat Peggy rose in her wrath, and set the complainer a stint of afternoon work sufficient to cast a heavy shadow over the freshest spirit of industry.

The mistress of these had gone her way to the long stables, where a saddle was being put on her favorite horse, and stood in the wide doorway looking down the river. The tide was out; the last brown leaves of the poplars were flying off some close lower branches; there was a touch of north in the wind, but the sun was clear and bright for the time of year. Mary was dressed in a warm habit of green cloth, with a close hood like a child's tied under her chin; the long skirt was full of sharp creases where it had lain all summer in one of the brass-nailed East Indian chests, and a fragrance of camphor and Eastern spices blew out as the heavy folds came to the air. The old coachman was busy with the last girth, and soothed the young horse as he circled about the floor; then, with a last fond stroke of a shining shoulder, he gave Mary his hand, and mounted her light as a feather to the saddle.

"He 's terrible fresh!" said the old master of horse, as he drew the riding skirt in place with a careful touch. "Have a care, missy!"

Mary thanked the old man with a gentle smile, and took heed that the horse walked quietly away. When she turned the corner beyond the shipyard she dropped the curb rein, and the strong young creature flew straight away like an arrow from the bowstring. "Mind your first wind, now. 'T is a good thing to keep!" said the rider gayly, and leaned forward, as they slackened pace for a moment on the pitch of the hill, to pat the horse's neck and toss a handful of flying mane back to its place. Until the first pleasure and impulse of speed were past there was no time to think, or even to remember any trouble of mind. For the first time in many days all the motive power of life did not seem to come from herself.

The fields of Berwick were already beginning to wear that look of hand-shaped smoothness which belongs only to long-tilled lands in an old country. The first colonists and pilgrims of a hundred and fifty years before might now return to find their dreams had borne fair fruit in this likeness to England, that had come upon a landscape hard wrung from the wilderness. The long slopes, the gently rounded knolls that seemed to gather and to hold the wintry sunshine, the bushy field corners and hedgerows of wild cherry that crossed the shoulders of the higher hills, would be pleasant to those homesick English eyes in the new country they had toiled so hard to win. The river that made its way by shelter and covert of the hilly country of field and pasture, — the river must for many a year have been looked at wistfully, because it was the only road home. Portsmouth might have been all for this world, while Plymouth was all for the next; but the Berwick farms were made by home-makers, neither easy to transplant in the first place, nor easy now to uproot again.

The northern mountains were as blue as if it were a day in spring. They looked as if the warm mist of April hung over them; as if they were the outposts of another world, whose climate and cares were of another and gentler sort, and there was no more fretting or losing, and no more war either by land or sea.

The road was up and down all the way

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over the hills, winding and turning among the upper farms that lay along the river-side above the Salmon Fall. Now and then a wood road or footpath shortened the way, dark under the black hemlocks, and sunshiny again past the old garrison houses. Goodwins, Plaisteds, Keays, and Wentworths had all sent their captives through the winter snows to Canada, in the old French and Indian wars, and had stood in their lot and place for many a generation to suffer attacks by savage stealth at their quiet ploughing, or confront an army's strength and fury, of firebrand and organized assault.

There was the ford to cross at Wooster's River, — that noisy stream which can never be silent, as if the horror of a great battle fought upon its bank could never be told. Here there was always a good modern moment of excitement: the young horse must whirl about and rear, and show horror in his turn, as if the ghosts of Hertel and his French and Indians stood upon the historic spot of their victory over the poor settlers; finally the Duke stepped trembling into the bright shallow water, and then stopped midway with perfect composure, for a drink. Then they journeyed up the steep battleground, and presently caught the sound of roaring water at the Great Falls, heavy with the latter rains.

On the crest of the hill Mary overtook a woman, who was wearily carrying a child that looked large enough to walk alone; but his cheeks were streaked with tears, and there were no shoes on his little feet to tread the frozen road; only some worn rags wrapped them clumsily about. Mary held back her horse, and reached down for the poor little thing to take him before her on the saddle. The child twisted determinedly in her arms to get a look at her face, and then cuddled against his new friend with great content. He took fast hold of the right arm which held him, and looked proudly down at his mother, who, relieved of her extra burden, stepped briskly alongside.

"Goin' up country to stay with my folks," she answered Mary's question of her journey. "Ain't nothin' else I can do; my man's with the army at Valley Forge. 'God forbid you 're any poorer than I be!' he sent me word. 'I 've got no pay and no clothes to speak of, an' here 's winter comin' right on.' This mornin' I looked round the house an' see how bare it was, an' I locked the door an' left it. The baby cried good after his cat, but I could n't lug 'em both. She 's a pretty creatur' an' smart. I don't know but she 'll make out; there 's plenty o' squirrels. Cats is better off than women folks."

"I 'll ride there some day and get her, if I can, and keep her until you come home," offered Mary kindly.

"Rich folks like you can do everything," said the woman bitterly, with a look at the beautiful horse which easily outstepped her.

"Alas, we can't do everything!" said Mary sadly; and there was something in her voice which touched the complainer's heart.

"I guess you would if you could," she answered simply; and then Mary's own heart was warmed again.

The road still led northward along the high uplands above the river; all the northern hills and the mountains of Ossipee looked dark now, in a solemn row. Mary turned her horse into a narrow track off the highroad, and leaned over to give the comforted child into his mother's arms. He slipped to the ground of his own accord, and trotted gayly along.

"Look at them pore little feet! I wisht he had some shoes; he can't git fur afore he 'll be cryin' again for me to take an' car' him," said the mother ruefully. "You see them furthest peaks? I 've got to git there somehow 'nother, with this lo'd on my back an' that pore baby. But I know folks on the road; pore 's they be, they 'll take me in, if I can hold out to do the travelin'. War 's hard on pore folks. We 've got

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a good little farm, an' my man did n't want to leave it. He held out 'count o' me till the bounty tempted him. We could n't be no poorer than we be, now I tell ye!"

"Go to the store on the hill and get some shoes for the baby," said Mary eagerly, as if to try to cheer her fellow traveler. "Get some warm little shoes, and tell the storekeeper 't was I who bade you come." And so they parted; but Mary's head drooped sorrowfully as she rode among the gray birches, on her shorter way to the high slopes of Pine Hill.

This piece of country had, years before, furnished some of the noblest masts that were ever landed on English shores. The ruined stump of that great pine which was the wonder of the King's dockyards, and had loaded one of the old mastships with its tons of timber, could still be seen, though shrunken and soft with moss. A fox, large in his new winter fur, went sneaking across the way; and the young horse pranced gayly at the sight of him, while Mary noticed his track and the way it led, for her brother's sake, and turned aside across the half-wooded pasture, until she had a sportsman's satisfaction in seeing the fox make toward a rough ledgy bit of ground, and warm thicket of underbrush at a spring head. This would be good news for poor old Jack, who might take no time for hunting, but could dream of it any night after supper, like a happy dog before his own fire.

On the heights of the great ridge some of the elder generation of trees were still standing, left because they were crooked and unfit for the mastships' cargoes. They were masters of the whole landscape, and waved their long boughs in the wintry wind. Mary Hamilton had known them in her earliest childhood, and looked toward them now with happy recognition, as if within their hard seasoned shapes their hearts were conscious of other existences, and affection like her own. She stopped the fleet horse on the top of the hill, and laid her hand upon the bark of a huge pine; then she looked off at the lower country. The sight of it was a challenge to adventure; a great horizon sets the boundaries of the inner life of man wider to match itself, and something that had bound the girl's heart too closely seemed to slip easily away.

She smiled and took a long breath, and, turning, rode down the rough pasture again, and along the field toward the river. Her heavy riding dress filled and flew with the cold northwest wind, and a bright color came back to her cheeks. To stand on the bleak height had freed her spirit, and sent her back to the lower countries of life happier than she came: it was said long ago that one may not sweep away a fog, but one may climb the hills of life and look over it altogether.

She leaped the horse lightly over some bars that gave a surly sort of entrance to a poor-looking farm, and rode toward the low house. Suddenly from behind a thorn bush there appeared a strange figure, short-skirted and bent almost double under a stack of dry bean stalks. The bearer seemed to have uprooted her clumsy burden in a fury. She tramped along, while the horse took to shying at the sight, and had to be pacified with much firmness and patience.

The bean stack at last ceased its angry progress, and stood still.

"What 's all that thromping? Kape away wit' yourself, then, whoiver ye are! I can only see the ground by me two feet. Ye 'll not ride over me; kape back now till I 'm gone!" screamed the shrill voice of an old woman.

"It is I, — Mary Hamilton," said the girl, laughing. "You 've frightened the Duke almost to death, Mrs. Sullivan! I can hold him, but do let me get by before you bob at him again."

There was a scornful laugh out of the moving ambush.

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"Get out of me way, then, the two of ye!" and the bean stack moved angrily away, its transfixing pole piercing the air like a disguised unicorn. The two small feet below were well shod and sturdy like a boy's; the whole figure was so short that the dry frost-bitten vines trailed on the ground more and more, until it appeared as if the tangled mass were rolling uphill by its own volition.

Mary went on with the trembling horse. A moment later she walked quickly up the slope to the gray wooden house. There was the handsome head of a very old man, reading, close to the window, as she passed; but he did not look up until she had shut the door behind her and stood within the little room.

Then Master Sullivan, the exile, closed his book and sprang to his feet, a tall and ancient figure with the manners of a prince. He bent to kiss the hand of his guest, and looked at her silently before he spoke, with an unconscious eagerness of affection equal to her own.

"A thousand welcomes!" he said at last. "I should have seen you coming; you have had no one to serve you. I was on the Sabine farm with Horace; 't is far enough away!" he added, with a smile.

"I like to fasten my horse myself," answered Mary. "'T is best I should; he makes it a point of honor then to stand still and wait for me, and resents a stranger's hand, being young and impatient."

Mary looked bright and smiling; she threw back her close green hood, and her face bloomed out of it like a flower, as she stood before the gallant, frail old man. "There was a terrible little bean stack that came up the hill beside us," she went on, as if to amuse him, "and I heard a voice out of it, and saw two steady feet that I knew to be Mrs. Sullivan's; but my black Duke was pleased to be frightened out of his wits, and so we have all parted on bad terms, this dark day."

"She will shine upon you like a May morning when she comes in, then!" said Master Sullivan. "She 's in a huge toil the day, with sure news of a great storm that 's coming. 'Stay a while,' I begged her, 'stay a while, my dear; the wind is in a fury, and to-morrow'"—

"An' to-morrow indeed!" cried Mrs. Sullivan, bursting in at the door, half a wild brownie, and half a tame enough, grandmotherly old soul. "An' to-morrow! I 've heard nothing but to-morrow from ye all my life long, an' here 's the hand of winter upon us again, an' thank God all me poor little crops is under cover, an' no praise to yourself."

The old man held out his slender hand; she did not take it, but her face began to shine with affection.

"Thank God, 't is yourself, Miss Mary Hamilton, my dear!" she exclaimed, dropping a curtsy. "My old gentleman here has been sorrowing for a sight of your fair face these many days. 'T is in December like this we do be sighing after the May. I don't know have ye brought any news yet from the ship?"

"Oh no, not yet," said Mary. "No, there is no news yet from the Ranger."

"I have had good dreams of her, then," announced the old creature with triumph. "Listen: there 's quarrels amongst 'em, but they 'll come safe to shore, with gold in everybody's two hands."

She crossed the room, and drew her lesser wheel close to her knee and began to spin busily.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE ESSENCE OF AMERICAN HUMOR.

WRITING a few months ago of The American Spirit in Literature, I tried to solve a problem which had been haunting me for years: to give myself an account of the peculiar and wonderful quality which distinguishes the best that has been written on this continent from all other writing whatsoever, from the days of gray-headed Chaldea and Mother India down to the latest fantasies of Maurice Maeterlinck and Gabriel d' Annunzio.

To lay a ghost, the magicians of the East always have to evoke a demon. I find myself in much the same case. In settling to my own satisfaction that first haunting problem, I find I have called up half a dozen more, just as difficult and just as clamorous for solution. It happened in this way: To show the visible presence and sunlit transparence of the best American writing, I instanced chiefly four story-tellers, — Bret Harte, Mark Twain, G. W. Cable, and Mary Wilkins. But all four of them, and especially the first two, irresistibly suggest another quality besides the American spirit, — namely, the quality of humor. And so up springs the new demon, the infinitely tantalizing problem, What is American humor? And if it differs from the humor of other lands, from Aristophanes to Rabelais, from Chaucer to Dickens, from the Ecclesiast to Hitopadesha, wherein does the difference lie? Here, again, to lay one ghost, we must raise another. Supposing we have settled the question of humor: just as we are folding our hands in placid satisfaction, we suddenly remember that there is such a thing as wit, and we are called on either to try a fall with this new adversary, or to admit ourselves disgracefully vanquished.

I hope I have some humanity in my breast, for I have already raised a whole army of sprites, and in imagination see myself confronted with a host of visionary readers, with haggard eyes and drawn countenances, desperately asking: "What is a joke? And how are you to know one if you see it?" My justification for this wanton malice is, that I think I have discovered the charm to lay these haunting presences to rest; that I have in some sort discovered the true inwardness of humor, and even been able to draw the shadowy line dividing it from wit.

Here is a story which seems to me to come close to the heart of the secret. The scene is laid in the Wild and Woolly West. A mustang has been stolen, a claim jumped, or a euchre pack found to contain more right and left bowers than an Arctic brig; and swift Nemesis has descended in the form of Manila hemp. The time has come to break the news to the family of the deceased. A deputation goes ahead, and the leader knocks at the door of the bereaved homestead, asking, "Does Widow Smith live here?"

A stout and cheerful person replies, "I'm Mrs. Smith, but I ain't no widow!"

The deputation answers: "Bet you a dollar you are! But *you* 've got the laugh on *us*, just the same, for we 've lynched the wrong man."

That story is irresistible. It is as full of sardonic fire as anything in all literature, but you would hardly call it humor. It seems to me to lie so directly on the border line that we may use it as a landmark.

The moral is this: humor consists in laughing *with* the other man; wit, in laughing *at* him. There is all the difference in the world. But in both there must be laughter. And laughter is always the fruit of a certain excess of power, of animal or vital magnetism,

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drawn forth by a sense of contrast or discrepancy. This story illustrates each of these points. The discrepancy or contrast lies in the chasm between the terrible bereavement of widowhood and the jest that announces it. Even the Widow Smith must have smiled. But after the first spasms of laughter have passed, there remains the yawning gulf before her, in all its blackness. The story is really infinitely bitter, and the laughter it calls up something of a snarl.

To laugh at the other man is invariably a tribute to one's own egotism, a burning of incense to one's self. It widens the chasm between the two personalities, and sharpens the natural opposition between man and man. In this way wit is essentially demoralizing. It is also essentially self-conscious. Watch the efforts of the conscientiously funny man, and you will see both elements manifest themselves, — the self-consciousness and the demoralization. The final result of his efforts is contempt instead of admiration, and a universal sadness overcasting the company he has tried to move to mirth. Wit, therefore, differs from humor in this: that while both are expressed in laughter, arising from excess of animal magnetism, and called forth by a feeling of discrepancy or contrast, wit is self-conscious and egotistical, while humor is natural and humane.

One may call humane whatever recognizes our common humanity, or, still more broadly, whatever recognizes our common life. For there is a humanity toward animals. But if we look deep enough, we shall find that behind our conscious intention we do perpetually recognize a common life, a common soul; that we do this by hating no less than by loving, by hostility as well as by acts of gentlest charity. Behind all our dramas of emotion, — grave or gay, passionate, tragic, or mirthful, — behind avarice, ambition, vanity, lies the deep intuition of our common soul, and to this we in all things ultimately appeal. We seek the envy of human beings, not of stones or trees; we covet and lust for human ends; and in even the blackest elements of our human lives, we are still paying tribute to our humanity, to the common soul. Even murderers would not conspire together but for the sense of the common soul in both.

But pity and compassion recognize the common life, the common human soul; the very name of sympathy means a suffering with some other. The classic story of sympathy, the Good Samaritan, owes its immortal power to this sense. First there is the sympathy of the narrator with the afflicted man and with his rescuer; and then the second and communicated sympathy which all hearers are compelled to feel with both, thus being brought into the humane mood of the narrator, and recognizing the common soul in themselves, in him, in the sufferer, and in the Samaritan who relieved his pain. This irresistible quality of sympathy, this potent assertion of the common soul, has made the story immortal, erecting the name of an obscure Semitic clan into a synonym for humanity and kindness.

Sympathy, compassion, the suffering with another, are recognitions of the common soul in the face of sorrow, in the face of suffering, in the face of fate. The whole cycle of Greek tragedy is full of this sense of universal man bearing in common the mountainous burden of adverse and invincible law. That line of Homer might characterize it all: "Purple Death took him, and mighty Fate." The bereavements of Hecuba, the madness and death of Ajax, owe their undying power, not to any quality of art or beauty, though they are saturated and sultry with beauty, but to something greater still: to the sense of the common soul, called up in us by sorrow, by danger, by affliction, by death.

Consider the message of Galilee as an orderly sequence to this. We have the same recognition of the common

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soul, not so much in resignation and submission to fate as in a certain warm and subtle quality which outruns fate and makes it powerless, — a quality of sympathy, of compassion, of suffering with another, in virtue of which the very shadows of Greek tragedy, sickness, sorrow, affliction, become the lights of the picture, for they testify to and evoke the common soul. Rightly understood, this is the message of the Evangel of Sorrow. When our complacence and self-satisfied egotism are beaten down, this other side of our nature arises; when we are less full of ourselves, we have more room for others, or, deeper still, more room for that which we recognize in others, the one soul common to all humanity. All emotion, not compassion only, is contagious. All emotion testifies to the common soul. We come to this result: that humor is emotion expressing itself in laughter, and called forth by a contrast or discrepancy. But laughter is always the fruit of an excess of vital magnetism, of power. Therefore, rightly understood, humor is a contagion or sharing of the sense of excess power, of abundant vitality, of animal magnetism.

You can see now why we laid such stress upon the Greek tragedy and its message. Sophocles unites us through the sense of our common danger and common pain. That is the darker side of sympathy, the deep shadow of the picture. The Galilean unites us through sympathy, the feeling of kindness drawn forth by pain. But, if my definition comes near the truth, real humor unites us in a sense of our excess vitality, a sense of mastery over fate; an intuition that the common soul in us can easily conquer and outlast the longest night of sorrow, the deepest shadow of pain. Humor thus becomes a very serious matter. It becomes nothing less than the herald of our final victory, the dawn of the golden age.

To go back a little to a point we raised before. Wit is a sense of scoring off the other man, a triumph over him, a sense of our excess vitality as contrasted with his weakness, a mentally pushing him into the mud and gloating over him. Now it is essentially unpleasant to be pushed into the mud and laughed at, whether mentally or bodily; and the successful wit's tribute to his own egotism, so far from cementing the bonds of man, really widens the chasm, and sets up that hostility between one personality and another which is always the demoniac element in human life. It follows that whatever separates persons in feeling, though it may be the fodder of wit, is fatal to humor, just as it is fatal to sympathy or to gentle charity. Therefore, to have true humor, we must first hold in abeyance the elements of hostility, difference of race or rank, difference of faith or hope. If the common soul be, as we have seen it is, the last and highest reality behind all our dramas of feeling and ambition, behind hate as well as love, behind envy as well as kindliness, then all these things which separate persons and set them at variance, the dreams of different race and rank, of different faiths and ideals, are but shadows cast by our fancies in the light of the common soul: that is the reality, while these are dreams.

Humor, then, can know no difference of race. For it, we are all human beings, all children of the common soul. But humor will not apprehend this as a doctrine, as we have done here; it will go far deeper, and apprehend it as a visible presence, a reality touched and felt, a direct intuition. For this reason, along with many others, the best American humor stands preëminent throughout the world and through all time. It recognizes no difference of race. It is free from that miserable tribal vanity which is the root of half our human ills. The Jewish spirit is perhaps the supreme instance which human history affords of this tribal self-love, with its re-

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ward of intensity and its punishment of isolation. And as certainly as night follows day, or day night, we find in Jewish wit the last essence of bitterness, the culmination of that unhumane quality which eternally divides it from humor. Read sentence after sentence of Koheleth, the Preacher, — the living dog better than the dead lion, the gibes at women, the perpetual mockery at fools, the deep pessimism under it all, — and you will realize how closely tribal zeal and bitterness are bound together; how certainly the keen sense of race difference closes the door of that warm human heart from which alone humor can come.

All Jewish writing, ancient or modern, has the same defect. There is always the presence of two qualities, seemingly unconnected, but in reality bound very closely together, — a certain bitter sensuality and a sardonic and mordant wit. Both spring from the same thing: an overkeen sense of bodily difference, whether of sex or of race. The first sense of difference causes a subjection to sex tyranny, which revenges itself in gibes and epigrams, as with that uxorious king to whom tradition accredits the Proverbs. The second, the keen sense of race difference, breeds a hostile and jealous spirit, a perpetual desire to exhibit one's own superiority, to show off, to "get the laugh on" the supposed inferior races and outer barbarians, which, going with excess of vital power, — a marvelous characteristic of the Jews, — will inevitably give birth to keen and biting wit, but to humor never. The gibes of the Preacher, the courtly insincerities of D'Israeli, the morbid sensuousness of Zola, all flow from the same race character, and are moods of the same mind.

It is curious to see the same thing cropping up in Alphonse Daudet, who was of mixed race, half Jew, half Provençal. One may follow that famous image of his own, which describes the two Tartarins, — Tartarin-Quixote and Tartarin-Sancho-Panza, or, more familiarly, Tartarin lapin-de-garenne and Tartarin lapin-de-choux, — and say that there are two Daudets, Daudet-Koheleth and Daudet-Tartarin: the one, the Semitic author of Sapho, of Rose et Ninette, of Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné; the other, the creator of the many-sided meridional, Tartarin-Numa-Nabab. There lies the difference between wit and humor, as it is influenced by exclusiveness of race, or, to give a foolish thing a commoner name, by tribal vanity.

To precisely the same category of wit springing from tribal vanity belong the endless stories in which the Germans score off the Russians, the Russians score off the Germans; in which Magyars and Austrians whet their satire on each other; in which Bengalis try to get the laugh on Punjabis; in which Frenchmen are witty about John Bull's protruding front teeth, while Englishmen revenge themselves by tales of the frog-eating Mounseer. So that we have here a perfectly definite line: if there is a play of the mind about difference of race, using this as the laughter-rousing contrast which is common to both wit and humor, and if this play of thought and feeling accentuates and heightens the race difference, and tries to show, or assumes, as is oftener the case, that the race of the joker is endlessly superior to the other, then we are dealing with wit, — an amusing thing enough in its way, but a false thing, one which leads us away from the true end of man. If, on the other hand, we have an accentuation of the common life, bridging the chasm of race, and the overplus of power is felt to be shared in by the two races and to unite them, then we have genuine humor, — something as vital to our true humanity as is the Tragedy of Greece, as is the Evangel of Galilee, yet something more joyful and buoyant than either; uniting us, not through compassion or the sense of common danger, but through the sense of common power, — a prophecy of the golden age, of the ultimate triumph of the soul.

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In this binding quality of humor Mark Twain's best work stands easily supreme. Take the scenes on the Mississippi in which the immortal trio, Tom Sawyer, Huck Finn, and Jim the Nigger, play their parts: they are as saturated with the sense of our common life as is the story of the sorrow of Ajax or the tale of the Samaritan. The author has felt the humanity in his triad of heroes as deeply and humanely as it can be felt; his work is sincere and true throughout; it is full of that inimitable quality of contagion, the touchstone of all true art, in virtue of which we vividly feel and realize what the artist has vividly felt and realized. Through every page we feel the difference of race, used as an artistic contrast; but we are conscious of something more, — of overstepping the chasm, of bridging the abyss between black and white, American and Ethiopian, bond and free. We have come to the conclusion, long before Huck Finn puts it in words, that Jim is a white man inside, — as white as we are.

This binding of the two races has been accomplished before, in a famous American book; the most successful, probably, that the New World has yet produced. But in Uncle Tom the cement is sentimentality rather than humor; the Galilean sense of sympathy through common suffering rather than through excess of power; it plays round feelings and emotions which, however keen and poignant, are not part of our everlasting inheritance; moreover, it is colored with a religious pathos which, while it still saturates the minds of the race mates of Uncle Tom, is quickly vanishing from the hearts of his white masters, to give place to something higher and better, — an assured sense of the power of the soul. So marked has been the growth of our spiritual consciousness in the last generation, hitherto unconscious and unrecorded, that we can confidently look forward to a time when the fear of death will no longer be valid as a motive of tragedy, any more than the fear of hell is now a motor of morals. Therefore, the mood of religion which colors Uncle Tom is a far less enduring and vital thing than the robust out-of-doors vitality of Tom Sawyer's Mississippi days: and it is this quality, this buoyancy and excess of power, which forms the necessary atmosphere of humor.

In another story, of a much earlier period, Mark Twain has again used his genius to bridge the same race chasm. It is that fine and epic tale of Captain Ned Blakely and his colored mate. Here humor is reinforced by indignation, and both are illuminated by fancy; but humor, the sense of excess of power and of our common soul, is still the dominant note. Yet the Tom Sawyer trio, in those sunlit days on the great river, with the raft floating along, and the boys telling tales, or puffing at their corncob pipes, or going in swimming, is, and will probably long remain, the high-water mark of humor and imaginative creation for the New World, — the most genuinely American thing ever written.

Bret Harte is of nearly equal value in his early tales, but with this difference: that it is the chasm of caste, not of race, which his great power bridges over. Mark Twain does this abundantly, too. Huck Finn, the outcast, the vagabond, the homeless wanderer, with his patched breeches, his one suspender, his perforated hat, is bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, beyond the common measure of our kind; more, he is the superior of most of us in humane simplicity, in ease of manner and unconsciousness, in genuine kindness of heart. But with Bret Harte, this bridging of chasms, this humanizing of outcasts, of vagabonds, gamblers, and waifs of either sex, is a passion, the dominant quality of his rich and natural humor. That nameless baby, the Luck of Roaring Camp, enlists our heartiest sympathy from the first; so, indeed, does his disreputable mother. We remember, and we are conscious of a pro-

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found satisfaction in remembering, that motherhood is always the same, without regard to race, caste, color, or creed. And with the excess of power in his robust miners, and their fine animal magnetism, as of the primeval out of doors, comes the quality of humor, like the touch of morning sunshine on the red pine stems and granite boulders of the Rockies, where is their home.

The Outcasts of Poker Flat is full of the same leveling quality; a leveling up, not a leveling down. The two real outcasts, the gambler and the Rahab, are raised to a sense of their human life, to a human dignity and self-sacrifice, by the simplicity of their half-childish chance companions; all barriers are broken down, and there remains nothing but the common soul. There is a touch of pathos in this tale, too, but rather as a contrast than as a primary element; yet the final feeling is humor, — victory, not defeat; not weakness, but power. M'liss, one of the finest things Bret Harte ever wrote, is full of the same quality, — the quality of charity, of sympathy with outcasts; or, to come to the true name, it is full of the sense of the common soul under all differences. More than that, we are all through conscious of a feeling that the essential truth is with M'liss in her wildness; that she is more at home in the universe than we are, feels more kindred with the enduring things, — the green forests, the sunshine, the wind, the stars in the purple sky, the primal passions of the human heart.

If genius thus bridges over the greater chasms of our life, we need hardly say that it still more easily and certainly passes over the less; but there is one chasm which it is worth while to speak of more fully, — the chasm between childhood and age. American humor has discovered the child for the purposes of literature. The reason is, without doubt, that Americans are the only people in the world who take their children seriously; who make it stuff of the conscience to give their children the utmost possible freedom, and rouse them to a sense of responsibility. Think of how children were kept down and suppressed, even oppressed, in the Old World, only a generation or two ago, and you have the reason why the child of European literature is such a failure. I know not whether it has ever been said before, but the children of the greatest writer of them all are stiff and unnatural to a marvelous degree, so that we hardly regret Macbeth's bringing to an end that precocious and sententious youngster who moralizes to his mamma. It is with a feeling of relief that we read the stage direction, "*Dies.*" Let him rest in peace.

Contrast with the deceased child those two inimitable creations of American humor, Budge and Toddy, in Helen's Babies, one of the best books this continent has yet seen. In every point of reality, as far as child life is concerned, Habberton is the superior of Shakespeare, who in so much else is the superior of all other men. Tom Sawyer is also a most notable child in literature; but of course he is ever so much older than Budge and Toddy, and therefore the chasm is not so wide, and the honor of bridging it less. Yet there is something inimitable in the way he "shows off" when the new girl comes to the village, and, let me add, something irresistibly American. Up to the present, I have not been able to determine at what age Tom Sawyer's fellow countrymen drop the habit, or at any rate the desire, of showing off; I am indeed strongly convinced that nothing more serious than that selfsame human weakness is the root of all the millionairism which seems to fill so large a space in our horizons. It is the desire to possess the stage properties essential to successful showing off which keeps the millionaires so busy; and it is to be surmised that, as in Tom Sawyer's case, the "new girl" is the audience of the play.

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Speaking of the new girl calls attention to the fact that, so far, Budge, Toddy, and Tom Sawyer, the hierarchy of American boys, have no sisters. There are no little girls of the first magnitude in American literature. Perhaps the English Alice in Wonderland is the high-water mark among little girls; but wonderful achievement as she is, and absorbing as are her adventures, the atmosphere of cards and chessmen which surrounds her is very different from the broad river bosom, the sweet-smelling woods, the echoing hills of night under the stars, where Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn play their parts. So infinitely does nature outweigh fancy.

Having established our canon, we can now apply it. We do, in fact, find that the masterpieces of American humor were conceived in an atmosphere possessing exactly the qualities we have outlined. There was the broad and humane sense of this our life, of our common nature, our common soul, overleaping all barriers whatsoever; the distinctions of race and caste, of rich and poor, dwindling to their real insignificance, or forgotten altogether; this binding of hearts taking place, not through the sense of our common tragedy, our common servitude to fate, as in Æschylus and Sophocles, nor in pity and compassion, as in the Evangel of Galilee, but with a certain surcharge and overplus of power, a buoyancy, a sense of conquest, which could best come with the first youth of a young, strong nation, and which did, in fact, come in the harvest of success following that fine outburst of manliness and adventure, the mining campaign of '49.

One characteristic of the finest humor, touched on already, we must come back to, — the quality of unconsciousness. Neither Bret Harte nor Mark Twain, when they wrote of the Luck, of M'liss, of Captain Ned Blakely, of Buck Fanshaw and Scotty Briggs, had any idea how great they were, or even that they were great at all; they never dreamt that these sketches for the local journal would outlive the week that saw their birth, and at last make the circuit of the world, becoming a part of the permanent wealth of man. This unconsciousness gives these stories their inimitable charm. There is none of the striving of the funny man in what belongs to that first period, no setting of traps for our admiration. This is the same as saying that there is none of that instinct of egotism which prompts a man to laugh at his fellow, to show how much wiser and cleverer he himself is. It is all free, generous, and bountiful as the sunshine of the land where it was conceived, full of the spontaneous life of Nature herself. As there is in the simplest heart a wisdom that outweighs all philosophy, in the most untutored soul a faith that the schools and doctors know nothing of, so there is in these firstfruits of genius a fresh charm that no art can emulate; we recognize the wisdom and handiwork, not of the immediate artificer, but of the great master builder, the one enduring soul, common to all men through all time. There is the sense of the unprecedented, of creative power, in all works of genius; it shines forth brightly in the best work of American literature, and most brightly in the firstfruits of American humor.

It is not so agreeable to complete our inventory; for we are forced to see that much of what passes for humor nowadays is not humor at all, but its imitation and baser counterfeit, — that wit which is marred by egotism and vanity, which springs from the desire to shine, to show off, to prove one's self smarter than one's fellows, to air the superior qualities of one's mind. Let us devoutly hope that this mood of self-consciousness, like its cousin, the shyness of the half man, half boy, is transient only; that it will presently give place to something more mellow and humane. How often we feel, when we read the productions of this class, that the writer, as he made each

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point, was lit up with a little explosion of vanity; that he was terribly self-conscious; that he bridled and pranced within him, to think he was not as other men! Instead of that fine and humorous tale of Pharisee and Publican, we might write one of the humorist and the wit, the child of genius and the funny man; and the moral would be just the same. In the one case, a sense of peace, of hitting the mark, of adding to our human wealth, of reaching the true end of man; in the other, a certain tickling of the sensations, it is true, but, with it, dissatisfaction, unrest, a sense of vanity, with final bankruptcy staring us in the face. Self-consciousness is fatal to humor. It is as disappointing as that habit certain people have, whose sex and age we shall not specify, of always thinking of their clothes, or of your clothes, or of some one else's clothes; their society is not joy and gladness, nor does it bring us nearer to the golden age.

It would be with genuine joy of heart that I should record, if conscience allowed me, that American life seems, on the whole, to be flowing in the direction which leads to humor rather than to wit, — the direction which leads away from tribal and personal vanity, from the lamentable longing to show off, from self-consciousness and egotism, toward the common heart of man. But this, at least, can with certainty be said: that only as the great tide thus sets toward the better goal; only when the desire of wealth gives way to humane sympathy and inherent power; when the barriers of caste, so untimely and anomalous here, are broken down; when the tribal vanity of fancied race superiority is forgotten; when self-consciousness and the longing for stage properties are left behind, merged in that large urbanity which is the essence at once of real culture and of true breeding, — only then will a real development of humor be possible. But this humanizing of our hearts is in itself not enough, though it is essential and not to be replaced: there must also be a sense of power, of lightness, of success; a surplus of magnetism and vital energy, like that surcharge of life which, having moulded root and stem and leaves, bursts forth in beauty in the flower. All this is needful, and by no means to be dispensed with; yet to all this must be added something more, something which, by all our taking thought, we can never gain, — that superb fire of genius which comes not with observation, but is the best gift and creative handiwork of our everlasting human soul.

Charles Johnston.

CONFESSIONS OF A MINISTER'S WIFE.

"JUST the one to marry a minister!" So our friends said when the engagement was announced. What the moral and spiritual properties of a minister's wife should be, as differentiated from other men's wives, I have never been able to discover, but this I can truly say: I was satisfied not only with my husband, but with his profession. How thankful was I that he had not chosen a literary career, as certain friends advised, or entered the law, where others prophesied success! Before we were installed in our first parish I had studied the church roll, and every name was at my tongue's end, ready to be applied when the owner appeared. I looked at the congregation as a company of saints. I would not have exchanged that first parsonage for the office of the Secretary of State at Washington or for an appointment as ambassador to the Court of St. James.

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Twenty years have passed. The enthusiasm of youth has been modified by the experiences of actual life. Time has furnished the test by which we form true judgment. My husband has occupied influential pulpits in both Western and Eastern cities. We have had delightful homes, a comfortable income, appreciative congregations, and social advantages greater than fall to the lot of the average minister. If I have learned that a parish is not composed exclusively of saints, I have likewise learned that the mistakes and weaknesses of parishioners are necessary incidents in the process of spiritual development, and their more serious faults I have come to regard as simply evolutionary growing-pains. I am still satisfied with my husband, still glad that he is a minister; yet I secretly rejoice that our son shows no predilection for a theological seminary; I might even be tempted to maternal tactics in order to frustrate a clerical alliance for our daughter. I believe that men of the greatest genius and highest culture may find in this profession a worthy sphere of activity, and that, as knowledge increases, religious organizations will become associations for spiritual uplifting and practical helpfulness.

But I must confess that at the present day no profession is attended with more subtle temptations. We are far from the realization of the ideal, if indeed we are advancing toward it. From the first, loyalty to my husband made me extremely sensitive to slurs upon his profession. I was offended by the characterizations of literature in which the typical clergyman is an erudite gentleman, quite ignorant of worldly affairs, and abjectly fawning before wealth and power. The clergyman's wife, an amiable creature, adoring her husband, is quite unsophisticated and ill at ease in the presence of the cultured parishioner. The drama, which probes human defects to the quick, represents the priest as a sleek, well-fed personage, using the lamb's wool of his office for divers chicaneries. Public sentiment evidently regards the minister as a paid attorney, whose living is little better than a gratuity, and whose character lacks the qualities of virile manhood. By degrees the conviction has come to me that, among the learned professions, the one which is nominally the most beneficent is most frequently ridiculed.

The common judgment is never without foundation. Evidently, some essential element of confidence is lacking. We to whom the profession is dear ought to look at the case courageously and dispassionately. This I have sought to do, and have become convinced that, however much individual ministers may be at fault, the evil lies primarily with our ecclesiastical machinery. It is as difficult for a pastor to carry out his ideals, in our highly organized religious systems, as for a right-minded mayor to realize the ideals of municipal government, hampered by the city charter and the demands of his political party.

A condition so common as to be almost a constant problem is financial stringency. Every one behind the scenes is conscious of general poverty. Churches are not only poor, but very generally encumbered with debt. A wealthy congregation does not alter the fact of chronic poverty. It is what the congregation gives, not the bank account of individual members, which constitutes ecclesiastical opulence. In our parish, a poor shoemaker gives much more, proportionately, than the millionaire pewholder. The church is the first to suffer from a business panic, and the last to feel the returning wave of prosperity. When retrenchment is necessary, economy finds its first expression in the contribution plate. Indeed, I sometimes query how those families which cannot afford a pew in church can yet afford a box at the opera. In many cities and rapidly growing towns, the older churches suffer from the shift-

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ing of residence, a once desirable location having given place to shops and tenements. The usual cause of bankruptcy, however, is luxurious trappings and reckless expense. New economic needs have developed, in our generation, a taste for easy and pleasant ways of doing things. The demand for sumptuous buildings, costly organs, Tiffany windows, and elaborate decoration exceeds the cash on hand. There is a constant strain to make income keep pace with outgo. Many churches are in the condition of the poor serving woman who flaunts her feathers and lace while destitute of woolens and overshoes. I have known many elaborately housed congregations without suitable hymn books and looking for a "cheap minister." The revenues of the church are derived from pew rentals and offertories. The preacher must be so "attractive" as to fill vacant seats, until the income covers current expenses. His eloquence must foot the coal bills, pay the sexton, the organist, the choir, the interest on the mortgage, and, last of all, his own salary.

On one side, the minister sees the decline of the church-going habit. Pleasure, materialism, and intellectual liberty are pitted against the pulpit. On the other side, he is under the surveillance of his own trustees, and, back of the trustees, the hierarchy of the denomination. Can a man do his best work under pressure of a depleted treasury? A tambourine and a poke bonnet gather a crowd. The minister, covertly, beats his tom-tom. His spiritual wares are advertised as systematically as the Parisian novelties of the thrifty merchant. Curious themes fill empty pews; Double Bowknots and how to Untie Them, by One who has Tied Them; The Women Men Love; Brimstone Corner, or the Modern Idea of Hell; Jehoiakim and his Penknife; Pancakes. An enterprising evangelist had the audacity to advertise a single word, Hen; the text being taken from that pathetic scene on the hilltops of Jerusalem, when Jesus cried out in compassion, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" A series of sermons is announced to different professions, to Young Men, to Young Women, to Business Men, to Old Maids. City officials are invited to a special service, and the Fire Department sit in reserved seats. The Police Department and military organizations attend in "full uniform." Lectures on various literary themes, reviews of new books, sacred concerts, stereopticon illustrations, sunrise prayer meetings, floral decorations, greengrocery exhibits, enrichment of service, are ingenious methods of attracting. A well-known metropolitan church, discouraged by the empty pews on Sunday evenings, appointed young lady ushers; announcing through the daily press the names of the damsels and the gowns they would don. Other city churches, with a laudable view of enlisting young men, issue invitations to a smoker in the church parlors. Is the minister reprehensible? Yes, doubtless, but his capital is the power to please. The market is regulated by the law of supply and demand, and this clerical caterer furnishes that which the consumer will take. Husbands and wives do not always stimulate each other toward the noblest ideals. Secretly, I like to have the sermons sufficiently garnished to satisfy the popular craving for garlic and condiments.

Aside from running expenses, the modern church has a long list of benevolences. As philanthropic interests have increased, the church has become sponsor for a multitude of worthy objects. The pledges are met with great difficulty, through the unflagging zeal of the brave souls devoted to these special causes. Altogether, the financial straits of the church affect the pew as well as the pulpit. That "blessed tie" which binds the hearts of the saints is more frequently financial than spiritual. Church work,

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about which we talk piously, resolves itself usually into some scheme of money-getting. Festivals, fairs, concerts, suppers, distract attention and usurp higher interests. It is hardly necessary to state that when both minister and people are in mad search for dollars a truly devotional spirit cannot exist.

Another insidious foe of the church is the curious custom of estimating results by numerical showing. Every denomination has a system of bookkeeping, by which the statistics of the local churches are tabulated. The minister of each parish reports annually the net result of his work, — the number of baptisms, accessions in membership, losses by death or removal, contributions to the benevolences under the patronage of the denomination. The returns are published in book form, and the gain or loss is expressed arithmetically. In order to assist in the mechanical part of parish work, it has been my self-imposed task to look after the church records; and, in the capacity of secretary, I became conscious of the constant pressure to keep up and augment membership. In decadent communities it is difficult to make gains cover losses. Perhaps this accounts for inaccuracy in ecclesiastical posting. Old names are allowed to remain on the list long after the individuals bearing them have removed from the parish or have been gathered to their fathers. When the records are thoroughly "purged," the figures show a large shrinkage. A church accredited with a membership of one thousand may easily shrink to eight hundred, and the minister who eliminates the dead wood must bear the odium of the clearing. When progress is estimated by numbers, the minister and his wife, perforce, must prospect for converts. "Work up your mission chapel" was the advice of a scheming prelate, when my husband assumed the care of an institutional church: "that 's where you 'll make your counts." Perhaps, also, it encourages elasticity in the test of membership. Thus a noted infidel of our acquaintance was urged by a distinguished clergyman to be confirmed. "I 'll make it easy for you," he argued obligingly.

The pressure for numerical growth is shared by the congregation. When a communion season arrives, and no candidates are propounded, the brethren and sisters are dispirited. The test of organic strength is in the length of the roll call, and not in the quantity and quality of spiritual life. Joy reigns when a goodly number gather for the first time about the altar, especially if there are boys and men in the group. New members are reported, not as souls, but as "male" and "female." The latter are so much in excess that males are considered great trophies.

The minister is under the same pressure to keep the benevolences of his church up to the high-water mark. Parochial gifts are scrutinized by the denominational fathers as the campaign fund is watched by political bosses. Here is a dilemma of divided sympathy. On one side the minister finds a group who are jealous of denominational honor. They implore him to quicken the sentiment for sectarian pledges. They deplore contributions which will not be credited in the annual report. They are offended when an "outside" cause is presented. On the other is a group who discredit sectarian propagandism. They demand that the pulpit address itself to the practical philanthropies close at hand. How shall the minister retain prestige in the ecclesiastical hierarchy, crushed between the millstones of denominational and local demands?

But by far the greatest obstacle in the path of the minister, and hence a constant perplexity to the minister's wife, is our highly organized systems of ecclesiastical government, and the emphasis placed upon philosophical thought. Each sect has a centralized system of government, and is conducted in the interest of special tenets. At the beginning of our

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married life, I did not realize the alternatives which modern scholarship places before the religious teacher. We are in that transition period when old dogmas are disputed, and essential truths are not yet established. The young minister soon finds himself facing two masters: a sectarian system demands that he lend himself to the idiosyncrasies of its creed; intellectual liberty cries imperatively, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." Personal advantage requires him to stand by the machine, just as it requires the British army officer to stand by the royal family. Promotion and honor lie in this direction. His portrait appears in the denominational paper. His little successes are lauded and emphasized. Powerful churches make overtures for the pastorate. If, on the other hand, this minister fails in sectarian loyalty, the strength of the powerful machine is arrayed against him; that which was a savor of life unto life becomes a savor of death unto death. He who resists traditional theology becomes, in technical language, a "suspect," dangerous to the harmony of the church. Every parish is divided into factions, representing the "stationary class" and the "party of movement." The former dominates through the use of the machine. The pastor sought by religious bodies is, not the man of open vision, but he who preaches the prevailing theology. No persecution is so bitter, so brazen, so heartless, as that occasioned by religious prejudice. That the persecutors belong to the stationary class is confirmed by history. Were not the inquisitional fires kindled for the preservation of the established order? The party of movement in the church to-day is timid and half-hearted. It keeps silence in the hope of peace, or because its members have private interests to conserve. Thus it comes about that the minister who has chosen to be honest, and is loyal to the deepest convictions, must walk alone. So intense is factional prejudice that anathemas are hurled not only against the defenseless victim, but against his family. In a somewhat extended acquaintance among the liberal fraternity, I have learned that the wife of a suspect receives stony salutations from former friends; she is "cut dead" in a chance shopping rencounter, is sedulously avoided at the social function.

As a result of the attitude of the church, various types appear in her priesthood. There is the conformist, who resolutely stuffs his ears against the siren of progress. He is, in this transition period, the only man who can be happy in the clerical profession. It is possible to so nurse our prejudices that reason becomes inoperative. This type of minister uses all the stereotyped phraseology; the mind of the hearer is confused by mazes of speculative theology. Yet the conformist has a large following. Many are satisfied because accustomed to the conventional forms of expression. People in general do not want to have thought challenged in religious service, and "blind faith" is easy. The congregation expects neither intellectual nor spiritual help of the minister. The more serious endure in silence or remain at home. Peace and harmony prevail throughout the parochial borders. It is the peace and harmony of an autocracy, where people are too superstitious or too indifferent to rebel. Such priests bring discredit on the profession. True it is that some souls have found abiding peace through, or in spite of, dogmatic theology. Others have been driven into infidelity. The believe-what-you-cannot-understand preacher is held in just contempt by the more intelligent. I know a minister of this sort who asked a mother, in anguish over the death of a six-year-old son, "Did he understand the plan of salvation?"

Another type is the middle-of-the-road minister. He has tasted of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, but he wants to stay comfortably in his

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Garden of Eden. He adopts the worldly policy, "Have no opinions until you are on the safe side of the dollar question." His tones are stentorian in proportion as they are insincere. In popular phraseology his oratorical efforts are denominated "cant;" in Scripture they are "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." All the woes of Christ were uttered against the hypocrite. For him no gracious "Go in peace; thy sins are forgiven." The congregation may be deceived, but what of the man who makes a business of kneeling to false gods?

Then we have the minister of profound insight and open vision. He is loyal to his deepest convictions, and gives the truth without reservation. He espouses unpopular reforms; his dress is that of a man among men; he is never seen in public places with a limp-covered Bible under his arm. His manner is unostentatious, his language simple and direct, his eloquence that of genuine purpose. Business men respect him. Men and women say to him: "I never before knew what it is to be a Christian. You have made the religious life practical and genuine." Yet, strange to say, things do not go well in the parish. Some old lady misses the traditional phraseology; the deacons fear the influence of practical teaching on the young; factional prejudices are roused; pews are given up, the salary is cut down; heresy trials threaten. At last this honest man cries out in bitterness, "With a great price obtained I this liberty!" and sometimes, in loneliness of heart, he exclaims, "My God, hast thou forsaken me?" Let the advocates of an open pulpit and an open college inaugurate a bread-and-butter fund for the maintenance of untrammeled preachers and professors!

Another temptation to insincerity meets both the minister and his wife on the social side. They must be friends of each member of the little flock. Now friendship is not made to order; it is the spontaneous result of affinity. The candidates for parochial love may not always be lovable. They may be vulgar, superstitious, ignorant, depraved, or even hostile. The temptation is to assume an interest which would not exist under other circumstances. An acquaintance, for many years a popular clergyman's wife, has shown, since the death of her husband, the prevalence of manufactured interest. "Count me out now," she says, very frankly. "I am not going to church unless I feel like it. I am not going to visit people whom I do not care to know."

Passing from these general subjects, let me speak of those which more intimately concern the minister's wife. During these twenty years, the sense of insecurity of position has been a constant undertone of anxiety and an unfailing shadow in the background of endeavor. The only parallel is the politician's tenure of office. The economic principles which dominate the conduct of other men are, with the minister, entirely reversed. Any apparent effort to better his condition is sure defeat. Money cannot buy a pastorate; ability cannot secure one. The church gives to its pastor quite as much as the pastor gives to his people. The minister of a prominent congregation occupies a position of dignity quite beyond and independent of personal merit. A minister without charge is distrusted. He is Jean Valjean with his yellow convict passport. Hence the clerical rule, "Never take up your foot until you know where you are going to put it down." A minister often endures untold indignities and remains, when both he and the congregation are secretly praying for deliverance. The minister without charge may be more desirable than he of the parish. Personal selfishness induces one to remain where his service is not desired. Chivalrous feeling and self-respect cause the other to retire. Moreover, the parish is quite as often at fault as the minister.

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The process of gaining a new field is often fraught with ignominy and humiliation. Some one has well said, "If there be anything contingent in the Divine Mind, it is what a church will do when looking for a pastor." The first step is to appoint a committee, whose business is to scour the country for the right man. All churches are self-complacent, and, however difficult the work, however meagre the stipend, demand a first-class preacher and pastor. The committee of minister-tasters require months, and sometimes years, of experimenting before a nominee can be agreed upon. Then his record is looked up, and a tentative overture is made. The overture is carefully guarded, and the chairman discreetly intimates that he has only the authority of an advisory agent. A church does not commit itself, however, without some assurance of success. It is as if a youth said to his maiden: "It is possible I may wish to marry you. If I so decide, will your answer be affirmative?" His affirmation having been secured, the minister may be jilted without even a courteous explanation. "Candidating" is now disclaimed by churches of reputation. Whatever the course adopted, whether the candidate appears openly in the vacant pulpit or covertly preaches in a neighboring church, or the congregation act on the advice of the committee, the case must be brought before the people for final vote. Every detail concerning this unhappy man is openly discussed in the parish meeting, — his health, his age, his personal appearance, the quality of his voice, his theological and political opinions, his skill as an organizer, his social gifts. His wife, also, must be a discreet and godly person; always wisely helpful, but never officious. The one essential, spiritual power and practical righteousness, does not so much concern these census takers. All the offensive details of the parish meeting are talked of in the streets and the corner grocery. They are allowed to go into the hands of the enterprising reporter, and, with proper editorial embellishments, are served to the general public. Doubtless the law of causality operates in calling a minister, but the effect is so remote, so untraceable, that the outcome seems more like fatalism. The range of criticism extends from Alpha to Omega. "Too damn pious!" was the actual verdict of an important member of an important congregation upon my husband. A minister has been deposed for no greater offense than subscribing to the Outlook. A gifted preacher lost a prominent church because one man, of mechanical mind and fat pocketbook, objected to a single sentence in the evening sermon. The public, says Thackeray, is a jackass. The average congregation, to speak more civilly, is sadly lacking in discrimination. Perhaps fifteen out of one hundred catch the real thought of the speaker. Defective hearing is the cause of constant misapprehension and misquotation. In other callings, contracts are made between peers who have equal advantage in the decision. In this profession, the vote of a miss in her teens, a timid old woman, a blundering drayman, an unreasoning bigot, is as powerful as that of the intelligent and fair-minded. When factional passions have been roused, the most objectionable methods may be introduced into a parish meeting; and all this time the minister in question is absolutely defenseless. He has nothing of value in the world except his character. This he may see traduced, his motives impugned, misconceptions unexplained, yet he must remain silent.

The question of ways and means is always serious in the minister's family. Since the average salary is eight hundred dollars, it follows that life with average pastors is both frugal and strenuous. Most of them live from hand to mouth, and are denied not only comforts, but the equipment which is necessary for intelligent work. The minister's

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tools are not simply pen and ink bottle, but a library and current literature. Their children are educated with great difficulty, and for the "rainy day" they must depend upon charitably disposed neighbors or the fund for disabled ministers. The average lawyer has not only a more generous income and less demand for gratuitous service, but a longer period of productive activity. This time limit is the *bête noire* of the ministerial profession. After seven years of specialized training, the theological graduate must serve a period of apprenticeship in some obscure or indigent church, where his latent possibilities are tested. He makes the real start of life at the age of thirty or over; at forty-five the shadows of coming dissolution stealthily approach. The minister's period of effective service is therefore within the radius of fifteen or twenty years. "The old minister," says Ian Maclaren, "ought to be shot," and the dead line is fixed at fifty. In law, in medicine, in civil government, society demands men of wisdom and experience. The church only gives preference to striplings.

A business man said recently to my husband, "I suppose that your fees are a very considerable item in the annual budget." "How much," he replied, "do you imagine I receive from this source?" "Well, from eight hundred to one thousand dollars per year." "That amount," said my husband, "would cover the fees of my entire ministry." Perquisites are confined almost entirely to the wedding fee. Marriages are rare events in parish history, and optional gratuity is meagre. A five-dollar bill expresses the happiness of the average bridegroom, and fifteen dollars implies exuberance of joy. Twice in our experience of twenty years the bridegroom has reached the hundred mark. Occasionally compensation is offered for attendance upon funerals: no right-minded man, however, accepts a fee for service in the house of mourning.

The frequent imputation that ministers have no sense of honor in financial matters has led me to close observation of their actual record. We have always paid our bills like other people, and so do our ministerial friends, even those living on starvation salaries. Rebates are extremely rare. Indeed, I have learned to avoid the milkman and coal dealer of our own congregation, because the ordinary protests against blue milk and light weight are impossible. Clerical half fares and "reductions to the cloth" are unusual, and are more than balanced by gratuitous service to the community.

I have often been commiserated upon the peculiar and irksome duties of a pastor's wife. The impression prevails that the parsonage is an open house, where chance guests appear at inopportune moments, and that the minister's wife is an unsalaried assistant, a victim to female prayer meetings and Dorcas Societies. Never having met with injustices of this kind in my own experience, I have been for some years in search of the abused clergyman's wife, in both city and country parishes. I have come to the conclusion that she is a myth. But I will speak only for myself. Neither the parish nor the public have presumed upon our hospitality. Our house is an open house only as we make it so. Instead of asking me to take up parish drudgeries, our people have always shielded me from them. Often they say, "You must not do this, because you are the minister's wife." So far as my observation goes, the church makes no demand upon the minister's wife; what she does, or refrains from doing, is at her own volition. I have no sympathy with those women who say, "The church engaged my husband, not me." The clergyman's wife has the same interest in the church that every loyal member feels, plus the interest that every loyal wife has in her husband's life work.

A parish, large or small, demands not only the gift of tongues, but that of a pastor and an administrator. The wife

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coöperates in these various functions. She secures the study from interruption, keeps in touch with theological literature, suggests references bearing on the theme of the discourse, supplying, consciously or unconsciously, the feminine thought element. "Do you ever criticise your husband?" I am sometimes asked. Yes, from invocation to benediction, if there is aught to criticise. The pastor is responsible for the movement and efficiency of the entire organization. His wife, as far as possible, should share that responsibility. Never a baptismal service that I do not casually ascertain if the sexton has filled the font. The feminine mind instinctively keeps track of the sick, the disheartened, the malcontent.

Pastoral calls, which formerly partook of a religious nature, are now more purely social, and the tendency is to abandon them entirely. Yet, in the world of affairs, great stress is laid upon the social instinct. A very indifferent preacher may build up a strong congregation through friendly visitations. A woman, through her quick intuition, her tact and native instinct, recognizes the social needs of the parish, quickening and reinforcing the slower methods of the masculine mind. "Where shall I call to-day?" is a frequent question. The wise wife is ready with a carefully selected list, and the battle is half fought. At first I made calls with my husband. I soon observed that our people always preferred to talk with the minister. So I learned to bid him Godspeed without resentment or self-depreciation. Often there are perplexities, doubts, sorrows, and even joys, which can be better expressed to him in confidence. When I call alone, I am received with undivided cordiality. The minister's wife has personal interest in all the members of the congregation, adapting herself to their various needs, and helping each to the best. The more courage, the more sympathy, the more wisdom, the more spiritual illumination, the greater her ministry. As I recall my comrades among all denominations, the one who fills my ideal of a pastor's wife is a dear Methodist sister, of sainted memory. She wore a broché shawl, a rusty black gown, and an antiquated bonnet. But she had the grace of God in her heart; high and low, rich and poor, lettered and unlettered, sat at her feet.

General interest in the members of the congregation is no bar to special and congenial friendship either within or outside the parish. The only restraint I ever feel is in relation to ethical and sociological questions. When the trustees and representative pewholders are engaged in business trusts and combines, the minister's wife, at the Woman's Club, often with a lurking sense of moral cowardice, is wary of topics touching on private monopolies and strenuous reform. When the prevailing sentiment is conservative, she is too judicious to appear at a suffrage convention. However, the wife of the lawyer, the physician, the editor, is under similar bondage to a professional clientage.

While the church stands preëminently as a religious institution, it has a many-sided life, — social, educational, philanthropic. Ostensibly democratic, it yet reflects the social aspirations of its members. Thus we have an "aristocratic congregation" and a "people's church." In the aristocratic church, the Sunday school is composed chiefly of mission scholars. In this church, a reception is a bore, the prayer meeting languishes, and the congregation is "cold" toward strangers. A healthy congregation is composed largely of "plain people," who are the working bees of the religious hive. The commingling of all sorts and conditions is desirable, because they unconsciously modify each other. The social life of a church is dominated by women. How large a factor it has become is indicated by ecclesiastical architecture: a kitchen and a parlor are as

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necessary as the audience room. Many families have no acquaintance outside their parish. A sewing society, a fair, a reception, is a social function; even the midweek meeting is a rallying point. The character and number of social activities depend largely upon the taste and organizing instinct of the pastor. The love of music, art, and literature is stimulated by well-planned lecture courses. Social functions, however, are usually combined with financial schemes. A fair has the double purpose of raising money and bringing the congregation together. An "active church" is one in which meetings of various kinds are so continuous that the saints can boast that the fire never goes out on the altar.

Naturally, more or less of the caste spirit prevails in religious organizations. Superior learning, superior wealth, foster the exclusive spirit and excite jealousy. There is always a class who complain that they are not "noticed" as often as a Lady Bountiful with arm's-length patronage. I have much sympathy with the unnoticed set, having seen, in the vicissitudes of parish history, how the obscure may become popular, and the popular may be in turn relegated to obscurity. For many years one of these unobserved members was constantly on my heart. Through legal technicalities she had lost her property, and, in a humble way, she worked out her own salvation. Whenever this brave soul appeared in the prayer meeting, I tried, gently, to jog the memory of former acquaintances. Not even our good deacons could remember her from week to week. But when this unobserved sister finally married a wealthy banker, and took a seat in the middle aisle, my duties as mentor came to a perpetual end.

If the principal work of each generation is the training of the next, the present-day Sunday school as an educational institution must be pronounced a failure. The great development of the pedagogical profession has not yet penetrated this department of ecclesiastics. While we cannot hope to have a satisfactory Sunday school until parents send their children with regularity and seriousness of purpose, neither can we expect parental coöperation until we offer instruction as intelligent as that of day schools. Sometimes I have rebelled against their futile if not pernicious influence. In our home, we have endeavored to surround our children with literature, music, and art, of unquestioned value. Schools and teachers have been carefully selected. In the Sunday school, the "lesson charts" are crude in line and color, and grotesque in conception. When I have tried to introduce illustrations of acknowledged artistic merit, I have been baffled by the announcement of the Sunday-school publisher, "It will not pay." Our hymnody is doctrinal in bias, maudlin in sentiment, and cheap in melody.

Yet these are trivial factors compared with the religious concepts of the average teacher: perhaps a young miss, ignorant of the Bible and of ethical principles; perhaps a veteran, who can quote Scripture from Genesis to Revelation, while quite devoid of spiritual insight. Often I have secretly rejoiced at the marching drills and mechanics of the infant department, because they leave little time for religious instruction. It has been a hard fight to undo the impressions made on our children by some of these well-meaning teachers: a God who dwells far away in the sky; a Heavenly Father who loves only good children; a book of remembrance in which are recorded every naughty word and thought. Here and there, indeed, I have found teachers of rare grace and intelligence, and these qualities are quickly recognized.

I have been connected with many Ladies' Aids and Woman's Guilds. Aside from the purpose of swelling the funds of the Lord's treasury, it has seemed to me that these societies exist in order to hold meetings. Successful meetings are

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impossible without a genuine purpose. So the first care of the officers is to inaugurate finger occupation. It is a great boon when a destitute family must be sewed up, or a charitable institution appeals for pillowcases, or a missionary box is to be filled. But any effort to remove the causes of poverty and suffering, — like temperance work or sociological reform, — this kind of "Ladies' Aid" I have never seen. The benevolences of the church are not yet conducted in the scientific spirit; their aim is palliative, not curative.

For many years I have been an officer on the Board of Missions, and everywhere I have found indifference. The aggregate of contributions to foreign missions amounts annually to millions of dollars. Yet I venture to say that if we knew the history of each individual dollar, very few would prove a loving, genuine gift. I myself have given chiefly because my position demanded it. These enormous contributions are not the spontaneous offerings of the church. They represent the intense interest of a few individuals. These individuals are always women. They spur on the minister, hector the rich, stimulate the poor, quicken the conscienceless. In a certain church which had failed to raise its apportionment, one lowly, earnest woman, at the eleventh hour, went from house to house and secured the quota. So far as I could discover, the contributors felt more compassion for the woman than interest in the cause; or they were wearied by her importunity. The case is typical. The Woman's Boards in all denominations are admirably organized societies, with frequent local meetings, annual and semiannual rallies. The officers have personal relations with the higher ecclesiastical functionaries, and are zealous in filling all pledges to the Board. A woman may hold office in a missionary society, and even speak at its public meetings, without danger of social ostracism, as in temperance work. Indeed, I often think that our officers enjoy their little arena. I am persuaded that our Woman's Boards foster the denominational spirit; for if the majority of a congregation should reach that stage of spiritual development in which sectarian interest were lost in zeal for the kingdom of righteousness, the fealty of the Woman's Board would prevent practical steps toward comity. Federation of the denominations at home is more likely to come at the instance of the missionary abroad. He sees the waste of money and the waste of spiritual power which spring from divided effort, while we at home have our eyes fastened upon the ledger books of our Missionary Boards.

Do I, then, not believe in missions? Yes, in the development of the religious life which is found among all peoples.

Do I not love the church? There is no choice. "Wherever one hand reaches out to help another, there is the church of God."

Do I depreciate creeds? Yes, every creed which I may not restate in accordance with the demands of my growing spiritual nature.

Do I honor the Christian minister? Yes, the prophet, but not the priest.

Am I a pessimist? No. The pessimist has no future. His world is either stationary or retreating. My world is advancing and triumphing, as I grow into sympathy with the order and wisdom and goodness which impel the universe.

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MR. SMEDLEY'S GUEST.

THE Honorable B. Jerome Smedley was in a contented mood, — for him, to whom such moods came seldom. The great firm of Barlow Brothers & Co. had gone to the wall, drawing with it a score of lesser houses, and the business world had not yet recovered from the shock. Smedley's bank had been advancing money to the firm for two years past, and the failure had resulted from his deliberate policy. That very morning, Barlow senior had accused him of ruining the house under the pretense of aiding it, and Smedley had smiled a self-depreciating smile, as though the honor were too great for his modest ability. He held mortgages covering every available asset of the firm, and already had perfected a plan for its reorganization under his own management. If it were not for the action of the leather trust, which had stiffened the price of hides materially, and the rumor of another disgraceful escapade on the part of his stepson, Mr. H. Stillwell Barker, Smedley believed he should have been quite happy. As it was, he was disposed to make the best of what he had, and for an hour or two, at least, to give himself up to the enjoyment of his present success.

He was seated at the dinner table, in company with his wife and stepdaughter, Miss Maude Barker, but so busy was he in mentally recounting the various steps in the reorganization of Barlow Brothers & Co. under the direction of the Smedley Improvement Co. that he hardly noticed the two ladies. They were going out for the evening, and as he and his wife had already had a difference of opinion over his declining to accompany them, the silence at the table was broken only by the subdued discussion between the mother and daughter of some detail in the latter's costume.

Whether it was that Smedley had been out of his office and in the open air more than usual that day, or had been affected by the successful result of his labors in the direction of the Barlow Brothers & Co. assets, he had come to the dinner table with more than his customary appetite. It so frequently happened that he had little or no appetite that when the condition was reversed he indulged himself freely. He would have repudiated the assertion that he was not strong and hearty. He had commenced to grow somewhat rotund, and when obliged to walk up a flight of stairs he arrived at the top puffing and blowing badly. The gray hair had left the top of his head, and gathered around the sides and back, where it curled up in little waves to the height not covered by his hat. His face still had a hearty look, but the red in his cheeks seemed to be more mottled than formerly, and sometimes took on a purple hue. His wife had told him, on one occasion, when they had been discussing some family matter and his face had colored more fiercely than usual, that if he were not careful he would have apoplexy. His family physician, however, had assured him that it was only his liver, and had given him some medicine, which occasionally he took in a surreptitious manner, not wishing to attract his wife's attention.

He leaned back in his chair now, and looked thoughtfully at the large, dark oil portrait of his wife's father, the late Judge Stillwell, on the wall before him. The wife and daughter retired: the latter in silence; the former with a remark that was intended to, and did, recall to his mind the entire course of her argument used to induce him to accompany them that evening. He said nothing. He had enjoyed his dinner, and he was

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in such a contented frame of mind that he did not wish to be forced into conversation. And he had learned long since that to answer certain remarks of his wife's was to bring on discussions which frequently terminated by leaving him in an ill humor, and without affecting in the slightest degree the objects he had in view. So he sighed gently, and kept his eyes fixed steadily upon the countenance of his departed father-in-law. When he was alone he called the butler, and sent him for a bottle of wine. It was not likely that Mrs. Smedley would return to the dining room, and, whether she did or not, he felt that he had fairly earned the right to enjoy the wine in peace. The successful result of the day's work, the dinner he had eaten, and the fact that he would have several troublesome matters to take up and dispose of on the morrow united in convincing him that for the present he should permit himself an added pleasure. He was not going out that evening, and he would therefore remain where he was, and later, after the ladies of his household had departed, slip into the library, and finish the wine in the company of a cigar and a newspaper.

The wine came, and was sipped. The servant was dismissed, and again the large features of the deceased member of the state judiciary became the object of Smedley's speculative gaze. He took his third glass of wine, settled a little more comfortably in his chair, and thought he heard the carriage drive up for his wife and daughter. He closed his eyes as he listened, and from the sound of the carriage wheels his mind traveled to other sounds and sights lying half hidden in the borderland of sleep, and then, still thinking busily, passed on into the darkness where dreams are born.

Ten minutes later he opened his eyes with a start, to find the butler standing before him with a card in his hand. He stared at the man for a moment, vainly trying to shake off the remnants of sleep and realize where he was. Then he freed himself, and as he did so gave the butler a suspicious glance, to discover whether the servant had seen that he was asleep. The butler's face was unmoved, but as he delivered the card he looked a trifle embarrassed, and said: "The gentlemun is at the door, sir. 'E insisted on comin' to you at once. 'E said 'e was un ole friend, sir, quite one of the family, an' 't wood be all right."

Smedley glanced at the card and fumbled for his glasses, wondering, with his mind not yet fully cleared of the fog of sleep, how the butler had happened to make such an unusual departure from his routine. The man stepped over and brought the glasses out from under his master's arm, where they had fallen during his brief nap. The act was done with the deferential tact of the well-trained servant, and Smedley was spared the slightest intimation that he was becoming stout and helpless. Before he could adjust the glasses the door opened, and he looked up. His guest had, indeed, followed closely upon the servant's heels, and, giving Smedley but a moment in which to read his card, had entered the dining room in search of him.

Smedley gazed at the visitor with an expression which hardly concealed his open curiosity. The man was not tall, though his somewhat spare figure gave him that appearance. He was well preserved, and appeared to be a thoughtful, scholarly man, who had spent much of his life in the open air. Clearly not a laborer, he yet had about him something of the air of one accustomed to out-of-door work. But it was his face that most impressed Smedley. He was a good judge of character, and the face was one to attract attention from a person less skilled in reading men. It was a smooth, dark face, surmounted by a mass of iron-gray hair, — the face of a strong man, who had seen his full share

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of care and trouble; but the lines about the mouth and eyes, and especially the eyes themselves, showed one who was at peace with himself and the world he lived in. All this Smedley felt rather than saw. What most impressed him was the striking resemblance the man bore to some one he had seen before. He felt that he must have known either this man or some one looking very much like him. The stranger smiled, his face lighting up with pleasure, and advanced with extended hand.

"Of course you 'll pardon me," he said; "but I really could n't bear to think of waiting to see you, so I came right in."

His voice struck Smedley as familiar, and he decided that this was some one he had known and forgotten, a common occurrence in a life so varied and busy as his had been. He felt that it was too late to adjust his glasses and look at the card, so he put the best face he could upon the matter, and pushed back his chair. The butler assisted him, and he rose to his feet.

"Yes," he replied, shaking hands with the visitor, and noting that, though plainly dressed, he had the air and appearance of a person of no mean standing in his own world, "I 'm glad you did n't wait. I just stopped after dinner to take a little wine. My wife and daughter have gone out, I think; so if you will come into the library, I can make you quite at home."

He told the butler to bring another bottle of wine and some cigars, and, carelessly slipping the visitor's card into his pocket, led the way into the other part of the house.

"Do you know, I believe I should have recognized your face anywhere," remarked Smedley, when they were seated. There was something very taking about his guest, and he warmed to him instinctively.

"It 's hardly to be wondered at, I suppose," answered the stranger, with the same winning smile. "And I can't tell you how glad I am to see you so comfortably situated here. It must be some compensation, I should think."

Smedley thought this remark a trifle uncalled for. Still, his guest had the air of a Westerner, and was probably accustomed to unconventional forms of intercourse; and then, plenty of people could imagine the cares and trials that Smedley's large business interests imposed upon him. It did not follow that reference was being made to his wife and her children. Anyway, it was impossible to be offended with this frank, honest, pleasant gentleman, who seemed to know him so well.

"Yes, it is," said Smedley, glancing about the room with satisfaction. "I took quite a little pleasure in arranging the house, though it was altered a good deal after my wife came to see it. I really enjoy my country place out at Shady Grove better. It 's an ideal retreat. I planned it before I was married for a sort of bachelor quarters; but since Shady Grove has become a fashionable place, we — that is, my wife and her daughter — spend considerable time there."

Smedley was busily going over in his mind all the old acquaintances he thought he had forgotten, in an effort to identify the stranger. After his own apparent recognition he could not make up his mind to ask him his name, and the longer he delayed the more impossible the question became.

"Do you know," he remarked, by way of edging around toward something that would enlighten him, "you remind me strongly of my brother."

"Your brother George, you mean?" inquired the other. "Will was too young when he died for me to resemble him much, I suppose. Yes, I think I do look like George. I think it 's hardly to be wondered at, being a — a relative, as I am."

"A relative!" said Smedley to himself, more puzzled than before.

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"When — when did you see George for the last time?" he asked, deciding to plunge after a clue.

"Oh, I was with him when he died," answered his companion. And Smedley, glancing up quickly, noticed his veteran's bronze button. His brother had been killed at Gettysburg. The stranger's face took on a tender look, as his eyes traveled back to the scene he spoke of. "It was during the cannonading that preceded Pickett's charge," he said. "We were ordered up to strengthen the line that was meeting the attack, and it was then I found him. They had dragged him into a fence corner, and he was dying there, all alone, when I came upon him. I have always been thankful I was privileged to be there at that time. He recognized me, though he could n't say much, and he died with his head on my knee."

The speaker's eyes moistened, and Smedley felt something stirring in his breast.

"You — you — I 'm very glad I 've had a chance to see you," he said earnestly. "I 'm glad some one — you — were there. I used to have a sort of guilty feeling about my brother's death. I 'm glad to know, even after all these years, that he was n't alone when he died. He was younger than I, you know, and always seemed to depend upon me, somehow" — He checked himself. "Let me see; what regiment were you in?" he asked.

"The Sixty-Ninth," said the stranger.

"Oh yes. Of course. My old regiment." And Smedley stopped as he saw the blunder he had made. This, then, was an old comrade. "You were promoted after I was transferred, were n't you?" That certainly was a safe remark.

"Yes," replied the other. "I was made a major after you secured that place in the Commissary Department at Washington. You were transferred in '62, I think. That was really where we parted." (Smedley was trying to recall the majors of the Sixty-Ninth.) "You remember the colonel," continued the guest, — "old Plimmer? He lost his leg on the first day at Gettysburg."

"And then you" —

"Yes, I had charge of the men after that. I stayed with them until the Wilderness."

"Were you with them when they made that great stand during the first day there," asked Smedley, "when they were all cut up?"

"Yes," answered the other quietly. "I received a brevet for that; but my wound did n't heal rapidly, and I could n't get back again until it was all over."

"Then you must have known Furner," remarked the host, still trying to discover the man's identity without disclosing his own ignorance. "Furner took my company after I left, and was in command of the regiment during the last campaign. He was in charge when they did that great fighting on the first day in the Wilderness."

"I was in command there," said the stranger quietly. "He took my place the next day, after I was wounded."

Smedley knew well that Furner had been in command on that day. Only last fall he had heard Furner's war record eulogized in a political campaign speech, with a detailed description of how Furner, and Furner alone, had rallied the remnant of the regiment, and held the entire rebel right wing in check. "Saved the Union right there," Furner's advocate had declared. Smedley looked at his guest. The stranger's face was as calm as a child's. If the man was telling what was untrue, he was doing so in perfect innocence; there was no question as to that. Smedley was too keen a judge of men, and he already had too sympathetic a feeling for this man's moods, to be deceived. The man was uttering what he felt to be the truth. And now the question came again, Who was this man?

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The guest continued to talk of the war days and the old regiment, and Smedley listened with a growing feeling of interest in him. He could not understand the influence this man exerted over him. It was something he had never experienced before. He felt that the stranger thoroughly understood him, and that in some degree he himself was in sympathy with his guest. The butler entered with the wine and cigars. The visitor declined the wine, but lighted a cigar.

"Maybe you 'd prefer whiskey?" suggested Smedley, pausing as he filled his own glass. "I always like port after dinner, myself. Oh, you don't drink? Strange, for an old soldier. Teetotaler, are you?"

"It 's more a matter of taste with me," answered the other quietly. "Most people have an aversion for certain kinds of food and drink, you know, and I dislike liquor. And, of course," he added, looking thoughtfully at Smedley as he sipped his wine, "there is, with some temperaments, the danger of excess."

Smedley set down his glass. He was not offended at any insinuation the remark might contain. It was impossible to be offended with this man. But he remembered that his wife, with whom it was not impossible to be offended, had made much the same observation. He changed the subject.

"What have you been doing since the war?" he asked. He was interested in this old friend, even though for the moment he did not know his name.

"Oh, I have followed up the start you gave me," said his guest. "You made a very good beginning; better, I have been inclined to think, than you or any one else guessed at the time. Just now I am at work on a new edition of my poems. I have n't published anything in the way of a collection in ten or fifteen years. The last volume contained my earlier work, and some of the best of yours."

"Eh!" exclaimed Smedley, in surprise.

"Yes," continued the other, in the most natural manner. "I included a number of your verses. My Lady's Glove, The Old Bridge, and The Cloud were the best of them. You remember The Cloud? You wrote it during the summer of '59, when you were out at the old farm. I consider it really one of the best in the collection. I have hardly surpassed it, I think, in the best of my own more mature work."

Smedley gasped. A rush of old memories came over him, and he saw his youth again. He saw the old home, the old friends, and the old occupations, and remembered, for the first time in years, the crude, boyish verses he used to scribble in the idle days when home from college. His surprise that this man should have known of those youthful verses, and have used them in a book of his own, was lost in the greater surprise that any of them should have been deemed worthy of preservation.

"You take little interest in poetry now, I fancy," said the visitor, with a peculiar smile.

"No-o," answered Smedley slowly. "I find hardly any time for it. My daughter, Miss Barker, makes rather a fad of it. She admires the modern poets, — the dialect ones, you know. But I never see much in them, myself. Those that are n't unintelligible seem to be using their lines to write editorials that could be done better by the newspapers. I 'm obliged to confess that I 'm not very familiar with your work."

"Yes, I suppose that is to be expected," said the other; and Smedley tried in vain to fathom the meaning of his peculiar smile.

"You find it pays?" he inquired. "There 's money in it?"

"I find it 'pays' *me*," replied his companion, slightly emphasizing the last word. "There would n't be money enough in it for you; but tastes differ.

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As for that, it used to 'pay' me, as you call it, in the early days, when I had to work at something else to earn my bread. It is my life, you know, and one does n't estimate his life by the number of dollars he gets for it."

Smedley felt that he had been gently rebuked, and was silent, emptying his glass in an absent, preoccupied manner.

"I declare," said the visitor suddenly, "I nearly forgot my wife. I told her I would come around here and get you to come over to the house. I've been so interested in visiting with you that it nearly slipped my mind. She is very anxious to see you."

"Oh, do you live here?" asked Smedley.

"We have been staying in town for some time past," he answered. "My publishers are here, and I found it more convenient to be near by while my book was being brought out. Our home is in Michigan. Don't refuse," he urged, as Smedley began to frame an apology. "We shall hardly have another chance to be together. My wife is very anxious to see you again."

Smedley hesitated. "Your wife was" —

"Oh, did n't you know? She was Mary Alden."

"Indeed," exclaimed Smedley, his face lighting up, "I should very much like to see her again! Why, do you know," with a little laugh, "I think she came very near being my wife. I always thought that if I 'd gone home, when I got that leave of absence in the summer of '62, I should have married her, or at least have tried to. But I went to Washington instead, and spent most of the time in pulling wires for that place in the Commissary Department. I never saw her again. How long ago it seems! Has she changed much?"

"Much less than you have," said the stranger, rising to accompany him.

On the street Smedley returned to the subject. "I heard in a roundabout way that she went West after the war, and died there. I had always supposed she never married."

"You did n't return to the old home after the war?" inquired his companion.

"No. I was pretty busy then. You see, I had left the service, and was getting contracts for government supplies. I had a good many irons in the fire, and could n't get away. That was where I got my first start in a financial way, you know. We did n't correspond very regularly during the last years of the war. I was traveling about quite a little, and so — finally we ceased writing."

They walked on in silence.

"She was quite my ideal of what a woman ought to be," remarked Smedley, in a retrospective tone, half to himself.

"She is mine still," said his companion. "All that I am I owe to her."

"I don't wonder at it," replied Smedley earnestly. "How time changes us!" he added. "Now at one time I thought I was in love with her. I dare say I did love her as much as a boy can love a girl. But I was an impulsive sort of a chap in those days."

"I think that was one thing that made her love you as she did."

"Did she love me?" inquired the old gentleman. "Well, well, I never — that is, I did n't really believe she thought much of me. Still, my going off to the war that way might have made her care for me more than" — He was silent, his mind busy with the pictures his words had conjured up out of the past.

"Her family were rather inferior people," said his companion, "though they were self-respecting enough. They had no wealth or position, you know."

"No, that 's so," answered Smedley more briskly. "And, of course, in those days I was hardly in a position to marry, anyway." And they walked on in silence.

The house into which Smedley's companion introduced him had been rented ready furnished, but it contained artistic

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touches that gave Smedley a higher opinion of the culture of its occupants. There was about it, also, a homelike air which he had never found in his own house. He was strangely moved when his companion's wife came forward to greet him. The beautiful face of the girl he had known was gone, but in its place was the face of a mature woman who had grown beautiful through a life of loving service to her husband and children. The brown hair was getting a little gray about the temples, time had left loving marks on the face, and the laughter in the blue eyes had given place to a steadier, more thoughtful expression.

"I — I am very glad to meet you again," said Smedley, taking her hand.

She smiled quite in her old way, yet with something so calm and restful about the greeting that Smedley guessed where her husband had acquired his notably peaceful manner.

"I thought we might never meet," she answered. "It is indeed a great pleasure."

She glanced from his face to that of her husband, and back again, as though comparing them. She sighed a little, and Smedley thought there was something of pity in the look she gave him.

"You enjoy it," she asked, — "your present life?"

"Oh yes," replied Smedley, thinking of the affairs of Barlow Brothers & Co. "It keeps me pretty busy, of course, and I don't have much time for reading and that sort of thing," — he cast his eyes over the array of books in the room, — "but I find I don't miss it so much as I used to suppose I should. One's tastes change with time, I think."

"Yes, indeed," she said, giving him that peculiar look again. "And your home life," she inquired, as they seated themselves, — "that is pleasant?" How like her old way of questioning him!

"Quite so," he said a little stiffly. "Of course, I am not at home much of the time, and my wife and her daughter go out a good deal. My stepson does — does not live at home. I don't go into society much myself, though. I find I'm a little tired at the end of the day, and I usually stop at home or stay down at the club."

She asked him about old friends whose names and faces he supposed he had forgotten, and she told him of many of whom he had lost track. Yes, she informed him, they had three children living. He must have heard of their son, who was winning a name as a lawyer in Chicago. One daughter was married, she told him, and the other, the youngest of the family, was with them. The lady had been looking over the proof sheets of the volume of poems her husband had mentioned, and they were scattered about on the table.

"How do you like Bertram's poems?" she asked.

Smedley knew in a vague way that Bertram was considered one of the leading American poets. He had heard his stepdaughter speak of him many times, and believed that his poems had been the subject of study by the members of her literary club. The question was quite like the stereotyped phrases he had heard in society. He himself had never read any of the man's work, and was inclined to rate him with the other uninteresting writers of weak verse.

"I really know little about his work," he answered. "My daughter professes to be quite fond of his poems, but, as I said, I have so little time for reading that I don't pretend to keep up with current literature. I have to read the newspapers, but, aside from a magazine or two, that 's about all the reading I do."

His careless tone seemed to hurt her, and he saw the same look of mingled regret and pity that she had given him before.

"I dare say he 's better than many of them," added Smedley, thinking his tone might have jarred on her finer feelings. "I have really thought of getting a copy

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of his poems and looking them over. It 's so difficult to judge from hearsay."

She turned to her husband. "Why, he does n't know," she said; and her look seemed one of regret, not that he was ignorant, but that he was content to remain so.

"Mary was referring to me," explained his host. "I usually write under the name 'Bertram.' But she was speaking of me by my own name, without thinking you were unfamiliar with it."

"Then you — you are the 'Bertram' we hear so much about?" asked Smedley, in astonishment.

"Yes," replied the other quietly. "You always signed your verses and early letters 'Bertram,' you know. I see you have dropped the first name, of late years. I kept up the custom, and have signed most of my later work in the same way."

Smedley's astonishment gave place to embarrassment at finding that his friend was "the great Bertram," as his daughter would say. Glancing toward the piano, he changed the subject by asking if his hostess still played. "Your playing used to have a great charm for me," he remarked.

She smiled and shook her head. "I have given that up," she said. "But I will have my daughter come and play for you. I think I heard her come in just now. I should like you to see her. Bertram thinks she looks much as I used to when we were young together."

She stepped out, and returned in a few moments, followed by a young girl about eighteen years of age.

"This is my daughter Mary, Mr. Smedley," she said.

The old gentleman rose to his feet, and gazed at the girl with a strange look in his eyes. For a moment the years seemed to have rolled away, and there before him stood the girl he had known in his youth: the same waving brown hair and deep blue eyes, the same beautiful face and graceful young figure, and, more than all, the same familiar air; the pose of the head and the expression in the eyes, the smile, the bow with which she greeted him, — all, all were the same. Smedley's eyes moistened. He turned to her mother. "She is very like you," he said; and then to the daughter, "My dear, I am very happy to meet you."

He kept his eyes upon her and followed her movement across the room; and later, when she had seated herself at the piano and commenced to play, he crossed over and turned the music for her. She seemed to know he would like old songs the best, and, taking up a well-worn, old-fashioned song book, which she explained had been her mother's, she played and sang several of the gentle, sweet, old-time melodies that were linked in his mind with the days that were gone. The old songs, sung by a clear, youthful voice that he remembered so well, the sight of the old book whose pages he had so often turned before, and, more than all, the presence of the fresh young creature at his side made him feel for the time that he really was a boy again. He wiped his eyes quietly when he took his seat, and his voice broke a little as he tried to thank her for the music.

Then the three older people sat and talked of the past, and the girl, still seated at the piano, listened with interest, and occasionally, at the suggestion of her mother, played or sang a verse or two; the music, to the ears of the guest, seeming to come directly out of the past. It was with genuine regret that he found himself obliged to leave. The peaceful air of the little family circle no less than the half-sad memories of the past had moved him more deeply than he had supposed possible. For two hours he had entirely forgotten his business and his family, and during all that time he had not once recalled the fact that he was ignorant of his host's name. The poet insisted upon walking back with him.

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"I must see you again," said Smedley to his hostess, pausing at the door as he took his leave. "You must" — he smothered the thought of possible opposition from his wife and daughter — "you must come and see me at my home. I'll have my wife invite you to dinner." He was ignorant of the way his wife would make this lady's acquaintance, but a dinner always appealed to him.

"Thank you very much," answered his hostess. "I 'm afraid we cannot have that happiness. I do not suppose we shall meet again. This has been a great pleasure. I am so glad to have seen you, to have seen that you were — a — doing so well. I wish that we might see each other oftener, that we might — But there, we need not look at what is not and cannot be. Think only of this evening. I hope you will not forget it or forget us."

"I shall never forget you and your husband," replied Smedley earnestly. "But why" —

"I can explain that on the way back," said the poet.

"Good-night," said Smedley to the lady, "and, if I must say it now, good-by." He took her hand and bent low over it in the courteous style of other days, and there were tears in his eyes when he turned away and joined his companion.

The poet did not speak at first, and Smedley felt better pleased with silence. After a time, as they walked on, his friend called attention to the moon, which swung high over the city streets, and seemed sailing through masses of golden cloud. "Even here," he said gently, "where everything is so artificial, one can find the beauties of nature by simply looking up." But Smedley's mind was too busy with the events of the evening to heed what he said.

When they reached the house, his companion would have paused at the door, but Smedley urged him to step inside. Preceding him into the hall, he noticed that the dining-room door was ajar. He opened it and looked in. A single electric globe dimly lighted the apartment, and Smedley saw the half-emptied bottle on the table, at his plate. His chair was still pushed back from its place. Evidently, the servants had not been in the room since he left. He crossed over to the table, and laid his hand on the bottle.

"It 's still cold," he said, in some surprise. "Won't you have — Oh, I forgot. You don't care for wine. Well, if you 'll pardon me," — he poured out a glass, — "I 'll take a little myself. You see, I 'm so shut up in the office that I don't get much exercise, and that was quite a walk. Really, I feel more tired than I thought."

He seated himself in the chair, drew a long breath, and, resting his elbow on the table, held up the wineglass before his eye.

"I 'm sorry you 're to leave town so soon," he remarked, sipping a little and setting the glass down. "I want to see more of you. I 've never enjoyed an evening so much in my life."

"It was like my wife to wish you not to forget us," said his companion, standing near the door, ready to depart. "But it seems to me you would do better not to take her too seriously. I think you would better forget us; forget me, at any rate. You see, I could not but interfere with your business, and, though I don't know the trend of your thoughts and ambitions, at the best I must exert on you what I might call a weakening influence. It seems that it must be so. At all events, don't be led to vain regret. I can't say there 's danger," — he smiled modestly, — "but, whatever may remain to you of our meeting, apply it to the future, not to the past. For the future, you know, is all we have. We ourselves are held by the past; we hold only the future. Good-night."

"Stop!" cried Smedley. "Don't go

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yet. I — I want to thank you. You have given me a great pleasure this evening. Leave me your address. I must not lose track of you. I must write to you. If we cannot meet again, we can " —

"No," responded the other, "it will be impossible. It is better so, I think." He approached the chair and held out his hand. "Good-by."

"Good-by," said Smedley, and then added: "Do you know, I don't remember your real name. I " —

"Ah!" exclaimed the guest. "I thought once or twice you seemed hardly to understand. You have my card?"

Smedley took it from his pocket, and felt for his glasses. Not finding them, he turned to his friend. "You are " —

"Bertram J. Smedley," answered the poet quietly.

Smedley frowned, and looked at him with a puzzled expression. "I don't understand," he said.

"I am the man you might have been," replied his companion.

"No, no. No joking," insisted Smedley. "That would make you a myth. You are real. You are alive, you know." He took a bit of the other's coat sleeve between his thumb and finger, as though testing the quality of the cloth. "That would be quite absurd," he said.

"It is true," declared the visitor, retiring. "Good-night."

Smedley gazed after him, saw him pass out and close the door behind him, and sat looking at the door until he heard the outer hall door open and close. He felt dazed. He could not understand it. He glanced at the card in his hand. That, at all events, was real. He fumbled for his glasses again. Then the door opened, and, glancing up, he saw his wife enter. She was in evening dress, with an opera cloak over her shoulders.

"You here still!" she said somewhat sharply. "I should think you would be ashamed of yourself. This is too bad. I believe you have n't stirred from that chair since dinner. I hope you have n't drunk all the wine that 's gone from that bottle. You look as though you 'd been asleep."

"I have had a caller," explained Smedley. "I have spent the evening with him."

But his wife looked skeptical. "In the dining room?" she inquired. "Who was he?"

Smedley found his glasses and adjusted them. "His name was " — He glanced at the card and stopped. The name on the card was "B. Jerome Smedley."

E. S. Chamberlayne.

OUTLOOK.

We know but this: a glint afar
Through darkness of a heavenly light;
Beyond that star another night;
Beyond that night another star.

John Hall Ingham.

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PENELOPE'S IRISH EXPERIENCES.[1]

PART FOURTH.

XVII.

"Silent, O Moyle, be the roar of thy water;
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose;
While murmuring mournfully, Lir's lovely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes."

SORLEY BOY HOTEL,
Glens of Antrim.

WE are here for a week, in the neighborhood of Cushendun, just to see a bit of the northeastern corner of Erin, where, at the end of the nineteenth century, as at the beginning of the seventeenth, the population is almost exclusively Catholic and Celtic. The Gaelic Sorley Boy is, in Irish state papers, Carolus Flavus, — yellow-haired Charles, — the most famous of the Macdonnell fighters; the one who, when recognized by Elizabeth as Lord of the Route, and given a patent for his estates, burned the document before his retainers, swearing that what had been won by the sword should never be held by the sheepskin. Cushendun was one of the places in our literary pilgrimage, because of its association with that charming Irish poetess and good glenswoman who calls herself "Moira O'Neill."

This country of the Glens, east of the river Bann, escaped "plantation," and that accounts for its Celtic character. When the great Ulster chieftains, the O'Donnells and the O'Neills of Donegal, went under, the third great house of Ulster, the "Macdonnells of the Isles," was more fortunate, and, thanks to its Scots blood, found favor with James I. It was a Macdonnell who was created first Earl of Antrim, and given a "grant of the Glens and the Route, from the Curran of Larne to the Cutts of Coleraine." Ballycastle is our nearest large town, and its great days were all under the Macdonnells, where, in the Franciscan abbey across the bay, it is said the ground "literally heaves with Clandonnell dust." Here are buried those of the clan who perished at the hands of Shane O'Neill, — Shane the Proud, who signed himself "Myself O'Neill," and who has been called "the shaker of Ulster;" here, too, are those who fell in the great fight at Slieve-an-Aura up in Glen Shesk, when the Macdonnells finally routed the older lords, the McQuillans. A clansman once went to the Countess of Antrim to ask the lease of a farm.

"Another Macdonnell?" asked the countess. "Why, you must all be Macdonnells in the Low Glens!"

"Ay," said the man. "Too many Macdonnells now, but not one too many on the day of Aura."

From the cliffs of Antrim we can see on any clear day the Sea of Moyle and the bonnie blue hills of Scotland, divided from Ulster at this point by only twenty miles of sea path. The Irish or Gaels or Scots of "Uladh" often crossed in their curraghs to this lovely coast of Alba, then inhabited by the Picts. Here, "when the tide drains out wid itself beyant the rocks," we sit for many an hour, perhaps on the very spot from which they pushed off their boats. The Mull of Cantire runs out sharply toward you; south of it are Ailsa Craig and the soft Ayrshire coast; north of the Mull are blue, blue mountains in a semicircle, and just beyond them somewhere, Francesca knows, are the Argyleshire High-

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lands. And oh! the pearl and opal tints that the Irish atmosphere flings over the scene, shifting them ever at will, in misty sun or radiant shower; and how lovely are the too rare bits of woodland! The ground is sometimes white with wild garlic, sometimes blue with hyacinths; the primroses still linger in moist hidden places, and there are violets and marsh marigolds.

Long, long before the Clandonnell ruled these hills and glens and cliffs they were the home of Celtic legend. Over the waters of the wee river Margy, with its half-mile course, often sailed the four white swans, those enchanted children of Lir, king of the Isle of Man, who had been transformed into this guise by their cruel stepmother, with a stroke of her druidical fairy wand. After turning them into four beautiful white swans she pronounced their doom, which was to sail three hundred years on smooth Lough Derryvara, three hundred on the gloomy Sea of Moyle, and three hundred on the Sea of Erris, — sail, and sail, until the union of Largnen, the prince from the north, with Decca, the princess from the south; until the Taillkenn [1] should come to Erinn, bringing the light of a pure faith, and until they should hear the voice of a Christian bell. They were allowed to keep their own Gaelic speech, and to sing sweet, plaintive fairy music, which should excel all the music of the world, and which should lull to sleep all who listened to it. We could hear it, we three, for we loved the story; and love opens the ear as well as the heart to all sorts of sounds not heard by the dull and incredulous. You may hear it, too, any fine soft day, if you will sit there looking out on Fair Head and Rathlin Island, and read the old fairy tale. When you put down the book, you will see Finola, Lir's lovely daughter, in any white-breasted bird; and while she covers her brothers with her wings, she will chant to you her old song in the Gaelic tongue.

[1] A name given by the druids to St. Patrick.

The Fate of the Children of Lir is the second of Erin's Three Sorrows of Story, and the third and greatest is the Fate of the Sons of Usnach, which has to do with a sloping rock on the north side of Fair Head, five miles from us. Here the three sons of Usnach landed when they returned from Alba to Erin with Deirdré, — Deirdré, who was "beautiful as Helen, and gifted like Cassandra with unavailing prophecy;" and by reason of her beauty many sorrows fell upon the Ultonians. It is a sad story, and we can easily weep at the thrilling moment when, there being no man among the Ultonians to do the king's bidding, a Norse captive takes Naisi's magic sword and strikes off the heads of the three sons of Usnach with one swift blow, and Deirdré, falling prone upon the dead bodies, chants a lament; and when she has finished singing, she puts her pale cheek against Naisi's, and dies; and a great cairn is piled over them, and an inscription in Ogham set upon it.

We were full of legendary lore, these days, for we were fresh from a sight of Glen Ariff. Who that has ever chanced to be there in a pelting rain but will remember its innumerable little waterfalls, and the great falls of Ess-na-Crubh and Ess-na-Craoibhe! And who can ever forget the atmosphere of romance that broods over these Irish glens!

We have had many advantages here as elsewhere; for kind Dr. La Touche, Lady Killbally, and Mrs. Colquhoun follow us with letters, and wherever there is an unusual personage in a district we are commended to his or her care. Sometimes it is one of the "grand quality," and often it is an Ossianic sort of person like Shaun O'Grady, who lives in a little whitewashed cabin, and who has, like Mr. Yeats' Gleeman, "the whole Middle Ages under his frieze coat." The longer and more intimately we know these peasants, the more we realize how much in imagination, or in the clouds, if you will, they live. The ragged man of

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leisure you meet on the road may be a philosopher, and is still more likely to be a poet; but unless you have something of each in yourself, you may mistake him for a mere beggar.

"The practical ones have all emigrated," a Dublin novelist told us, "and the dreamers are left. The heads of the older ones are filled with poetry and legends; they see nothing as it is, but always through some iridescent-tinted medium. Their waking moments, when not tormented by hunger, are spent in heaven, and they all live in a dream, whether it be of the next world or of a revolution. Effort is to them useless, submission to everybody and everything the only safe course; in a word, fatalism expresses their attitude to life."

Much of this submission to the inevitable is a product of past poverty, misfortune and famine, and the rest is undoubtedly a trace of the same spirit that we find in the lives and writings of the saints, and which is an integral part of the mystery and the tradition of Romanism. We who live in the bright (and sometimes staring) sunlight of common sense can hardly hope to penetrate the dim, mysterious world of the Catholic peasant, with his unworldliness and sense of failure.

Dr. Douglas Hyde, an Irish scholar and stanch Protestant, says: "A pious race is the Gaelic race. The Irish Gael is pious by nature. There is not an Irishman in a hundred in whom is the making of an unbeliever. The spirit, and the things of the spirit, affect him more powerfully than the body, and the things of the body. . . . What is invisible for other people is visible for him. . . . He feels invisible powers before him, and by his side, and at his back, throughout the day and throughout the night. . . . His mind on the subject may be summed up in the two sayings: that of the early Church, 'Let ancient things prevail,' and that of St. Augustine, 'Credo quia impossibile.' Nature did not form him to be an unbeliever; unbelief is alien to his mind and contrary to his feelings."

Here, only a few miles away, is the Slemish mountain where St. Patrick, then a captive of the rich cattle-owner Milcho, herded his sheep and swine. Here, when his flocks were sleeping, he poured out his prayers, a Christian voice in pagan darkness. It was the memory of that darkness, you remember, that brought him back, years after, to convert Milcho. Here, too, they say, lies the great bard Ossian; for they love to think that Finn's son Oisin[1], the hero poet, survived to the time of St. Patrick, three hundred years after the other "Fianna" had vanished from the earth, — the three centuries being passed in Tir-nan-og, the Land of Youth, where the great Oisin married the king's daughter, Niam of the Golden Hair.

There is plenty of history here, and plenty of poetry, to one who will listen to it; but the high and tragic story of Ireland has been cherished mainly in the sorrowful traditions of a defeated race, and the legends have not yet been wrought into undying verse. Erin's songs of battle could only recount weary successions of Flodden Fields, with never a Bannockburn and its nimbus of victory; but somewhere in the green isle is an unborn poet who will put all this mystery, beauty, passion, romance, and sadness, these tragic memories, these beliefs, these visions of unfulfilled desire, into verse that will glow on the page and live forever. Somewhere is a mother who has kept all these things in her heart, and who will bear a son to write them. Meantime, who shall say that they have not been imbedded in the language, like flower petals in amber? — that language which, as an English scholar says, "has been blossoming there unseen, like a hidden garland of roses; and whenever the wind has blown from the west, English poetry has felt the vague perfume of it."

[1] Pronounced Isheen' in Munster, Osh'in' in Ulster.

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XVIII.

"As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain."

We wanted to cross to Rathlin Island, which is "like an Irish stockinge, the toe of which pointeth to the main lande." That would bring Francesca six miles nearer to Scotland and her Scottish lover; and we wished to see the castle of Robert the Bruce, where, according to the legend, he learned his lesson from the "six times baffled spider." We delayed too long, however, and the Sea of Moyle looked as bleak and stormy as it did to the children of Lir. We had no mind to be swallowed up in Brecain's Caldron, where the grandson of Niall and the Nine Hostages sank with his fifty curraghs; so we left the Sorley Boy Hotel bright and early in the morning, for Coleraine, a great Presbyterian stronghold in what is called by the Roman Catholics the "black north." If we liked it, and saw anything of Kitty's descendants, or any nice pitchers to break, or any reason for breaking them, we intended to stop; if not, then to push on to the walled town of Derry,

"Where Foyle his swelling waters
Rolls northward to the main."

We thought it Francesca's duty, as she was to be the wife of a Scottish minister of the Established Church, to look up Presbyterianism in Ireland whenever and wherever possible, with a view to discoursing learnedly about it in her letters, — though, as she confessed ingenuously, Ronald, in his, never so much as mentions Presbyterianism. As for ourselves, we determined to observe all theological differences between Protestants and Roman Catholics, but leave Presbyterianism to gang its ain gait. We had devoted hours — yes, days — in Edinburgh to the understanding of the subtle and technical barriers which separated the Free Kirkers and the United Presbyterians; and the first thing they did, after we had completely mastered the subject, was to unite. It is all very well for Salemina, who condenses her information and stows it away neatly; but we who have small storage room and inferior methods of packing must be as economical as possible in amassing facts.

If we had been touring properly, of course we should have been going to the Giant's Causeway and the swinging bridge at Carrick-a-rede; but propriety was the last thing we aimed at, in our itineraries. We were within worshiping distance of two rather important shrines in our literary pilgrimage; for we had met a very knowledgable traveler at the Sorley Boy, and after a little chat with him had planned a day of surprises for the academic Miss Peabody. We proposed to halt at Port Stewart, lunch at Coleraine, sleep at Limavady; and meantime, Salemina was to read all the books at her command, and guess, we hoped vainly, the why and wherefore of these stops.

On the appointed day, the lady in question drove in state on a car with Benella, but Francesca and I hired a couple of very wheezy bicycles for the journey. We had a thrilling start; for it chanced to be a Fair day in Ballycastle, and we wheeled through a sea of squealing, bolting pigs, stupid sheep, and unruly cows, all pursued on every side by their drivers. To alight from a bicycle in such a whirl of beasts always seems certain death; to remain seated diminishes, I believe, the number of one's days of life to an appreciable extent. Francesca chose the first course, and, standing still in the middle of the street, called upon everybody within hearing to save her, and that right speedily. A crowd of "jibbing" heifers encircled her on all sides, while a fat porker, "who might be a prize

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pig by his impidence," and a donkey that (his driver said) was feelin' blue-mouldy for want of a batin', tried to poke their noses into the group. Salemina's only weapon was her scarlet parasol, and, standing on the step of her side car, she brandished this with such terrible effect that the only bull in the cavalcade put up his head and roared. "Have conduct, woman dear!" cried his owner to Salemina. "Sure if you kape on moidherin' him wid that red ombrelly, you 'll have him ugly on me immajently, and the divil a bit o' me can stop him." "Don't be cryin' that way, asthore," he went on, going to Francesca's side, and piloting her tenderly to the hedge. "Sure I 'll nourish him wid the whip whin I get him to a more remoted place."

We had no more adventures, but Francesca was so unhinged by her unfortunate exit from Ballycastle that, after a few miles, she announced her intention of putting her machine and herself on the car; whereupon Benella proclaimed herself a cyclist, and climbed down blithely to mount the discarded wheel. Her ideas of propriety were by this time so developed that she rode ten or twelve feet behind me, where she looked quaint enough, in her black dress and little black bonnet with its white lawn strings.

"Sure it 's a quare footman ye have, melady," said a pleasant and friendly person who was sitting by the roadside smoking his old dudeen. An Irishman, somehow, is always going to his work "jist," or coming from it, or thinking how it shall presently be done, or meditating on the next step in the process, or resting a bit before taking it up again, or reflecting whether the weather is on the whole favorable to its proper performance; but, however poor and needy he may be, it is somewhat difficult to catch him at the precise working moment. Mr. Alfred Austin says of the Irish peasants that idleness and poverty seem natural to them. "Life to the Scotsman or Englishman is a business to conduct, to extend, to render profitable. To the Irishman it is a dream, a little bit of passing consciousness on a rather hard pillow; the hard part of it being the occasional necessity for work, which spoils the tenderness and continuity of the dream."

Presently we passed the castle, rode along a neat quay with a row of houses advertising lodgings to let; and here is Lever Cottage, where Harry Lorrequer was written; for Lever was dispensary doctor in Port Stewart when his first book was appearing in the Dublin University Magazine.

We did not fancy Coleraine; it looked like anything but Cuil-rathain, a ferny corner. Kitty's sweet buttermilk may have watered, but it had not fertilized the plain, though the town itself seemed painfully prosperous. Neither the Cloth-workers' Inn nor the Corporation Arms looked a pleasant stopping place; so we took the railway, and departed with delight for Limavady, where Thackeray, fresh from his visit to Charles Lever, laid his poetical tribute at the stockingless feet of Miss Margaret of that town.

O'Cahan, whose chief seat was at Limavady, was the principal *urraght* of O'Neill, and when one of the great clan was "proclaimed" at Tullaghogue it was the magnificent privilege of the O'Cahan to toss a shoe over his head. We slept at O'Cahan's Hotel, and — well, one must sleep; and wherever we attend to that necessary function without due preparation, we generally make a mistake in the selection of the particular spot. Protestantism does not necessarily mean cleanliness, although it may have natural tendencies in that direction; and we find, to our surprise (a surprise rooted, probably, in bigotry), that Catholicism can be as clean as a penny whistle, now and again. There were no special privileges at O'Cahan's for maids, and Benella, therefore, had a delightful evening in the coffee room with a storm-bound commercial traveler. As for Francesca and me,

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there was plenty to occupy us in our regular letters to Ronald and Himself; and Salemina wrote several sheets of thin paper to somebody, — no one in America, either, for we saw her put on a penny stamp.

Our pleasant duties over, we looked into the cheerful glow of the turf sods while I read aloud Thackeray's verses, delightful all, from Peg's first entrance,

> "Presently a maid
> Enters with the liquor
> (Half-a-pint of ale
> Frothing in a beaker).
> Gads! I did n't know
> What my beating heart meant:
> Hebe's self I thought
> Enter'd the apartment.
> As she came she smiled,
> And the smile bewitching,
> On my word and honour,
> Lighted all the kitchen!"

to the last eloquent summing-up of her charms: —

> "This I do declare,
> Happy is the laddy
> Who the heart can share
> Of Peg of Limavaddy.
> Married if she were,
> Blest would be the daddy
> Of the children fair
> Of Peg of Limavaddy.
> Beauty is not rare
> In the land of Paddy,
> Fair beyond compare
> Is Peg of Limavaddy."

This cheered us a bit; but the wind sighed in the trees, the rain dripped on the window panes, and we felt for the first time a consciousness of home-longing. Francesca sat on a low stool, looking into the fire, Ronald's last letter in her lap, and it was easy indeed to see that her heart was in the Highlands. She had been giving us a few extracts from the letter, an unusual proceeding, as Ronald, in his ordinary correspondence, is evidently not a quotable person. We smiled over his account of a visit to his old parish of Inchcaldy in Fifeshire. There is a certain large orphanage in the vicinity, in which we had all taken an interest, chiefly because our friends the Macraes of Pettybaw House were among its guardians.

It seems that Lady Rowardennan of the Castle had promised the orphans, *en bloc*, that those who passed through an entire year without once falling into falsehood should have a treat or festival of their own choosing. On the eventful day of decision, those orphans, male and female, who had not for a twelvemonth deviated from the truth by a hair's breadth raised their little white hands (emblematic of their pure hearts and lips), and were solemnly counted. Then came the unhappy moment when a scattering of small grimy paws was timidly put up, and their falsifying owners confessed that they had fibbed more than once during the year. These tearful fibbers were also counted, and sent from the room, while the non-fibbers chose their reward, which was to sail around the Bass Rock and the Isle of May in a steam tug.

On the festival day, the matron of the orphanage chanced on the happy thought that it might have a moral effect on the said fibbers to see the non-fibbers depart in a blaze of glory; so they were taken to the beach to watch the tug start on its voyage. They looked wretched enough, Ronald wrote, when forsaken by their virtuous playmates, who stepped jauntily on board, holding their sailor hats on their heads and carrying nice little luncheon baskets; so miserably unhappy, indeed, did they seem that certain sympathetic and ill-balanced persons sprang to their relief, providing them with sandwiches, sweeties, and pennies. It was a lovely day, and when the fibbers' tears were dried they played merrily on the sand, their games directed and shared in by the aforesaid misguided persons.

Meantime a high wind had sprung up at sea, and the tug was tossed to and fro upon the foamy deep. So many and so varied were the ills of the righteous orphans that the matron could not attend

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to all of them properly, and they were laid on benches or on the deck, where they languidly declined luncheon, and wept for a sight of land. At five the tug steamed up to the landing. A few of the voyagers were able to walk ashore, some were assisted, others were carried; and as the pale, haggard, truthful company gathered on the beach, they were met by a boisterous, happy crowd of Ananiases and Sapphiras, sunburned, warm, full of tea and cakes and high spirits, and with the moral law already so uncertain in their minds that at the sight of the suffering non-liars it tottered to its fall.

Ronald hopes that Lady Rowardennan and the matron may perhaps have gained some useful experience by the incident, though the orphans, truthful and untruthful, are hopelessly mixed in their views of right doing.

He is staying now at the great house of the neighborhood, while his new manse is being put in order. Roderick, the piper, he says, has a grand collection of pipe tunes given him by an officer of the Black Watch. Francesca, when she and Ronald visit the Castle on their wedding journey, is to have Johnnie Cope to wake her in the morning, Brose and Butter just before dinner is served, a reel, a strathspey, and a march while the meal is going on, and last of all The Highland Wedding. Ronald does not know whether there are any Lowland Scots or English words to this pipe tune, but it is always played in the Highlands after the actual marriage, and the words in the Gaelic are, "Alas for me if the wife I have married is not a good one, for she will eat the food and not do the work!"

"You don't think Ronald meant anything personal in quoting that?" I asked Francesca teasingly; but she shot me such a reproachful look that I had n't the heart to persist, her face was so full of self-distrust and love and longing.

What creatures of sense we are, after all; and in certain moods, of what avail is it if the beloved object is alive, safe, loyal, so long as he is absent? He may write letters like Horace Walpole or Chesterfield, — better still, like Alfred de Musset, or George Sand, or the Brownings; but one clasp of the hand that moved the pen is worth an ocean of words! You believe only in the etherealized, the spiritualized passion of love; you know that it can exist through years of separation, can live and grow where a coarser feeling would die for lack of nourishment; still, though your spirit should be strong enough to meet its spirit mate somewhere in the realms of imagination, and the bodily presence ought not really to be necessary, your stubborn heart of flesh craves sight and sound and touch. That is the only pitiless part of death, it seems to me. We have had the friendship, the love, the sympathy, and these are things that can never die; they have made us what we are, and they are by their very nature immortal; yet we would come near to bartering all these spiritual possessions for the "touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still."

How could I ever think life easy enough to be ventured on alone! It is so beautiful to feel one's self of infinite value to one other human creature; to hear beside one's own step the tread of a chosen companion on the same road. And if the way be dusty or the hills difficult to climb, each can say to the other: "I love you, dear; lean on me and walk in confidence. I can always be counted on, whatever happens."

XIX.

"Here 's a health to you, Father O'Flynn!
Slainté, and slainté, and slainté agin;
Pow'rfulest preacher and tenderest teacher,
And kindliest creature in ould Donegal."

COOMNAGEEHA HOTEL,
In ould Donegal.

It is a far cry from the kingdom of Kerry to "ould Donegal," where we

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have been traveling for a week, chiefly in the hope of meeting Father O'Flynn. We miss our careless, genial, ragged, southern Paddy just a bit; for he was a picturesque, likable figure, on the whole, and easier to know than this Ulster Irishman, the product of a mixed descent.

We did not stop long in Belfast; for if there is anything we detest, when on our journeys, it is to mix too much with people of industry, thrift, and business sagacity. Sturdy, prosperous, calculating, well-to-do Protestants are well enough in their way, and undoubtedly they make a very good backbone for Ireland; but we crave something more romantic than the citizen virtues, or we should have remained in our own country, where they are tolerably common, although we have not as yet anything approaching overproduction.

Dr. La Touche writes to Salemina that we need not try to understand all the religious and political complications which surround us. They are by no means as violent or as many as in Thackeray's day, when the great English author found nine shades of politico-religious differences in the Irish Liverpool. As the impartial observer must necessarily displease eight parties, and probably the whole nine, Thackeray advised a rigid abstinence from all intellectual curiosity. Dr. La Touche says, if we wish to know the north better, it will do us no harm to study the Plantation of Ulster, the United Irish movement, Orangeism, Irish Jacobitism, the effect of French and Swiss Republicanism in the evolution of public sentiment, and the close relation and affection that formerly existed between the north of Ireland and New England. (This last topic seems to appeal to Salemina particularly.) He also alludes to Tories and Rapparees, Rousseau and Thomas Paine and Owen Roe O'Neill, but I have entirely forgotten their connection with the subject. Francesca and I are thoroughly enjoying ourselves, as only those people can who never take notes, and never try, when Pandora's box is opened in their neighborhood, to seize the heterogeneous contents and put them back properly, with nice little labels on them.

Ireland is no longer a battlefield of English parties, neither is it wholly a laboratory for political experiment; but from having been both the one and the other, its features are a bit knocked out of shape and proportion, as it were. We have bought two hideous engravings of The Battle of the Boyne and The Secret of England's Greatness; and whenever we stay for a night in any inn where perchance these are not, we pin them on the wall, and are received into the landlady's heart at once. I don't know which is the finer study: the picture of his Majesty William III. crossing the Boyne, or the plump little Queen presenting a huge family Bible to an apparently uninterested black man. In the latter work of art the eye is confused at first, and Francesca asked innocently, "Which *is* the secret of England's greatness, — the Bible, the Queen, or the black man?"

This is a thriving town, and we are at a smart hotel which had for two years an English manager. The scent of the roses hangs round it still, but it is gradually growing fainter under the stress of small patronage and other adverse circumstances. The table linen is a trifle ragged, though clean; but the circle of red and green wineglasses by each plate, an array not borne out by the number of vintages on the wine list, the tiny ferns scattered everywhere in innumerable pots, and the dozens of minute glass vases, each holding a few blue hyacinths, give an air of urban elegance to the dining room. The guests are requested in printed placards to be punctual at meals, especially at the seven-thirty table d'hôte dinner, and the management itself is punctual at this function about seven forty-five. This is much better than at the south, where we, and sixty other

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travelers, were once kept waiting fifteen minutes between the soup and the fish course. When we were finally served with half-cooked turbot, a pleasant-spoken waitress went about to each table, explaining to the irate guests that the cook was "not at her best."

There is nothing sacred about dinner to the average Irishman; he is willing to take anything that comes, as a rule, and cooking is not regarded as a fine art here. Perhaps occasional flashes of starvation and seasons of famine have rendered the Irish palate easier to please; at all events, wherever the national god may be, its pedestal is not in the stomach. Our breakfast, day after day, week after week, has been bacon and eggs. One morning we had tomatoes on bacon, and concluded that the cook had experienced religion or fallen in love, since both these operations send a flush of blood to the brain and stimulate the mental processes. But no; we found simply that the eggs had not been brought in time for breakfast. There is no consciousness of monotony, — far from it; the nobility and gentry can at least eat what they choose, and they choose bacon and eggs. There is no running of the family gamut, either, from plain boiled to omelet; poached or fried eggs on bacon, it is, week days and Sundays. The luncheon, too, is rarely inspired: they eat cold joint of beef with pickled beet root, or mutton and boiled potatoes, with unfailing regularity, finishing off at most hotels with semolina pudding, a concoction intended for, and appealing solely to, the taste of the toothless infant, who, having just graduated from rubber rings, has not a jaded palate.

It is odd to see how soon, if one has a strong sense of humanity, one feels at home in a foreign country. I am never impressed by the differences, at least, but only by the similarities, between English-speaking peoples. We take part in the life about us here, living each experience as fully as we can, whether it be a "hiring fair" in Donegal or a pilgrimage to the Doon "Well of Healing." Not the least part of the pleasure is to watch its effect upon the Derelict. Where, or in what way, could three persons hope to gain as much return from a monthly expenditure of twenty dollars, added to her living and traveling expenses, as we have had in Miss Benella Dusenberry? We sometimes ask ourselves what we found to do with our time before she came into the family, and yet she is as busy as possible herself.

Having twice singed Francesca's beautiful locks, she no longer attempts hairdressing; while she never accomplishes the lacing of an evening dress without putting her knee in the centre of your back once, at least, during the operation. She can button shoes, and she can mend and patch and darn to perfection; she has a frenzy for small laundry operations, and, after washing the windows of her room, she adorns every pane of glass with a fine cambric handkerchief, and, stretching a line between the bedpost and the bureau knob, she hangs out her white neckties and her bonnet strings to dry. She has learned to pack reasonably well, too. But if she has another passion beside those of washing and mending, it is for making bags. She buys scraps of gingham and print, and makes cases of every possible size and for every possible purpose; so that all our personal property, roughly speaking, — hairbrushes, shoes, writing materials, pincushions, photographs, underclothing, gloves, medicines, — is bagged. The strings in the bags pull both ways, and nothing is commoner than to see Benella open and close seventeen or eighteen of them when she is searching for Francesca's rubbers or my gold thimble. But what other lady's maid or traveling companion ever had half the Derelict's unique charm and interest, half her conversational power, her unusual and original defects and virtues? Put her in a third-class carriage when we go "first,"

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and she makes friends with all her fellow travelers, discussing Home Rule or Free Silver with the utmost prejudice and vehemence, and freeing her mind on any point, to the delight of the natives. Occasionally, when borne along by the joy of argument, she forgets to change at the point of junction, and has to be found and dragged out of the railway carriage; occasionally, too, she is left behind when taking a cheerful cup of tea at a way station, but this is comparatively seldom. Her stories of life below stairs in the various inns and hotels, her altercations with housemaid or boots or landlady in our behalf, all add a zest to the day's doings.

Benella's father was an itinerant preacher, her mother the daughter of a Vermont farmer; and although she was left an orphan at ten years, educating and supporting herself as best she could after that, she is as truly a combination of both parents as her name is a union of their two names.

"I 'm so 'fraid I shan't run across any of grandmother's folks over here, after all," she said yesterday, "though I ask every nice-appearin' person I meet anywheres if he or she 's any kin to Mary Boyce of Trim; and then, again, I 'm scared to death for fear I shall find I 'm own cousin to one of these here critters that ain't brushed their hair nor washed their apurns for a month o' Sundays! I declare, it keeps me real nerved up. . . . I think it 's partly the climate that makes 'em so slack," she philosophized, pinning a new bag on her knee, and preparing to backstitch the seam. "There 's nothin' like a Massachusetts winter for puttin' the git-up-an'-git into you. Land! you 've got to move round smart, or you 'd freeze in your tracks. These warm, moist places always makes folks lazy; and when they 're hot enough, if you take notice, it makes heathen of 'em. It always seems so queer to me that real hot weather and the Christian religion don't seem to git along together. P'r'aps it 's just as well that the idol-worshipers should git used to heat in this world, for they 'll have it consid'able hot in the next one, I guess! And see here, Mrs. Beresford, will you get me ten cents' — I mean sixpence worth o' red gingham, to make Miss Monroe a bag for Mr. Macdonald's letters? They go sprawlin' all over her trunk; and there 's so many of 'em, I wish to the land she 'd send 'em to the bank while she 's travelin'!"

XX.

"Soon as you lift the latch, little ones are meeting you,
Soon as you 're 'neath the thatch, kindly looks are greeting you;
Scarcely have you time to be holding out the fist to them —
Down by the fireside you 're sitting in the midst of them."

ROOTHYTHANTHRUM COTTAGE,
Knockcool, County Tyrone.

Of course, we have always intended sooner or later to forsake this life of hotels and lodgings, and become either Irish landlords or tenants, or both, with a view to the better understanding of one burning Irish question. We heard of a charming house in County Down, which could be secured by renting it the first of May for the season; but as we could occupy it only for a month at most, we were obliged to forego the opportunity.

"We have been told from time immemorial that absenteeism has been one of the curses of Ireland," I remarked to Salemina; "so, whatever the charms of the cottage in Rostrevor, do not let us take it, and in so doing become absentee landlords."

"It was you two who hired the 'wee theekit hoosie' in Pettybaw," said Francesca. "I am going to be in the vanguard of the next house-hunting expedition; in fact, I have almost made up my mind to take my third of Benella and

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be an independent householder for a time. If I am ever to learn the management of an establishment before beginning to experiment on Ronald's, now is the proper moment."

"Ronald must have looked the future in the face when he asked you to marry him," I replied, "although it is possible that he looked only at you, and therefore it is his duty to endure your maiden incapacities; but why should Salemina and I suffer you to experiment upon us, pray?"

It was Benella, after all, who inveigled us into making our first political misstep; for, after avoiding the sin of absenteeism, we fell into one almost as black, inasmuch as we evicted a tenant. It is part of Benella's heterogeneous and unusual duty to take a bicycle and scour the country in search of information for us: to find out where shops are, post office, lodgings, places for good sketches, ruins, pretty roads for walks and drives, and many other things, too numerous to mention. She came home from one of these expeditions flushed with triumph.

"I've got you a house!" she exclaimed proudly. "There's a lady in it now, but she'll move out to-morrow when we move in; and we are to pay seventeen dollars fifty — I mean three pound ten — a week for the house, with privilege of renewal, and she throws in the hired girl." (Benella is hopelessly provincial in the matter of language; butler, chef, boots, footman, scullery maid, all come under the generic term "help.")

"I knew our week at this hotel was out to-morrow," she continued, "and we've about used up this place, anyway, and the new village that I've b'en to is the prettiest place we've seen yet; it's got an up-and-down hill to it, just like home, and the house I've partly rented is opposite a Fair green, where there's a market every week, and Wednesday's the day; and we'll save money, for I shan't cost you so much when we can housekeep."

"Would you mind explaining a little more in detail," asked Salemina quietly, "and telling me whether you have hired the house for yourself or for us?"

"For us all," she replied genially, — "you don't suppose I'd leave you? I liked the looks of this cottage the first time I passed it, and I got acquainted with the hired girl by going in the side yard and asking for a drink. The next time I went I got acquainted with the lady, who's got the most outlandish name that ever was wrote down, and here it is on a paper; and to-day I asked her if she did n't want to rent her house for a week to three quiet ladies without children. She said it wa'n't her own house, and I asked her if she could n't sublet to desirable parties, — I knew she was as poor as Job's turkey by her looks; and she said it would suit her well enough, if she had any place to go. I asked her if she would n't like to travel, and she said no. Then I says, 'Would n't you like to go to visit some of your folks?' And she said she s'posed she could stop a week with her son's wife, just to oblige us. So I engaged a car to drive you down this afternoon just to look at the place; and if you like it we can easy move over to-morrow. The sun's so hot I asked the stableman if he had n't got a top buggy, or a surrey, or a carryall; but he never heard tell of any of 'em; he did n't even know a shay. I forgot to tell you the lady is a Protestant, and the hired girl's name is Bridget Thunder, and she's a Roman Catholic, but she seems extra smart and neat. I was kind of in hopes she would n't be, for I thought I should enjoy trainin' her, and doin' that much for the country."

And so we drove over to this village of Knockcool (Knockcool, by the way, means "Hill of Sleep"), as much to make amends for Benella's eccentricities as with any idea of falling in with her proposal. The house proved everything she said, and in Mrs. Wogan Odevaine Benella had found a person every whit

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as remarkable as herself. She was evidently an Irish gentlewoman of very small means, very flexible in her views and convictions, very talkative and amusing, and very much impressed with Benella as a product of New England institutions. We all took a fancy to one another at first sight, and we heard with real pleasure that her son's wife lived only a few miles away. We insisted on paying the evicted lady the three pounds ten in advance for the first week. She seemed surprised, and we remembered that Irish tenants, though often capable of shedding blood for a good landlord, are generally averse to paying him rent. Mrs. Wogan Odevaine then drove away in high good humor, taking some personal belongings with her, and promising to drink tea with us some time during the week. She kissed Francesca goodby, told her she was the prettiest creature she had ever seen, and asked if she might have a peep at all her hats and frocks when she came to visit us.

Salemina says that Rhododendron Cottage (pronounced by Bridget Thunder "Roothythanthrum") being the property of one landlord and the residence of four tenants at the same time makes us in a sense participators in the old system of rundale tenure, long since abolished. The good will or tenant right was infinitely subdivided, and the tiniest holdings sometimes existed in thirty-two pieces. The result of this joint tenure was an extraordinary tangle, particularly when it went so far as the subdivision of "one cow's grass," or even of a horse, which, being owned jointly by three men, ultimately went lame, because none of them would pay for shoeing the fourth foot.

We have been here five days, and instead of reproving Benella, as we intended, for gross assumption of authority in the matter, we are more than ever her bond slaves. The place is altogether charming, and here it is for you.

Knockcool Street is Knockcool village itself, as with almost all Irish towns; but the line of little thatched cabins is brightened at the far end by the neat house of Mrs. Wogan Odevaine, set a trifle back in its own garden, by the pillared porch of a modest hotel, and by the barracks of the Royal Irish Constabulary. The sign of the Provincial Bank of Ireland almost faces our windows; and although it is used as a meal shop the rest of the week, they tell us that two thousand pounds in money is needed there on Fair days. Next to it is a little house, the upper part of which is used as a Methodist chapel; and old Nancy, the caretaker, is already a good friend of ours. It is a humble house of prayer, but Nancy takes much pride in it, and showed us the melodeon, "worked by a young lady from Rossantach," the Sunday-school rooms, and even the cupboard where she keeps the jugs for the love feast and the linen and wine for the sacrament, which is administered once in three years. Next comes the Hoeys' cabin, where we have always a cordial welcome, but where we never go all together, for fear of embarrassing the family, which is a large one, — three generations under one roof, and plenty of children in the last. Old Mrs. Hoey does not rightly know her age, she says; but her daughter Ellen was born the year of the Big Wind, and she herself was twenty-two when she was married, and you might allow a year between that and when Ellen was born, and make your own calculation. Ellen's husband, Miles M'Gillan, is the carpenter on an estate in the neighborhood. His shop opens out of the cabin, and I love to sit by the Hoey fireside, where the fan bellows, turned by a crank, brings in an instant a fresh flame to the sods of smouldering turf, and watch a wee Colleen Bawn playing among her ancestral shavings, tying them about her waist and fat wrists, hanging them on her ears and in among her brown curls. Mother Hoey says that I do not speak like an

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American, — that I have not so many "caperin's" in my language, whatever they may be; and so we have long delightful chats together when I go in for a taste of Ellen's griddle bread, cooked over the peat coals. Francesca, meantime, is calling on Mrs. O'Rourke, whose son has taken more than fifty bicycle prizes; and no stranger can come to Knockcool without inspecting the brave show of silver, medals, and china that adorn the bedroom, and make the O'Rourkes the proudest couple in ould Donegal. Phelim O'Rourke smokes his dudeen on a bench by the door, and invites the passer-by to enter and examine the trophies. His trousers are held up with bits of rope arranged as suspenders; indeed, his toilet is so much a matter of strings that it must be a work of time to tie on his clothing in the morning, in case he takes it off at night, which is open to doubt; nevertheless it is he that 's the satisfied man, and the luck would be on him as well as on e'er a man alive, were he not kilt wid the cough intirely! Mrs. Phelim's skirt shows a triangle of red flannel behind, where the two ends of the waistband fail to meet by about six inches, but are held together by a piece of white ball fringe. Any informality in this part of her costume is, however, more than atoned for by the presence of a dingy bonnet of magenta velvet, which she always dons for visitors.

The O'Rourke family is the essence of hospitality, so their kitchen is generally full of children and visitors; and on the occasion when Salemina issued from the prize bedroom, the guests were so busy with conversation that, to use their own language, divil a wan of thim clapt eyes on the O'Rourke puppy, and they did not notice that the baste was floundering in a tub of soft, newly made butter standing on the floor. He was indeed desperately involved, being so completely wound up in the waxy mass that he could not climb over the tub's edge. He looked comical and miserable enough in his plight: the children and the visitors thought so, and so did Francesca and I; but Salemina went directly home, and was not at her best for an hour. She is so sensitive! Och, thin, it 's herself that 's the marthyr intirely! We cannot see that the incident affects us so long as we avoid the O'Rourkes' butter; but she says, covering her eyes with her handkerchief and shuddering: "Suppose there are other tubs and other pup— Oh, I cannot bear the thought of it, dears! Please change the subject, and order me two hard-boiled eggs for dinner."

Leaving Knockcool behind us, we walk along the country road between high, thick hedges: here a clump of weather-beaten trees, there a stretch of bog with silver pools and piles of black turf, then a sudden view of hazy hills, a grove of beeches, a great house with a splendid gateway, and sometimes, riding through it, a figure new to our eyes, a Lady Master of the Hounds, handsome in her habit with red facings. We pass many an "evicted farm," the ruined house with the rushes growing all about it, and a lonely goat browsing near; and on we walk, until we can see the roofs of Lisdara's solitary cabin row, huddled under the shadow of a gloomy hill topped by the ruin of an old fort. All is silent, and the blue haze of the peat smoke curls up from the thatch. Lisdara's young people have mostly gone to the Big Country; and how many tears have dropped on the path we are treading, as Peggy and Mary, Cormac and Miles, with a little wooden box in the donkey cart behind them, or perhaps with only a bundle hanging from a blackthorn stick, have come down the hill to seek their fortune! Perhaps Peggy is barefooted; perhaps Mary has little luggage beyond a pot of shamrock or a mountain thrush in a wicker cage; but what matter for that? They are used to poverty and hardship and hunger, and although

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they are going quite penniless to a new country, sure it can be no worse than the old. This is the happy-go-lucky Irish philosophy, and there is mixed with it a deal of simple trust in God.

How many exiles and wanderers, both those who have no fortune and those who have failed to win it, dream of these cabin rows, these sweet-scented boreens with their "banks of furze unprofitably gay," these leaking thatches with the purple loosestrife growing in their ragged seams, and, looking backward across the distance of time and space, give the humble spot a tender thought, because after all it was in their dear native isle!

"Pearly are the skies in the country of my fathers,
Purple are thy mountains, home of my heart;
Mother of my yearning, love of all my longings,
Keep me in remembrance long leagues apart."

I have been thinking in this strain because of an old dame in the first cabin in Lisdara row, whose daughter is in America, and who can talk of nothing else. She shows us the last letter, with its postal order for sixteen shillings, that Mida sent from New York, with little presents for blind Timsy, "dark since he were three year old," and for lame Dan, or the "Bocca," as he is called in Lisdara. Mida was named for the virgin saint of Killeedy in Limerick, often called the Brigit of Munster. "And it 's she that 's good enough to bear a saint's name, glory be to God!" exclaims the old mother, returning Mida's photograph to a little hole in the wall, where the pig cannot possibly molest it.

At the far end of the row lives "Omadhaun Pat." He is a "little sthrange," you understand; not because he was born with too small a share of wit, but because he fell asleep one evening when he was lying on the grass up by the old fort, and — "well, he was niver the same thing since." There are places in Ireland, you must know, where, if you lie down upon the green earth and sink into untimely slumber, you will "wake silly;" or, for that matter, although it is doubtless a risk, you may escape the fate of waking silly, and wake a poet! Carolan fell asleep upon a faery rath, and it was the faeries who filled his ears with music, so that he was haunted by the tunes ever afterward; and perhaps all poets, whether they are conscious of it or not, fall asleep on faery raths before they write sweet songs.

Little Omadhaun Pat is pale, hollow-eyed, and thin; but that, his mother says, is "because he is overstudyin' for his confirmation." The great day is many weeks away, but to me it seems likely that, when the examination comes, Pat will be where he will know more than the priests!

Next door lives old Biddy Tuke. She is too old to work, and she sits in her doorway, always a pleasant figure in her short woolen petticoat, her little shawl, and her neat white cap. She has pitaties for food, with stirabout of Indian meal once a day (oatmeal is too dear), tea occasionally when there is sixpence left from the rent, and she has more than once tasted bacon in her eighty years of life; more than once, she tells me proudly, for it 's she that 's had the good sons to help her a bit now and then, — four to carry her and one to walk after, which is the Irish notion of an ideal family.

"It 's no chuckens I do be havin' now, ma'am," she says, "but it 's a darlin' flock I had ten year ago, whin Dinnis was harvestin' in Scotland! Sure it was two-and-twinty chuckens I had on the floore wid meself that year, ma'am."

"Oh, it 's a conthrary world, that 's a mortial fact!" as Phelim O'Rourke is wont to say when his cough is bad; and for my life I can frame no better wish for ould Biddy Tuke and Omadhaun Pat, dark Timsy and the Bocca, than that they might wake, one of these summer mornings, in the harvest field of the seventh heaven. That place is reserved

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for the saints, and surely these unfortunates, acquainted with grief like Another, might without difficulty find entrance there.

I am not wise enough to say how much of all this squalor and wretchedness and hunger is the fault of the people themselves, how much of it belongs to circumstances and environment, how much is the result of past errors of government, how much is race, how much is religion. I only know that children should never be hungry, that there are ignorant human creatures to be taught how to live: and if it is a hard task, the sooner it is begun the better, both for teachers and pupils. It is comparatively easy to form opinions and devise remedies, when one knows the absolute truth of things; but it is so difficult to find the truth here, or at least there are so many and such different truths to weigh in the balance, — the Protestant and the Roman Catholic truth, the landlord's and the tenant's, the Nationalist's and the Unionist's truth! I am sadly befogged, and so, pushing the vexing questions all aside, I take dark Timsy, Bocca Lynch, and Omadhaun Pat up on the green hillside near the ruined fort, to tell them stories, and teach them some of the thousand things that happier, luckier children know.

This is an island of anomalies; the Irish peasants will puzzle you, perplex you, disappoint you, with their inconsistencies, but keep from liking them if you can! There are a few cleaner and more comfortable homes in Lisdara and Knockcool than when we came, and Benella has been invaluable, although her reforms, as might be expected, are of an unusual character; and with her the wheels of progress never move silently, as they should, but always squeak. With the two golden sovereigns given her to spend, she has bought scissors, knives, hammers, boards, sewing materials, knitting needles, and yarn, — everything to work with, and nothing to eat, drink, or wear, though Heaven knows there is little enough of such things in Lisdara.

"The quicker you wear 'em out, the better you 'll suit me," she says to the awe-stricken Lisdarians. "I 'm a workin' woman myself, an' it 's my ladies' money I 've spent this time; but I 'll make out to keep you in brooms and scrubbin' brushes, if only you 'll use 'em! You must n't take offense at anything I say to you, for I 'm part Irish, — my grandmother was Mary Boyce of Trim; and if she had n't come away and settled in Salem, Massachusetts, mebbe I would n't have known a scrubbin' brush by sight myself!"

XXI.

"What ails you, Sister Erin, that your face
Is, like your mountains, still bedewed with tears?

. . . . . .

Forgive! forget! lest harsher lips should say,
Like your turf fire, your rancour smoulders long,
And let Oblivion strew Time's ashes o'er your wrong."

At tea time, and again after our simple dinner, — for Bridget Thunder's repertory is not large, and Benella's is quite unsuited to the Knockcool markets, — we wend our way to a certain little house that stands by itself on the road to Lisdara. It is only a whitewashed cabin with green window trimmings, but it is a larger and more comfortable one than we commonly see, and it is the perfection of neatness within and without. The stone wall that incloses it is whitewashed, too, and the iron picket railing at the top is painted bright green; the stones on the posts are green, also, and there is the prettiest possible garden, with nicely cut borders of box. In fine, if ever there was a cheery place to look at, Sarsfield Cottage is that one; and if ever there was a cheerless gentleman, it is Mr. Jordan, who dwells there. Mrs. Wogan Odevaine commended him to us as the

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man of all others with whom to discuss Irish questions, if we wanted, for once in a way, to hear a thoroughly disaffected, outraged, wrong-headed, and rancorous view of things.

"He is an encyclopædia, and he is perfectly delightful on any topic in the universe but the wrongs of Ireland," said she; "not entirely sane, and yet a good father, and a good neighbor, and a good talker. Faith, he can abuse the English government with any man alive! He has a smaller grudge against you Americans, perhaps, than against most of the other nations, so possibly he may elect to discuss something more cheerful than our national grievances; if he does, and you want a livelier topic, just mention — let me see — you might speak of Wentworth, who destroyed Ireland's woolen industry, though it is true he laid the foundation of the linen trade, so he would n't do, though Mr. Jordan is likely to remember the former point, and forget the latter. Well, just breathe the words 'Catholic Disqualification' or 'Ulster Confiscation,' and you will have as pretty a burst of oratory as you 'd care to hear. You remember that exasperated Englishman who asked in the House why Irishmen were always laying bare their grievances? And Major O'Gorman bawled across the floor, 'Because they want them redressed!'"

Salemina and I went to call on Mr. Jordan the very next day after our arrival at Knockcool. Over the sitting-room or library door at Sarsfield Cottage is a coat of arms with the motto of the Jordans, "Percussus surgus;" and as our friend is descended from Richard Jordan of Knock, who died on the scaffold at Claremorris in the memorable year 1798, I find that he is related to me, for one of the De Exeter Jordans married Penelope O'Connor, daughter of the king of Connaught. He took her to wife, too, when the espousal of anything Irish, names, language, apparel, customs, or daughters, was high treason, and meant instant confiscation of estates. I never thought of mentioning the relationship, for obviously a family cannot hold grievances for hundreds of years and bequeath a sense of humor at the same time.

Mr. Jordan's wife has been long dead, but he has four sons, only one of them, Napper Tandy, living at home. Theobald Wolfe Tone is practicing law in Dublin; Hamilton Rowan is a physician in Cork; and Daniel O'Connell, commonly called "Lib" (a delicate reference to the Liberator), is still a lad at Trinity. It is a great pity that Mr. Jordan could not have had a larger family, that he might have kept fresh in the national heart the names of a few more patriots; for his library walls, "where Memory sits by the altar she has raised to Woe," are hung with engravings and prints of celebrated insurgents, rebels, agitators, demagogues, denunciators, conspirators, — pictures of anybody, in a word, who ever struck a blow, right or wrong, well or ill judged, for the green isle. That gallant Jacobite, Patrick Sarsfield, Burke, Grattan, Flood, and Robert Emmet stand shoulder to shoulder with three Fenian gentlemen, named Allan, Larkin, and O'Brien, known in ultra-Nationalist circles as the "Manchester martyrs." For some years after this trio was hanged in Salford jail, it appears that the infant mind was sadly mixed in its attempt to separate knowledge in the concrete from the more or less abstract information contained in the Catechism; and many a bishop was shocked, when asking in the confirmation service, "Who are the martyrs?" to be told, "Allan, Larkin, and O'Brien, me lord!"

Francesca says she longs to smuggle into Mr. Jordan's library a picture of Tom Steele, one of Daniel O'Connell's henchmen, to whom he gave the title of Head Pacificator of Ireland. It is true he was half a madman, but as Sir James O'Connell, Daniel's candid brother, said, "And who the divil else would take such a job?" At any rate, when we gaze

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at Mr. Jordan's gallery, imagining the scene that would ensue were the breath of life breathed into the patriots' quivering nostrils, we feel sure that the Head Pacificator would be kept busy.

Dear old white-haired Mr. Jordan, known in select circles as "Grievance Jordan," sitting in his library surrounded by his denunciators, conspirators, and martyrs, with incendiary documents piled mountains high on his desk, — what a pathetic anachronism he is!

The shillelagh is hung on the wall now, for the most part, and faction-fighting is at an end; but in the very last moments of it there were still "ructions" between the Fitzgeralds and the Moriartys, and the age-old reason of the quarrel was, according to the Fitzgeralds, the betrayal of the "Cause of Ireland." The particular instance occurred in the sixteenth century, but no Fitzgerald could ever afterward meet any Moriarty at a fair without crying, "Who dare tread on the tail of me coat?" and inviting him to join in the dishcussion with shticks. This practically is Mr. Jordan's position; and if an Irishman desires to live entirely in the past, he can be as unhappy as any man alive. He is writing a book, which Mrs. Wogan Odevaine insists is to be called The Groans of Ireland; but after a glance at a page of memoranda penciled in a collection of Swift's Irish tracts that he lent to me (the volume containing that ghastly piece of irony, The Modest Proposal for Preventing the Poor of Ireland from being a Burden to their Parents and Country), I have concluded that he is editing a Catalogue of Irish Wrongs Alphabetically Arranged. This idea pleased Mrs. Wogan Odevaine extremely; and when she drove over to tea, bringing several cheerful young people to call upon us, she proposed, in the most lighthearted way in the world, to play what she termed the Grievance Game, an intellectual diversion which she had invented on the instant. She proposed it, apparently, with a view of showing us how small a knowledge of Ireland's ancient wrongs is the property of the modern Irish girl, and how slight a hold on her memory and imagination have the unspeakably bitter days of the long ago.

We were each given pencil and paper, and two or three letters of the alphabet, and bidden to arrange the wrongs of Ireland neatly under them, as we supposed Mr. Jordan to be doing for the instruction and the depression of posterity. The result proved that Mrs. Odevaine was a true prophet, for the youngest members of the coterie came off badly enough, and read their brief list of grievances with much chagrin at their lack of knowledge; the only piece of information they possessed in common being the inherited idea that England never had understood Ireland, never would, never could, never should, never might understand her.

Rosetta Odevaine succeeded in remembering, for A, F, and H, Absenteeism, Flight of the Earls, Famine, and Hunger; her elder sister, Eileen, fresh from college, was rather triumphant with O and P, giving us Oppression of the Irish Tenantry, Penal Laws, Protestant Supremacy, Poyning's Law, Potato Rot, and Plantations. Their friend, Rhona Burke, had V, W, X, Y, Z, and succeeded only in finding Wentworth and Woolen Trade Destroyed, until Miss Odevaine helped her with Wood's Halfpence, about which everybody else had to be enlightened; and there was plenty of laughter when Francesca suggested, for V, Vipers Expelled by St. Patrick. Salemina carried off the first prize; but we insisted that C and D were the easiest letters; at any rate, her list showed great erudition, and would certainly have pleased Mr. Jordan. C. Church Cess, Catholic Disqualification, Crimes Act of 1887, Confiscations, Cromwell, Carrying Away of Lia Fail (Stone of Destiny) from Tara. D. Destruction of Trees on Confiscated Lands, Discoverers (of flaws

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in Irish titles), Debasing of the Coinage by James I.

Mrs. Odevaine came next with R and S. R. Recall of Lord Fitzwilliams by Pitt, Rundale Land Tenure, Rack-Rents, Ribbonism. S. Schism Act, Supremacy Act, Sixth Act of George I.

I followed with T and U, having unearthed Tithes and the Test Act for the first, and Undertakers, the Acts of Union and Uniformity, for the second; while Francesca, who had been given I, J, K, L, and M, disgraced herself by failing on all the letters but the last, under which she finally catalogued one particularly obnoxious wrong in Middlemen.

This ignorance of the past may have its bright side, after all, though, to speak truthfully, it did show a too scanty knowledge of national history. But if one must forget, it is as well to begin with the wrongs of far-off years, those "done to your ancient name or wreaked upon your race."

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

(*To be continued.*)

MAKING THE CROWD BEAUTIFUL.

I.

A CROWD civilization produces, as a matter of course, crowd art and art for crowded conditions. This fact is at once the glory and the weakness of the kind of art a democracy is bound to have.

The most natural evidence to turn to first — of the crowd in a crowd age — is such as can be found in its literature, especially in its masterpieces.

The significance of shaking hands with a Senator of the United States is that it is a convenient and labor-saving way of shaking hands with two or three million people. The impressiveness of the Senator's Washington voice, the voice on the floor of the Senate, consists in the mystical undertone, — the chorus in it, — multitudes in smoking cities, men and women, rich and poor, who are speaking when this man speaks, and who are silent when he is silent, in the government of the United States.

The typical fact that the Senator stands for in modern life has a corresponding typical fact in modern literature. The typical fact in modern literature is the epigram, the senatorial sentence, — the sentence that immeasurably represents what it does not say. The difference between democracy in Washington and democracy in Athens may be said to be that in Washington we have an epigram government, a government in which seventy million people are crowded into two rooms to consider what to do, and in which seventy million people are made to sit in one chair to see that it is done. In Athens every man represented himself.

It may be said to be a good working distinction between modern and classic art that in modern art words and colors and sounds stand for things, and in classic art they said them. In the art of the Greek, things were what they seemed, and they were all there. Hence simplicity. It is a quality of the art of to-day that things are not what they seem in it. If they were, we should not call it art at all. Everything stands not only for itself and for what it says, but for an immeasurable something that cannot be said. Every sound in music is the senator of a thousand sounds, thoughts, and associations, and in literature every word that is allowed to appear is the representative in three syllables of three pages of a dictionary. The whistle of the lo-

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comotive, and the ring of the telephone, and the still, swift rush of the elevator are making themselves felt in the ideal world. They are proclaiming to the ideal world that the real world is outstripping it. The twelve thousand horse power steamer does not find itself accurately expressed in iambics on the leisurely fleet of Ulysses. It is seeking new expression. The command has gone forth over all the beauty and over all the art of the present world, crowded for time and crowded for space. "Telegraph!" To the nine Muses the order flies. One can hear it on every side. "Telegraph!" The result is symbolism, the Morse alphabet of art and "types," the epigrams of human nature, crowding us all into ten or twelve people. The epic is telescoped into the sonnet, and the sonnet is compressed into quatrains or Tabbs of poetry, and couplets are signed as masterpieces. The novel has come into being, — several hundred pages of crowded people in crowded sentences, jostling each other to oblivion; and now the novel, jostled into oblivion by the next novel, is becoming the short story. Kipling's short stories sum the situation up. So far as skeleton or plot is concerned, they are built up out of a bit of nothing put with an infinity of Kipling; so far as meat is concerned, they are the Liebig Beef Extract of fiction. A single jar of Kipling contains a whole herd of old-time novels lowing on a hundred hills.

The classic of any given world is a work of art that has passed through the same process in being a work of art that that world has passed through in being a world. Mr. Kipling represents a crowd age, because he is crowded with it; because, above all others, he is the man who produces art in the way the age he lives in is producing everything else.

This is no mere circumstance of democracy. It is its manifest destiny that it shall produce art for crowded conditions, that it shall have crowd art. The kind of beauty that can be indefinitely multiplied is the kind of beauty in which, in the nature of things, we have made our most characteristic and most important progress. Our most considerable success in pictures could not be otherwise than in black and white. Black-and-white art is printing-press art, and art that can be produced in endless copies, that can be subscribed for by crowds, finds an extraordinary demand, and artists have applied themselves to supplying it. All the improvements, — moving on through the use of wood and steel and copper, and the process of etching, to the photogravure, the lithograph, and the latest photograph in color, — whatever else may be said of them from the point of view of Titian or Michael Angelo, constitute a most amazing and triumphant advance from the point of view of making art a democracy, of making the rare and the beautiful minister day and night to crowds. The fact that the mechanical arts are so prominent in their relation to the fine arts may not seem to argue a high ideal amongst us; but as the mechanical arts are the body of beauty, and the fine arts are the soul of it, it is a necessary part of the ideal to keep body and soul together until we can do better. Mourning with Ruskin is not so much to the point as going to work with William Morris. If we have deeper feelings about wall papers than we have about other things, it is going to the root of the matter to begin with wall papers, — to make machinery say something as beautiful as possible, inasmuch as it is bound to have, for a long time at least, about all the say there is. The photograph does not go about the world doing Murillos everywhere by pressing a button, but the camera habit is doing more in the way of steady daily hydraulic lifting of great masses of men to where they enjoy beauty in the world than Leonardo da Vinci would have dared to dream in his far-off day; and Leonardo's pictures — thanks to the same

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photograph — and everybody's pictures, films of paper, countless spirits of themselves, pass around the world to every home in Christendom. The printing press made literature a democracy, and machinery is making all the arts democracies. The symphony piano, an invention for making vast numbers of people who can play only a few very poor things play very poorly a great many good ones, is a consummate instance both of the limitation and the value of our contemporary tendency in the arts. The pipe organ, though on a much higher plane, is an equally characteristic contrivance, making it possible for a man to be a complete orchestra and a conductor all by himself, playing on a crowd of instruments, to a crowd of people, with two hands and one pair of feet. It is a crowd invention. The orchestra — a most distinctively modern institution, a kind of republic of sound, the unseen spirit of the many in one — is the sublimest expression yet attained of the crowd music, which is, and must be, the supreme music of this modern day, the symphony. Richard Wagner comes to his triumph because his music is the voice of multitudes. The opera — a crowd of sounds accompanied by a crowd of sights, presented by one crowd of people on the stage to another crowd of people in the galleries — stands for the same tendency in art that the syndicate stands for in commerce. It is syndicate music; and in proportion as a musical composition in this present day is an aggregation of multitudinous moods, in proportion as it is suggestive, complex, paradoxical, the way a crowd is complex, suggestive, and paradoxical, — provided it be wrought at the same time into some vast and splendid unity, — just in this proportion is it modern music. It gives itself to the counterpoints of the spirit, the passion of variety in modern life. The legacy of all the ages, is it not descended upon us? — the spirit of a thousand nations? All our arts are thousand-nation arts, shadows and echoes of dead worlds playing upon our own. Italian music, out of its feudal kingdoms, comes to us as essentially solo music, — melody; and the civilization of Greece, being a civilization of heroes, individuals, comes to us in its noble array with its solo arts, its striding heroes everywhere in front of all, and with nothing nearer to the people in it than the Greek Chorus, which, out of limbo, pale and featureless across all ages, sounds to us as the first far faint coming of the crowd to the arts of this groping world. Modern art, inheriting each of these and each of all things, is revealed to us as the struggle to express all things at once. Democracy is democracy for this very reason, and for no other: that all things may be expressed at once in it, and that all things may be given a chance to be expressed at once in it. Being a race of hero worshipers, the Greeks said the best, perhaps, that could be said in sculpture; but the marbles and bronzes of a democracy, having average men for subjects, and being done by average men, are average marbles and bronzes. We express what we have. We are in a transition stage. It is not without its significance, however, that we have perfected the plaster cast, — the establishment of democracy among statues, — and mobs of Greek gods mingling with the people can be seen almost any day in every considerable city of the world. The same principle is working itself out in our architecture. It is idle to contend against the principle. The way out is the way through. However eagerly we gaze at Parthenons on their ruined hills, if twenty-one-story blocks are in our souls, twenty-one-story blocks will be our masterpieces, whether we like it or not. They will be our masterpieces because they tell the truth about us; and while truth may not be beautiful, it is the thing that must be told first before beauty can begin. The beauty we are to have shall only be worked out from the

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truth we have. Living as we do in a new era, not to see that the twenty-one-story block is the expression of a new truth is to turn ourselves away from the one way that beauty can ever be found by men, whether in this era or in any other.

What is it that the twenty-one-story block is trying to say about us? The twenty-one-story block is the masterpiece of mass, of immensity, of numbers; with its 1425 windows and its 497 offices, and its crowds of lives piled upon lives, it is expressing the one supreme and characteristic thing that is taking place in the era in which we live. The city is the main fact that modern civilization stands for, and crowding is the logical architectural form of the city idea. The twenty-one-story block is the statue of a crowd. It stands for a spiritual fact, and it will never be beautiful until that fact is beautiful. The only way to make the twenty-one-story block beautiful (the crowd expressed by the crowd) is to make the crowd beautiful. The most artistic, the only artistic thing the world can do next is to make the crowd beautiful.

The typical city blocks, with their garrets in the lower stories of the sky, were not possible in the ancient world, because steel had not been invented; and the invention of steel, which is not the least of our triumphs in the mechanical arts, is in many ways the most characteristic. Steel is republican for stone. Putting whole quarries into a single girder, it makes room for crowds; and what is more significant than this, inasmuch as the steel pillar is an invention that makes it possible to put floors up first, and build the walls around the floors, instead of putting the walls up first, and supporting the floors upon the walls, as in the ancient world, it has come to pass that the modern world being the ancient world turned upside down, modern architecture is ancient architecture turned inside out, a symbol of many things. The ancient world was a wall of individuals, supporting floor after floor and stage after stage of society, from the lowest to the highest; and it is a typical fact in this modern democratic world that it grows from the inside, and that it supports itself from the inside. When the mass in the centre has been finished, an ornamental stone facing of great individuals will be built around it and supported by it, and the work will be considered done.

The modern spirit has much to boast of in its mechanical arts, and in its fine arts almost nothing at all, because the mechanical arts are studying what men are needing to-day, and the fine arts are studying what the Greeks needed three thousand years ago. To be a real classic is, first, to be a contemporary of one's own time; second, to be a contemporary of one's own time so deeply and widely as to be a contemporary of all time. The true Greek is a man who is doing with his own age what the Greeks did with theirs, — bringing all ages to bear upon it, interpreting it. As long as the fine arts miss the fundamental principle of this present age, — the crowd principle, — and the mechanical arts do not, the mechanical arts are bound to have their way with us. And it were vastly better that they should. Sincere and straightforward mechanical arts are not only more beautiful than affected fine ones, but they are more to the point; they are the one sure sign we have of where we are going to be beautiful next. It is impossible to love the fine arts in the year 1901 without studying the mechanical ones; without finding one's self looking for artistic material in the things that people are using, and that they are obliged to use. The determining law of a thing of beauty being, in the nature of things, what it is for, the very essence of the classic attitude in a utilitarian age is to make the beautiful follow the useful and inspire the useful with its spirit. The fine art of the next one thousand years shall be the transfiguring of the mechan-

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ical arts. The modern hotel, having been made necessary by great natural forces in modern life, and having been made possible by new mechanical arts, now puts itself forward as the next great opportunity of the fine arts. One of the characteristic achievements of the immediate future shall be the twentieth-century Parthenon, — a Parthenon not of the great and of the few and of the gods, but of the great many, where, through mighty corridors, day and night, democracy wanders and sleeps and chatters and is sad, and lives and dies, the streets rumbling below. The hotel, — the crowd fireside, — being more than any other one thing, perhaps, the thing that this civilization is about, the token of what it loves and of how it lives, is bound to be a masterpiece sooner or later that shall express democracy. The hotel rotunda, the parlor for multitudes, is bound to be made beautiful in ways we do not guess. Why should we guess? Multitudes have never wanted parlors before. The idea of a parlor has been to get out of a multitude. All the inevitable problems that come of having a whole city of families live in one house have yet to be solved by the fine arts as well as by the mechanical ones. We have barely begun. The time is bound to come when the radiator, the crowd's fireplace-in-a-pipe, shall be made beautiful; and when the electric light shall be taught the secret of the candle; and when the especial problem of modern life, of how to make two rooms as good as twelve, shall be mastered æsthetically as well as mathematically; and when even the piano-folding-bed-bookcase-toilet-stand-writing-desk — a crowd invention for living in a crowd — shall either take beauty to itself, or lead to beauty that serves the same end.

While for the time being it seems to be true that the fine arts are looking to the past, the mechanical arts are producing conditions in the future that will bring the fine arts to terms, whether they want to be brought to terms or not. The mechanical arts hold the situation in their hands. It is decreed that people who cannot begin by making the things they use beautiful shall be allowed no beauty in other things. We may wish that Parthenons and cathedrals were within our souls; but what the cathedral said of an age that had the cathedral mood, that had a cathedral civilization and thrones and popes in it, we are bound to say in some stupendous fashion of our own, — something which, when it is built at last, will be left worshiping upon the ground beneath the sky when we are dead, as a memorial that we too have lived. The great cathedrals, with the feet of the huddled and dreary poor upon their floors, and saints and heroes shining on their pillars, and priests behind the chancel with God to themselves, and the vast and vacant nave, symbol of the heaven glimmering above that few could reach, — it is not to these that we shall look to get ourselves said to the nations that are now unborn; rather, though it be strange to say it, we shall look to something like the ocean steamship — cathedral of this huge unresting modern world — under the wide heaven, on the infinite seas, with spars for towers and the empty nave reversed filled with human beings, souls, — the cathedral of crowds hurrying to crowds. There are hundreds of them throbbing and gleaming in the night, — this very moment, — lonely cities in the hollow of the stars, bringing together the nations of the earth.

When the spirit of a thing, the idea of it, the fact that it stands for, has found its way at last into the minds of artists, masterpieces shall come to us out of every great and living activity in our lives. Art shall tell the things these lives are about. When this fact is once realized in America as it was in Greece, the fine arts shall cover the other arts as the waters cover the sea. The Brooklyn Bridge, swinging its web for immortal souls across sky and sea, comes

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nearer to being a work of art than almost anything we possess to-day, because it tells the truth, because it is the material form of a spiritual idea, because it is a sublime and beautiful expression of New York in the way that the Acropolis was a sublime and beautiful expression of Athens. The Acropolis was beautiful because it was the abode of heroes, of great individuals; and the Brooklyn Bridge, because it expresses the bringing together of millions of men. It is the architecture of crowds, — this Brooklyn Bridge, — with winds and sunsets and the dark and the tides of souls upon it; it is the type and symbol of the kind of thing that our modern genius is bound to make beautiful and immortal before it dies. The very word "bridge" is the symbol of the future of art and of everything else, the bringing together of things that are apart, — democracy. The bridge, which makes land across the water, and the boat, which makes land on the water, and the cable, which makes land and water alike, — these are the physical forms of the spirit of modern life, the democracy of matter. But the spirit has countless forms. They are all new, and they are all waiting to be made beautiful. The dumb crowd waits in them. We have electricity, — the life current of the republican idea, — characteristically our foremost invention, because it takes all power that belongs to individual places and puts it on a wire and carries it to all places. We have the telephone, an invention which makes it possible for a man to live on a back street and be a next-door neighbor to boulevards; and we have the trolley, the modern reduction of the private carriage to its lowest terms, so that any man for five cents can have as much carriage power as Napoleon with all his chariots. We have the phonograph, an invention which gives a man a thousand voices; which sets him to singing a thousand songs at the same time to a thousand crowds; which makes it possible for the commonest man to hear the whisper of Bismarck or Gladstone, to unwind crowds of great men by the firelight of his own house. We have the elevator, an invention for making the many as well off as the few, an approximate arrangement for giving first floors to everybody, and putting all men on a level at the same price, — one more of a thousand instances of the extraordinary manner in which the mechanical arts have devoted themselves from first to last to the Constitution of the United States. While it cannot be said of many of these tools of existence that they are beautiful now, it is enough to affirm that when they are perfected they will be beautiful; and that if we cannot make beautiful the things that we need, we cannot expect to make beautiful the things that we merely want. When the beauty of these things is at last brought out, we shall have attained the most characteristic and original and expressive and beautiful art that is in our power. It will be unprecedented, because it will tell unprecedented truths. It was the mission of ancient art to express states of being and individuals, and it may be said to be in a general way the mission of our modern art to express the beautiful in endless change, the movement of masses, coming to its sublimity and immortality at last by revealing the beauty of the things that move and that have to do with motion, the bringing of all things and of all souls together on the earth.

The fulfillment of the word that has been written, "Your valleys shall be exalted, and your mountains shall be made low," is by no means a beautiful process. Democracy is the grading principle of the beautiful. The natural tendency the arts have had from the first to rise from the level of the world, to make themselves into Switzerlands in it, is finding itself confronted with the Constitution of the United States, — a Constitution which, whatever it may be said to mean in the years to come, has placed

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itself on record up to the present time, at least, as standing for the table-land.

The very least that can be granted to this Constitution is that it is so consummate a political document that it has made itself the creed of our theology, philosophy, and sociology; the principle of our commerce and industry; the law of production, education, and journalism; the method of our life; the controlling characteristic and the significant force in our literature; and the thing our religion and our arts are about.

II.

If it is true, as events now seem to point out, that whatever is accomplished in a crowd civilization — that is, a modern civilization — is being accomplished by the crowd for the crowd, we are brought face to face with what must soon be recognized as the great challenge of modern life. Nothing beautiful can be accomplished in a crowd civilization, by the crowd for the crowd, unless the crowd is beautiful. No man who is engaged in looking under the lives about him, who wishes to face the facts of these lives as they are lived to-day, will find himself able to avoid this last and most important fact in the history of the world, — the fact that, whatever it may mean, or whether it is for better or worse, the world has staked all that it is and has been, and all that it is capable of being, on the one supreme issue, "How can the crowd be made beautiful?"

The answer to this question involves two difficulties: (1.) A crowd cannot make itself beautiful. (2.) A crowd will not let any one else make it beautiful.

The men who have been on the whole the most eager democrats of history, — the real-idealists, that is, — the men who love the crowd and the beautiful too, and who can have no honest or human pleasure in either of them except as they are being drawn together, are obliged to admit that living in a democratic country, a country where politics and æsthetics can no longer be kept apart, is an ordeal that can only be faced a large part of the time with heavy hearts. We are obliged to admit that it is a country where paintings have little but the Constitution of the United States wrought into them; where sculpture is voted and paid for by the common people; where music is composed for majorities; where poetry is sung to a circulation; where literature itself is scaled to subscription lists; where all the creators of the True and the Beautiful and the Good may be seen almost any day, tramping the table-land of the average man, fed by the average man, allowed to live by the average man, plodding along with weary and dusty steps to the average man's forgetfulness. And indeed, it is no least trait of this same average man that he forgets, that he is forgotten, that all his slaves are forgotten; that the world remembers only those who have been his masters.

On the other hand, the literature of finding fault with the average man (which is what the larger part of our more ambitious literature really is) is not a kind of literature that can do anything to mend matters. The art of finding fault with the average man, with the fact that the world is made convenient for him, is inferior art because it is helpless art. The world is made convenient for the average man because it has to be, to get him to live in it; and if the world were not made convenient for him, the man of genius would find living with him a great deal more uncomfortable than he does. He would not even be allowed the comfort of saying how uncomfortable. The world belongs to the average man, and, excepting the stars and other things that are too big to belong to him, the moment the average man deserves anything better in it or more beautiful in it than he is getting, some man of genius rises by his side, in spite of him, and claims it for him. Then he slowly

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claims it for himself. The last thing to do, to make the world a good place for the average man, would be to make it a world with nothing but average men in it. If it is the ideal of democracy that there shall be a slow massive lifting, a grading up of all things at once; that whatever is highest in the True and the Beautiful, and whatever is lowest in it, shall be graded down and graded up to the middle height of human life, where the greatest numbers shall make their home and live upon it; if the ideal of democracy is table-land, — that is, mountains for everybody, — a few mountains must be kept on hand to make table-land out of.

Two solutions, then, of a crowd civilization — having the extraordinary men crowded out of it as a convenience to the average ones, and having the average men crowded out of it as a convenience to the extraordinary ones — are equally impracticable.

This brings us to the horns of our dilemma. If the crowd cannot be made beautiful by itself, and if the crowd will not allow itself to be made beautiful by any one else, the crowd can only be made beautiful by a man who lives so great a life in it that he can make a crowd beautiful whether it allows him to or not.

When this man is born to us and looks out on the conditions around him, he will find that to be born in a crowd civilization is to be born in a civilization, first, in which every man can do as he pleases; second, in which nobody does. Every man is given by the government absolute freedom; and when it has given him absolute freedom, the government says to him, "Now, if you can get enough other men, with their absolute freedom, to put their absolute freedom with your absolute freedom, you can use your absolute freedom in any way you want." Democracy, seeking to free a man from being a slave to one master, has simply increased the number of masters a man shall have. He is hemmed in with crowds of masters. He cannot see his master's huge amorphous face. He cannot go to his master and reason with him. He cannot even plead with him. You can cry your heart out to one of these modern ballot boxes. You have but one ballot. They will not count tears. The ultimate question in a crowd civilization becomes, not "What does a thing mean?" or "What is it worth?" but "How much is there of it?" "If thou art a great man," says Civilization, "get thou a crowd for thy greatness. Then come with thy crowd, and we will deal with thee. It shall be even as thou wilt." The pressure has become so great, as is obvious on every side, that men who are of small or ordinary calibre can only be more pressed by it. They are pressed smaller and smaller, — the more they are civilized, the smaller they are pressed; and we are being daily brought face to face with the fact that the one solution a crowd civilization can have for the evil of being a crowd civilization is the man in the crowd who can withstand the pressure of the crowd; that is to say, the one solution of a crowd civilization is the great-man solution, — a solution which is none the less true because by name, at least, it leaves most of us out, or because it is so familiar that we have forgotten it. The one method by which a crowd can be freed and can be made to realize itself is the great-man method, — the method of crucifying and worshiping great men, until by crucifying and worshiping great men enough, inch by inch and era by era, it is lifted to greatness itself.

Not very many years ago, certain great and good men, who at the cost of infinite pains were standing at the time on a safe and lofty rock, protected from the fury of their kind by the fury of the sea, contrived to say to the older nations of the earth, "All men are created equal." It is a thing to be borne in mind, that if these men, who declared that all men were created equal, had not been some

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several hundred per cent better men than the men they said they were created equal to, it would not have made any difference to us or to any one else whether they had said that all men were created equal or not, or whether the Republic had ever been started or not, in which every man, for hundreds of years, should look up to these men and worship them, as the kind of men that every man in America was free to try to equal. A civilization by numbers, a crowd civilization, if it had not been started by heroes, could never have been started at all; and on whether or not this civilization shall attempt to live by the crowd principle, without men in it who are living by the hero principle, depends the question whether this civilization, with all its crowds, shall stand or fall among the civilizations of the earth. The main difference between the heroes of Plymouth Rock, the heroes who proclaimed freedom in 1776, and the heroes who must contrive to proclaim freedom now is that tyranny now is crowding around the Rock, and climbing up on the Rock, seventy-five million strong, and that tyranny then was a half-idiot king three thousand miles away.

III.

Bearing in mind the extraordinary and almost impossible terms the crowd civilization makes with the Individual, the question arises, "If the crowd is to be made beautiful by the Individual, — by the great man in it, — what kind of a great man is it going to be necessary for a man to be, and what kind of a life shall he live?" Looking at the matter from the historical point of view, whatever else this man may be, *he will be an artist* (using the word in the heroic and more generous sense), *and he will live the life of the artist.*

A crowd can only be made beautiful by a man who defies it and delights in it at once. A crowd can only be defied by a man who has resources outside the crowd, and it cannot be delighted in or helped except by a man who has resources inside the crowd, who is identified with it. The man who masters the crowd enough to serve it can only do it by attacking it from the outside and the inside at the same time, by putting his inside and outside resources together. He must be a man who has the spirit of the artist, who is a sharer and spectator at once; living above the crowd enough to lift it, and living in the midst of the crowd enough to be loved by it, so that it will let him lift it. The man who lives in two worlds, — the world the crowd has, and the world it ought to have; who insists on keeping up a complete establishment in each of them; who moves from one to the other as his work demands, avoiding the disadvantages of both worlds, and claiming the advantages of both, is the only man who can be free and independent enough to accumulate the strength, the material, and the method — either in matter or in spirit — that world-lifting calls for. It is impossible for a man to become interested in world-lifting — to feel, as many men do, that it is the only exercise that has joy enough in it to be worth while — without coming to the conclusion very soon that the only way to move anything as large as a world is to get hold of another world to move it with, one that is at least one size larger than this one. The world that is one size larger than this one is the ideal world. By this is not meant the one our ditties are about (mainly remarkable for being one size smaller than this one), but the ideal world which is the to-morrow of this one, — of this one as it actually is, — the real-ideal world, unashamed of nature, based upon an apocalypse of facts. The men who most habitually demand the freedom of two worlds to do their living in are found to be, as a matter of fact, almost without exception in every generation, the artists of that generation. Artists may be defined as the men in

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all classes of society and in every walk of life who are preëminent for seeing things for themselves, and who are engaged in making over the things that they see for themselves into things that others can see. They may differ as regards the substances they are dealing with, and the spirit they are expressing in the substances, or they may differ in degree in their power of seeing what they see and embodying it, but they all have the same class of power in them, and they can differ only in their degree of power. When a man sees with such vividness that vision overflows from him on all the lives around him, and he lights all men up to themselves; when he sees so deeply and clearly that he has merely to say the thing that he sees, to make other men do it, he is an artist of the first degree of power, like Ralph Waldo Emerson or the upper Ruskin. The artist of the second degree sees the thing he sees clearly enough to do it himself, like William Morris or Thomas Edison, — two men who have lived their lives on the opposite sides of Wonder, both artists with it, as far around it as they could see, but who, like most artists of the second degree, are scarcely on speaking terms with each other.

Laying all matters of degree aside, however, the important fact remains, that whether it is a great commercial enterprise, a new-dreamed loom, or dynamo, or telephone, or water color, or symphony, any man who is a seer in matter and spirit is an artist; and all artists may be said to belong to the same class, — that is, the master class. They are all two-world men, engaged in making an ideal something in the world within them over into a real something in the world outside them. It is these men who have made the world, and the history of their lives is the history of the world. Nations that have not spelled themselves out in men like these are as if they had never been, to us. They have but rearranged Dust on the edge of the globe. They blow like an empty wind on it, and vanish. Nations do things. Ages are full of achievements. They pile and unpile, and die; but at last, in the great dim gallery of the years, the nation that has lived and struggled and died, and piled and unpiled, shall be but the sound of a Voice to us, or a bit of color, or a vision to light a world with, or a few beautiful words. It shall be what some artist did with it. It shall say in clay and spirit what he made it say; and if he cannot make it say anything, if it is a world that will not let him make it say anything, men shall not know that world. They shall not even know that it is silent. We are not making too large a claim for the artist. Men who are masters of the world two thousand years after they are dead were the real masters of it when they lived, whether any one knew it or not. And it is the men who are the most like these, the two-world men, the artists, who are the real masters of it now.

IV.

If the only way that our modern civilization can be made beautiful is to make the crowd beautiful; and if the crowd will not make itself beautiful, and will not let any one else make it beautiful; and if it can only be made beautiful by the great man in it delighting in it and defying it; and if the only way a man can be a great man in a crowd civilization is to be a two-world man, an artist, the next question that confronts us is, considering the trend of a crowd civilization, "What kind of an artist will he be?"

He will be a novelist. Whatever his art form may be called, and whether he literally writes novels or not, he will have the equipment, the spiritual habit, and the temperament of the great novelist.

The crowd can only be made beautiful in proportion as every man in the crowd is interpreted to every other man in the crowd. The reason that the crowd is not beautiful now is that interpreta-

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tion has not taken place. Every man in the crowd is spending his time in struggling against every other man instead of in understanding him. The more time such men spend in doing "practical things," — that is, in struggling against one another's lives to get a living, — the less they understand one another's lives. The man who is going to be able to make every man, living in his pigeonhole in the crowd, understand every other man will be a man who spends a great deal of time in understanding every man in the crowd; that is, in watching all of the crowd's pigeonholes instead of merely struggling inside one of them. The man who comes nearest to doing this is the artist. He will be a great artist, in conditions like these, in proportion as he is a novelist. The great artist of the modern age cannot help being a novelist. The novel is what the modern age is for. It tells what every man in it is for. The only artist who can either get or hold the attention of men who are living in a modern age is the artist who will tell these men what they are for, and who will tell them what other men are for. The artist who shall be able to put himself in the place of the most men shall be the greatest artist a modern age can produce, because he will be the most practical man in it, — the man who is most to the point in it. He may make his point by being a novelist who writes poems, as Browning did; or by being a novelist in oils, like Sargent or Millet; or a novelist with an orchestra, like Wagner; but in proportion as he is a powerful artist in this modern world he will be an interpreter of persons.

To say that the power to do this is a beautiful or graceful accomplishment, that it ought to be held in honor by a practical world, is not enough. The power of putting one's self in the place of other men is the most direct and practical and lasting force of human history. It is the primal energy of it. It is what the ages and nations are for. Every government that has lived has lived because it could put itself in the place of more men than the governments before it, and it has died because it could not put itself in the place of men enough.

A man's ability to put himself in the place of others is religion and economics, literature and art, theology, sociology, and politics, all in one. The typical man who has this ability is the artist, and the typical artist who has it is the novelist. This truth is so true that, like all reaching-under truths, it applies to all men. Every man in modern life may be said to be a force in it, a maker of the crowd beautiful, in proportion as he is his own novelist, goes up and down in it, living his life with the instincts of the novelist. The man we call great in history is a great or less great man according to the repertoire of the men he might have been, the different kinds of lives he might have lived. The preëminence of Shakespeare is that he might have been almost any one else, that he had a many-peopled typically modern mind. As far as he went, Shakespeare (like most men of genius) may be characterized as a pagan who had the abilities of Christ; and the one ability Christ had, that included all the others, was his ability to be all men in one, — the comprehensiveness of his temperament. His supreme doctrine was his ability, and it was his abilities rather than his doctrines that he sought to convey to others. The degree of a man's Christianity in any age may be exactly measured and counted off by the number of the kinds of men he can put himself in the place of. The Golden Rule was offered to the world as an ability, and not as a precept. This ability, by whatever theological name it is called, is the typical ability of the artist; and it is the one ability that can ever draw the crowd together, that can ever make the crowd beautiful. The man who spends his days in weaving light

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and energy into the inner essence of every life about him, whether he does it with his hands or with his lips, or by holding up a light to it (which men call art), fulfills the supreme office of history. His work, whatever its art form or life form may be, is at once the spirit and the fibre of progress and the method of it. Acts of the legislature, park grants, and eight-hour laws are but symptoms that the method is working, that men are seeing and living in one another's lives.

The crowd is not beautiful because the men who live in it are deceived by appearances. They cannot understand one another's lives as they would like to live them. So they do not let one another live them. The only men in the crowd who can be said to be doing any real living in it (so far as they go) are those whose lives are so small that the crowd can comprehend them, or so convenient that the crowd can use them without needing to comprehend them. Inasmuch as the majority even of the commonest people are hard to comprehend, the more people there are in a crowd, the fewer people there are living in it. It is this not being able to live which the average man calls life. He calls it life with a sad shake of the head; but the shake of the head is as far as he gets with it. Reduced to its last analysis, this not being able to live, called life, consists in being afraid to live. Being afraid to live, the man in the crowd says, is hard, but it is not so hard as living. The few men he knows in the crowd who really are living — who are living their own lives in it — are paying, so far as he has observed, a great deal more for their lives than their lives are worth. The crowd cuts itself off from them. As long as the crowd is deceived by appearances, persecutes men for living, and honors men for looking as if they were living, it cannot be free, and therefore it cannot be beautiful.

So it comes to pass that the solution of the crowd civilization is not going to be a mere great-man solution, — a museum of heroes on pedestals, as Carlyle would have it; nor is it going to be an endless row of pleasant and proper persons, as the average church would have it; nor is it going to be infinite soup kitchens, parks with benches and fountains in them, and acts of the legislature, as philanthropists would have it; nor is it going to be a kind of immeasurable man-machine, a huge, happy world windlass, hauling all men up to a prairie heaven of bliss, in a kind of colossal clattering belt of buckets, as the socialist would have it. The solution of the crowd civilization is going to be the man who shall have it in him to be a crowd-in-spirit. The man who is the crowd spirit, when the crowd finds out that he is its spirit, shall be the crowd's hero; and being the crowd's hero, like all heroes he shall draw it together. The character of Christ is not merely the greatest spectacle in history. It is the greatest energy in history because it is the greatest spectacle. History is made by seeing things so clearly that they cannot help being done; by conceiving a great human life so clearly that it has to be lived. When the spectacle of a human life with all men's lives in it is before the world, all lives draw together in it, — great ones and little ones, — as the flowers and seas and mountains troop to the sun. The man who understands everybody brings all men together. Their understanding him and wanting to understand him brings them together. They cannot understand him — all of him — except they are together. "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me," was not the assertion of a heroic egoism. It was the assertion of a world process, — the one process by which a world can be lifted, and by which every man can help in lifting it. The more religion and economics, literature and art, are looked in the face, the more we see that the difficulties in all of them are due to small individuals in all of them, —

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men who separate. No solution is, or has been, or can be lasting, in any one of them, except through producing comprehensive individuals, — men who bring together. It is the law of democracy that little men, being born in the world, must be served in it, and it is the gospel of democracy that they shall be served by great ones. When we have enough small democracies, enough great men who are democracies all by themselves, there will be a great democracy. Human society, swinging its thousands of years from ballot box to dynasty, and from dynasty to ballot box again, faces the true secret of government, namely, that the type of the ideal democrat is the true king, the man who represents everybody. In his own life he shall prove that the crowd can be beautiful, and the crowd shall look in his face and know that it can be beautiful. By looking in his face it shall become beautiful.

This civilization is a crowd civilization. The only beauty of art or life that such a civilization can produce must be produced by making the crowd beautiful. The crowd can only be made beautiful by the great man in it. A man can only be great in it by being a two-world man, an artist. He can only be a great artist by possessing and expressing the New Testament temperament, the temperament of the great novelist, making the crowd beautiful by being a crowd in himself. In its last analysis, the solution of the crowd is the most practical man in it; that is, the diviner, the interpreter of persons. He sees so much that he makes us all see. He is the lifter of the horizons in which we live our lives. He is the man whose seeing is so deep a seeing that it is a kind of colossal doing, — who goes about amongst us, world-making with his eyes. He gazes on each of us through the world's heart. He is the eye of a thousand years. It takes a thousand years for the world to make him; and when he is made, he makes the world for a thousand years. Men shall be born, troops of generations of them, and go through their days and die, that the visions of a man like this may be lived upon the platform of the earth. History is the long slow pantomime acted by all of us — now in sorrow, and now in joy — of the dreams of a man like this. We cannot escape him. He is universal. Only by being out of the universe can we escape him. The stars are his footlights. We are born in the cast of his dreams. He is the playwright over us all.

He shall master the crowd and make it beautiful by glorying in all of its lives. His soul shall go up and down in it, crying: "What a miracle is Man, that I should call him Brother, that I should commune with his spirit! The globe is his gate. The sea is flashed through with his thought. He warms himself with the hearts of mountains, and his hand is upon the poles of the earth, — four thousand headlights boring the night for him, the trail of their glimmering trains — hands of his hands, feet of his feet — flying and plying fate for him; while he lies in his bed and sleeps, dreams that he sleeps, dreams that he dreams, his will is on a thousand hills. Four thousand ships with their flocks of smoke, shut in with space by day, spirits of light by night, signal his soul on the roofs of skies beneath the boundaries of the earth."

When a man like this — the Maker of the Crowd-Beautiful — shall come to us, there will be No One to take him away. He shall haunt all life. To stand in the hurrying great highway shall be to be crowded and jostled by him. The ceaseless pouring of The Face of the Street — the long, hot, hissing wave of it — on our souls, its awful current of pain and joy, shall be as the sweep of his heart upon us, flowing over us, gliding on with us. . . . Whatever his singing may be, whether he prints it, or paints it, or builds it, the rhythm of the pave-

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ments shall be in it, and the footfall of the crowd. His soul shall be the boundless book of the street.

In the roar of the street, as in some vast transcendent shell on the shore of the Day and the Night, we shall hear the songs of ages and nations, and of Death and Life, and, across spaces we cannot go and years that are not, the low, far singing of God.

Gerald Stanley Lee.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

WHEN Jael Boltwood was carried into the Hôtel Dieu, the nuns cried out in amazement that one so old could have borne the hardships of the flight from Boston and the journey to Quebec.

They laid her in the softest bed in the big, bright room in which the sun shone all day long.

"C'est incroyable à son age!" said Mother St. Anthony of Padua.

"En voilà une qui est vaillante!" Mother St. Bernard exclaimed, as she busied herself about the bed, smoothing the pillows and adjusting the coverlet.

The New England woman did not understand. She made no attempt to thank them, for she could not speak their tongue. She offered no response to their kind looks, to their gentle pressures of the hand, to their efforts to make her feel, without the use of words, that she was among friends.

When they had done their best, she lay back upon the pillows, with folded hands and fixed eyes, as though awaiting death.

"It is enough," she breathed. "Now, O Lord, take away my life. Take it away. Take it away."

But when, a little later, the nuns had forced her to eat and drink, she was stronger. She suffered them to bathe her face and hands, and smooth her snow-white hair. They tried to comfort her with caresses and to soothe her with endearing words, but she paid no heed. She was beyond the reach of superficial solace.

When they left her alone, she looked about her. There were two empty beds besides her own. The walls were whitewashed, but not quite bare. A roughly carved crucifix was fastened over the empty fireplace, and in a conspicuous position hung the engraved portrait of a lady in court dress and flowing curls. It was inscribed with the legend, *Très haute et puissante dame, Marie de Vignerod, Duchesse d'Aiguillon*, and represented Cardinal Richelieu's niece, the foundress of the Hôtel Dieu. Apart from the picture and the crucifix, there was nothing in the room which was not of the simplest necessity. The floor was clean, but uncarpeted; the linen white, but coarse.

Jael Boltwood turned her eyes away from this appalling emptiness. Her bed was near a window; the window commanded the prospect of the meeting of the St. Lawrence with the St. Charles. The town in the foreground was little more than a stockade. The Indians squatting in the *place* before the hospital made the sick woman tremble. When a cassocked priest went by, she lifted her eyes with a shudder to the distant autumn-tinted hills.

She thought of her home in Sudbury Street, — the house which Philip had built after they had grown rich. She thought of its spacious, well-filled rooms in which she had taken so much pride; she thought of her Chippendale furniture, strong and slender, which Philip had bought in England; she thought of her

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service of Lowestoft, each piece bearing her initials in black and gold. She thought of her negro servants, her coach, her stores. People had called their house the Boltwood Mansion. She herself, since her three sons had taken wives, had been addressed as Madam Boltwood. Philip and she had held their heads high in Boston. They had begun poor, but had worked their way upwards. They had moved on the same level as the Faneuils, the Vassalls, the Royals, and the Lees. When the war began, Philip had been loyal to his friends and to the King. His three sons were in the Continental army, but he himself would not forsake the traditions in which he had lived for over ninety years.

The result had been flight. Their friends had told them to remain in Boston, for at their age they would be unmolested. Philip would not listen. He would not be spared through pity. He braved, provoked, and finally exasperated public opinion. When the moment came to flee, he had bidden his wife remain behind; her sons' influence would protect her. But it was her turn to be daring. After having lived with him for fifty years, she would not be parted from him now. She was as hale as he. She would die with him, if need were, on the road, but she would neither forsake him nor be forsaken.

Broken, penniless, and spent they had reached Quebec, just in time for Philip to die under the flag he had fought for. He had been buried that afternoon. The English governor had begged the Hospitalières of the Hôtel Dieu to take the heroic widow under their protection. She had neither assented nor refused. She had felt herself helpless, like a bit of a wreckage on the ocean. She was in a strange land, amid strange people, speaking a language she did not understand, and surrounding themselves with religious emblems of which she had always thought with horror.

"Surely the bitterness of death is past," she had moaned, as they took her husband's body away.

She had neither wept nor prayed. Her old eyes had no more tears; and the God of this wild land of cliffs and rushing waters, the God who was worshiped with beads and crosses, was not the God of the Old South Church in Boston.

But now that all was over, and she was lying on a bed, she began to think again. Hitherto she had had time for nothing but each moment's bitterness; now all would be leisure to the end.

"I said, I shall die in my nest," she murmured, half aloud, as in thought she traversed the rooms of the Boltwood Mansion one by one. "I said, I shall die in my nest. I shall multiply my days as the sand. And now my soul is poured out upon me; the days of affliction have taken hold upon me. My harp is turned to mourning, and my organ into the voice of them that weep."

She went back over her long life with Philip. She began with the days when she had first loved him; when she had planned and plotted and lied to make him love her in return. She recalled the triumph of their marriage, their removal to Boston, the coming of their children, and the long road by which they had climbed to wealth and honor.

"My God," she cried, "do not let me see him! I am going fast. My feet are on the river's brink. I feel its waters. Let me not cross where Philip is! Send me into some other world! Give me any other torture but that of my soul coming face to face with his! He has loved and honored me all these years, and now he knows the truth. Shut me out from his presence! Shut me out from Thine! Let me not see him, even with the impassable gulf between us!"

Yet, because she was human, she could not relinquish every hope.

When, toward evening, Mother St.

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Anthony of Padua came in again, the dying woman, with eager inquiry in her eyes, watched her moving about the room.

"Poor lady — dear lady," the nun murmured caressingly, as she rearranged the pillows. She was a brisk, motherly French Canadian, with dark eyes twinkling under the severe white wimple and long black veil. Her wide white robes made her look short and stout. Since the conquest of Canada, sixteen years before, she had picked up a few English words.

"Tell me," Jael Boltwood said suddenly, as the nun stood beside her bed. "In your religion they teach that sins can be forgiven by some one here on earth; that we can know it and have peace before we die. Is it true?"

But the nun only smiled and spread her hands apart with an apologetic gesture.

"Not understand," she stammered. "No English. But Mother St. Perpetua speak English. I go. I send."

But it was not until after the last night office that Mother St. Perpetua came.

Jael Boltwood, lying in sleepless despair, and gazing fixedly into the darkness which, by the light of the one candle burning beside the bed, became a haunted shadowland, suddenly saw the door opened, while a tall, slight figure, robed in white, with long, black, floating veil, came slowly in.

Mother St. Perpetua carried a candle in one hand, and in the other a cane, by the aid of which she walked. She stood erect, but as she came forward Madam Boltwood saw that she was very old.

"As old as I," she thought.

She saw, too, that the nun had a sort of aged beauty. The face framed in its white bands was delicate in feature, and the complexion of ethereal transparency.

The nun placed the candle on the table, and sat down beside the bed.

"The Reverend Mother," she began, "has allowed me to come and spend the night with you. She thought you might like to talk with me. I am the only one in the house who speaks English."

The voice stirred something in Madam Boltwood's memory. It was nothing that could be seized or understood. It was like the recollection of a dream, of which everything has passed but a vague emotion. The nun's accent, too, was that of New England. Its very sound seemed to call the exiled woman back from the desert of despair.

"You are very kind to come. But it will tire you."

"Mother St. Anthony of Padua will remain in the next room, in case we need anything. I am too old to run about. The Reverend Mother was only afraid you would be lonely."

"I thank her," said Madam Boltwood stiffly, "but we must go down into the valley of the shadow one by one."

"I too feel that; for I, like you, am going down. And yet 't is a comfort to feel the grasp of loving hands on earth, even to the moment when we see the angel's arms outstretched to carry us into paradise."

The nun's voice was low and soft. She spoke slowly, as if choosing her words. A slight French intonation was perceptible.

"I have almost forgotten my English," she continued after a pause, during which the sick woman seemed to have retired into her own thoughts. "I speak it so rarely; but more now than formerly, — now since our nation has taken possession of Quebec."

"Do you believe in the forgiveness of sins?"

The question came abruptly, as though the dying woman forced herself with an effort back into the world of men.

"Assuredly," the nun said tranquilly.

"Do you think God has mercy on us?"

"I know it."

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"How can you tell?" Jael Boltwood demanded almost fiercely. "You say so because your priests have told you. You do not know. I have never had any mercy."

"Oh, madame!"

"Never, I tell you. I have had everything else a woman could have, but it has always been mingled with gall. And now I am dying, and there is no hope. Till to-day I have kept some trust that the crooked might be made straight, but the last chance was buried this afternoon."

"I do not know your trouble, madame, but if you would pray" —

"Pray? I have prayed for sixty years. And for answer I am sent here to die."

"Who knows? That may be the best answer. God is love."

"I have tried to believe so. I believe it no more."

"Even your own religion teaches that. I know, for I have been a Protestant."

"Who are you? I seem to have seen you before."

Again the question came with fierce abruptness, but the nun was not disturbed.

"No, madame, I think not," she said, with a faint, sweet smile. "I have been many years in the convent. It is long since I left my native land. I was born in Deerfield."

"Ah!" The exclamation was prolonged. Jael Boltwood raised herself on her arm, and looked with eager scrutiny into the nun's pale, saintly face. "How came you here?"

"I was taken captive in a great massacre at that place, when I was a girl."

"And you exchanged your religion for your life? There were many who did so."

"No. That is what my friends at home would think, but it was not so."

"What then? Go on. Tell me. Begin at the beginning."

"The beginning was at dawn on a February morning, many years ago. My father and mother were dead, and I lived with my grandparents, having no other kin. There had been talk for some days of Indians being not far from the town, but the winter was so cold and the snow so deep that we thought they would not be able to attack us. But they came."

"Go on. Go on," Madam Boltwood whispered hoarsely.

"They came upon us stealthily, giving no sign until they were almost within our houses. When I awaked, a tall Indian was already at my door. Seeing that I was but a girl, he turned from me and entered the adjoining room, where my grandparents lay. By this time three or four more were stealing up the stair. I slipped from my bed, and, wrapping myself in a blanket, followed the Indian into the next room. My grandmother woke with a shriek. My grandfather seized the pistol from a shelf above the bed and fired. The Indian fell dead. But in an instant his companions were in the room, yelling and dancing. One of them seized me and threw me to the floor, and so I mercifully did not see the blow which killed my grandfather before he had time to rise. They dragged my grandmother from the bed and bound her. They bound me, too, and, carrying us like bundles down the stair, threw us into the snow. Then they fired the house, and only the heat from the flames kept us from perishing of cold."

Mother St. Perpetua spoke tranquilly, as though telling a dream rather than an actual experience.

"Yes, yes," Jael Boltwood said impatiently. "What then? What then?"

"As we lay in the snow, we could see fire and fighting everywhere in our village street. Many of the houses were in flames. Women and children who were still free ran shrieking from house to house. Some were caught, and, after

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being bound with thongs, were cast, like ourselves, into the snow, to await the captor's pleasure. Our men fought bravely, but all were overpowered, and many slain. Here and there we could see the dead bodies of our neighbors lying in the snow, the crust of which was everywhere trampled down and stained with blood."

The nun paused, and seemed for a moment lost in reflection.

"I was to have been married the next week," she began tranquilly, again, "though I was only seventeen. My lover had built a house next to that of my grandparents, so that I might be near them. It was new and unfurnished, and so burnt quickly. Him I saw not, and feared he was among the slain. My grandmother, as she lay in the snow, prayed aloud, and repeated texts of Scripture, comforting and supporting all who were within sound of her voice. Mr. Williams, the minister, also sustained the faith of many. As he passed us, on his way to Canada, — for he was among the first of the captives to begin the march, — he called out to us, 'God is our hope and strength, a very present help in trouble.' To which my grandmother replied in a ringing voice, quoting from the same psalm: 'The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah! Selah! Selah!' But," said the nun, with a sudden change of tone, "you are tired, madame. You would like to sleep."

"No, no. I shall have time to sleep hereafter. Do not stop. I must hear all."

"Then I shall put this candle out. We shall keep it in case we talk late. At our age sleep does not matter."

She rose as she spoke, and extinguished one of the two candles. Jael Boltwood fell back again upon her pillows, gazing into the darkness with fixed eyes, but listening intently.

"It was about ten by the clock," Mother St. Perpetua resumed, as she took her seat again, "when we set out for Canada. Most of the captives had already gone, but some few were left to follow after us. As we came near to the foot of our mountain, we saw my lover fastened hand and foot to a great oak tree, and guarded by two Macquas. His garments were torn, his head bare, and his face and hands streaming with blood. When he saw me he struggled to free himself, but in vain.

"'Have no fear!' he called out to me. 'Go on to Canada. I shall find means to meet you there and redeem you.'

"'When the Lord bringeth back the captivity of his people,' my grandmother cried to him, 'Jacob shall rejoice and Israel shall be glad.'

"'Tarry thou the Lord's leisure and be strong,' I whispered to him, as I went by.

"'Commit thy way unto the Lord,' he replied, 'and put thy trust in Him, and He shall bring it to pass.'

"'Now God Himself and our Father and our Lord Jesus Christ direct our way unto you!' called out Eunice Williams, the minister's wife, as she too passed my lover by.

"'Amen! Amen! Amen!' cried Mary Brooks, pressing onward in the rear of our party, carrying her two years' child.

"I could hear my lover's voice calling out encouraging words to us until we were beyond earshot. Our masters would not suffer us to look back, but the thought that my lover would come for me gave me heart. It sustained me through all the three weeks' march, when so many others of my sex fell by the way.

"The snow was very deep, and the surface, while crisp, was not strong enough to support us. We walked with difficulty, and the crust cut deeply into our ankles.

"In our party were four women, — my grandmother, Eunice Williams, Mary Brooks, and I. Eunice Williams had pleaded to have at least one of her living children with her, but the Indians

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would not suffer it. Two had been slain at their own door, and the others were scattered among the companies. Mary Brooks had kept her youngest in her arms, and one of our masters, after first attempting to snatch it from her, had allowed her to retain it. We were guarded by three Indians, of whom the youngest seemed to be a chief.

"At noon they suffered us to sit down and rest, and gave us to eat a little frozen meat with some black bread, taken from one of the houses.

"'T is Remembrance Stebbins's bread,' said Mary Brooks; and at the thought of our pleasant homes in ashes, and all our ties of friendship and family broken up forever, our first tears fell.

"'Strengthen ye the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees,' said my grandmother. 'Say to them of a fearful heart: Be strong, fear not. Behold your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense; He will come and save you.'

"In the afternoon we were much distressed because of the heavy burdens of every kind of household stuff which the Macquas had bound upon us. Mary Brooks, carrying one child and expecting another, was ready to faint by the way. Fearing to lose a woman captive, one of the older Indians seized the child, and, as we were passing above a rushing mountain stream, threw it into the waters far below. The mother would fain have sprung after it, but the savages held her back and forced us on.

"'Thus saith the Lord,' my grandmother cried to the stricken parent, 'Refrain thy voice from weeping and thine eyes from tears; for thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord, and they shall come again from the land of the enemy. And there is hope in thine end, saith the Lord, that thy children shall come again to their own border.'

"At nightfall we came up with some of the other companies; and though we were not permitted speech, the savages did not silence us when we raised our voices in a hymn. It was my grandmother who started it, and the tune was taken up from camp to camp.

'Jerusalem, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labors have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

'O happy harbor of the Saints,
O sweet and pleasant soil,
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

'Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
God grant I soon may see
Thy endless joys, and of the same
Partaker aye to be.'"

Mother St. Perpetua repeated the words softly, lifting her thin white hand in time to the measure. Then she paused, and, raising her eyes, seemed to be looking at something visible to her in the darkness.

"And then? What then?" Jael Boltwood broke in, as though impatient of the nun's gentle exaltation.

"Then," said Mother St. Perpetua, "then we slept. The savages had made us wigwams and beds of boughs. It was cold, but we huddled together, and notwithstanding all that we had seen since dawn we slept as if at home. The next day our masters provided us with snowshoes and Indian moccasins, so that those of us who could use them walked with greater ease. But my grandmother, being old, and weary with the journey of yesterday, began to lag behind. The savages struck her and forced her forward, but under her heavy burden she repeatedly staggered and fell. At last, late in the afternoon, having fallen, she could not rise. I tried to go back to her, but the savages would not suffer me.

"'I will lay me down in peace and take my rest, for it is Thou, Lord'—

"But I heard no more. The same Indian who had slain Mary Brooks' babe had run back to my grandmother and given her her freedom. Next day we lost Eunice Williams. She had grown

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feeble, and had missed her footing while crossing a rapid stream. As she drifted down the waters a savage struck at her with his hatchet, and she too found peace. Mary Brooks and I were thus left together; but she losing strength we overheard our masters deciding to take her life also. Then she boldly prayed them to let her see once more our good minister, Mr. Williams, and take farewell of him. This, to our surprise, they consented to, and so she received before her death the blessing of the holy man, and gave him the tidings of his wife's release.

"Thus I was left alone with my masters. Suddenly their behavior toward me changed. I was no more beaten nor forced to carry burdens. They treated me with kindness, and gave me the best of all they had. In due time I learned the reason of this unexpected favor. When we neared Sorel, instead of being led with the other captives into the French fort, I was taken to the encampment of the savages, some miles away. Here I was made to understand that I should not be held for ransom, but should be adopted into their tribe, and become one day the wife of the young chief who had brought me from Deerfield. I was cast down, but not in despair, for I knew that God would not forsake me. My lover's words, 'Have no fear,' were always ringing in my mind, and I was sure that he would come and rescue me. For two years I lived among the Indians. In all that was outward I was a Macqua woman, like one of their own. The French priests came from time to time, and gave me both counsel and comfort. Then it was that I began to feel kindly toward their religion. At first I had held it in horror, and when the Macquas bade me sign the cross or go to mass I allowed myself to be beaten rather than obey. But little by little the French priests taught me much that was good, and I began to thank them."

"It was for their own purposes. It was to ensnare your feeble soul," Madam Boltwood declared.

"No, I think not," the nun replied, speaking always in the same sweet voice. "One of them, Père Duplessis, saved me from becoming the young chief's wife, and at last helped me to escape. The Macquas had at that time moved their camp to Chambly. Having aided me, under cover of darkness, to slip away unseen, the priest conveyed me to Mount Royal. Thence I passed down the river to Quebec, disguised as an Ursuline nun. At Quebec the Intendant's wife received me kindly, and took me to her house. By this time the captives had all been redeemed, and had gone back by sea to New England. But one Isaac Allis, a young Deerfield man, was belated. By him I sent word to my lover that I was alive and would wait for him, bidding him come for me here at the Hôtel Dieu, where the nuns had consented to shelter me."

Jael Boltwood raised herself on her arm again, and peered into the aged face.

"Yes? Yes? Then? What then?"

"He never came," the nun said, with a sigh. "When ten years had gone by, I knew he would not come. Then I embraced the Catholic religion, the faith of those whom I had learned to love, and took the veil. My lover never came."

"Because I kept him, Marah Carter."

The dying woman dragged herself to the edge of the bed, and seized the nun by the arm. Mother St. Perpetua started, and became, if possible, whiter still.

"Marah Carter, Marah Carter," she murmured under her breath. "It used to be my name in Deerfield. I have not heard it for over sixty years."

"I was Jael Hurst!" Madam Boltwood cried. "I was Jael Hurst! You remember me?"

"Yes," said Mother St. Perpetua doubtfully, as if searching in her mem-

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ory, "I think so. I am not sure. Did you live at Green River?"

"At first; and then we moved to Deerfield. It was then I met your lover, Philip Boltwood!"

The nun rose, trembling.

"Sit down," the sick woman said imperiously, and the nun obeyed. "Yes, I met him, and I loved him. You did not know it, nor did he. I used to watch you together, and then go home to offer up tears and prayers that he might be mine."

"But" —

"No. Do not speak. My time is short. I must say it. I must lay bare my heart. When the time came for you to be married, I could endure no more. I begged my parents to take me to Boston, where we had kin. We had scarce arrived when we heard of the fate of Deerfield. After that I neither ate nor slept till I knew that Philip Boltwood was alive. He escaped from his captors, and reached Lancaster."

"Thank God!" the nun breathed fervently. "I never knew it."

"He was buried this afternoon. His funeral passed under these very walls."

"And I saw it by hazard in looking out. Ah, God! Ah, God!"

"Yes, cry to God! There may be peace for such as you."

"For all, madame."

"No, not for me. But let me go on. Let me speak. In time your lover went back to Deerfield. I too went back. We became friends, but he had no love for any one but you. The redeemed captives returned one by one, but brought no tidings of Marah Carter. All the other women of her party were known to be gone, and she was numbered with them. Philip Boltwood was a stricken man, but I learnt the art to comfort him. I talked of Marah Carter, praised her, mourned for her, wept at the sound of her name. Yet we were only friends. He did not give up hope that Marah Carter might be alive, and so worked and saved that he might go into Canada with money for her redemption."

"Ah, God! Ah, God!"

"Two years later I was again in Boston, visiting my kin. One day they told me that Isaac Allis, long given up for dead, had come back again. I hurried to his ship, for he was of a mind now to be a sailor.

"'Have you any tidings of Marah Carter?' was my first question.

"'Yes, she is alive, and waiting for Philip Boltwood in the nuns' hospital at Quebec.'

"'Then I will tell him so,' I said, 'for I go back soon to Deerfield.'

"'And I,' said he, 'intrust the task to you.'

"Isaac Allis sailed for the China seas, and I went home again. I swear that at first I had no intention to do evil. My heart was breaking, but I meant to let it break. It was not until I saw Philip Boltwood that the temptation came to me. He was right on the eve of going into Canada, and I could not let him go.

"'I have seen Isaac Allis,' I said to him. 'He had tidings for you.'

"'Speak, speak, in God's name!' he cried.

"'Marah Carter is dead. Your quest will be in vain.'"

Mother St. Perpetua sat with bowed head, her hands clasped in her lap. Tears rolled down her faded, waxlike cheeks. Then she took the cross hanging on her breast and pressed it to her lips. Beyond that she gave no sign.

"When I had spoken," Madam Boltwood continued feverishly, "I knew that Philip Boltwood's heart was slain. It never lived again. Long years afterwards we were married, but his love was always Marah Carter's. You were like an angel in his life, but like a haunting, torturing ghost in mine. We were happy together as lives go. I bore him three sons. We grew rich, and I made him a good wife. But the lie was

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always between us. I prayed that he might never know it; that no accident, no chance word, might uncover the foundation on which our married life was built. God was so far merciful that He granted that. When tidings came that Isaac Allis had been lost in the China seas, I felt as if the Divine Will itself were protecting me. And yet I suffered, — no one but God knows how. Sometimes it was remorse, sometimes it was dread. As I rose each morning I said, 'Perhaps he will know to-day;' as I laid me down each night 't was with the thought, 'Perhaps he will know to-morrow.' At last I came to have but one prayer: 'God, keep him from knowing in this life, and I will give him up in the next!' I was willing to buy for time at the price of eternity; and I bought, I paid, I received what I asked for. When his eyes closed, two days ago, I had had my request to the full. There was nothing left for me. Mine was a love with no future to it; for the future, the eternal future, must be yours."

Jael Boltwood fell back upon her pillows, and sank into deathlike silence.

Mother St. Perpetua continued to sit with bowed head and hands clasping the cross. Then she rose slowly and knelt down beside the bed. She took the dying woman in her arms.

"My sister, my dear sister," she murmured, "how you have suffered! But be comforted. God is love."

"It is not God I fear; 't is you."

"And I forgive you, fully, freely, as I have been forgiven. You thought to do me wrong, but God overruled it to the highest good. How wonderful He is in his doings toward the children of men! When earthly love was taken from me, He inspired me with his own. Do not pity me, Jael Hurst, Jael Boltwood, you who have been my lover's wife. I am the Bride of Christ. You do not know that happiness; you cannot guess it; you cannot fancy it. Better than all human love, however close, however dear, is that which wraps me round; which holds me nearer than I am holding you; which breathes upon me, smiles upon me, lifts me up and draws me to itself, filling me, thrilling me, with a joy surpassing words, transcending thought, excelling every earthly passion, and making all other joys seem dim. Oh, Jael, Jael! mine has been the better part. I thank and bless you. Much as I love Philip, I love my Bridegroom more. For I was made for Him."

"When you see Philip, will you tell him that?"

"'T is you shall tell him. You shall tell him first. You shall tell it him from me, from God, from all the records of God's fact and truth. Tell him that you were best fitted to be his wife; that I had other work to do."

"He will not believe me. He knows that I have lied."

"He is in the Land where all things are viewed in a clearer, juster light than that in which we see them here."

"'T is justice that I dread."

"And yet 't is perfect justice which makes perfect mercy possible."

"Light the other candle. It is growing dark. I want to see you plainly."

The nun rose and obeyed.

"Stoop nearer me. I cannot see you yet."

The nun bent down. The woman raised herself.

"Yes, you are Marah Carter. But this is not the face that has haunted me for fifty years. There is a light around you. What is it? Ah, I see, I see. It is the light of the love of God."

"It is round you too, my sister."

"Is it? Is it? Is it? Are you sure? Yes, something is shining. Put the candle out again. It is too bright. What is it? What is it? O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength! Sister, hold me, kiss me. I am going away. My spirit is breaking forth. Put both the candles out. The light is blinding

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me. Yes, Philip, I am coming, dear. I hear your voice, but call me once again. Philip, Philip, here is Marah Carter! She is coming home with me. She is clothed in fine linen, pure and white, for she is the Bride of the Lamb of God. Yes, Philip, my husband, Marah's lover, I am here. Ah, the dear, dear face! Ah, the mercy of God! See him, Marah! But who else is there? Who is that in the garment of light, with the eyes like fire, with the feet like brass, and girt with the golden girdle? Let me go. Let me go. Do not keep me. He is holding out His hands. I come. I come."

When, a few minutes later, Mother St. Anthony of Padua came into the room to renew the lights, Mother St. Perpetua still stood beside the bed.

"Our dear sister has gone home," she said. "Pray for her soul, and pray for mine, for I am going too. The hour has nearly come, and I am ready. I am going to my Lover, for whom I here renounce all other love I have ever cherished in my heart. I hear my Bridegroom's voice, like the sound of many waters. I see his Face, his Form, and lo, it is the Son of God!"

Mother St. Anthony of Padua caught the aged woman as she fell.

Basil King.

THE GREAT PREACHER.

IMMEDIATELY after the death of Phillips Brooks, Dr. Allen contributed to this magazine[1] a warm-hearted, discriminating appreciation of the great preacher. He wrote from the same sort of personal knowledge which other of his friends had, and, without attempting any historical study, held Dr. Brooks to have been throughout his life a man with a genius for preaching. "In Phillips Brooks," he said, "the inward preparation does not seem to correspond with the vast influence he exerted, and certainly the negative attitude of antagonism toward rejected beliefs was almost wholly wanting." Now, after three years' close study of the great volume of Dr. Brooks's printed and unprinted writings, and of the tributes, public and private, to his character and influence, he has written a generous memoir,[2] which is a revisal of his early judgment, and such a disclosure of the correspondence between inward preparation and outward influence as would be hard to parallel in the whole range of biographic literature. Dr. Allen intimates in his preface that he started out on his task with no theory respecting biography. The result is evident in the free handling of his great subject. Clearly he had no theory, but he had a consuming desire to get at the man himself, and, if possible, to reproduce in his volumes some image of a nature which towered head and shoulders above other men of like vocation in his generation. It was plain to Dr. Allen, as it must be to any one who stops to reflect, that a history of Phillips Brooks's career could be told with brevity. A preacher who confined his work almost wholly to preaching, who held but three rectorships in the thirty-three years of his ministry, who took almost no part in any organization outside of his parish, and scarcely any initiative there, whose vacations were spent in foreign travel, and whose recreation was in his friend-

[1] See the Atlantic Monthly for April, 1893.

[2] *Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks.* By ALEXANDER V. G. ALLEN, Professor in the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge. With Portraits and Illustrations. In two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1900.

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ships, — what was there in the outward details of such a life to demand and hold attention?

There was nothing dramatic in this preacher's life, except as one counts the scenes connected with his successive promotions in influence as dramatic; and yet what a triumphal progress that was when the young man who broke down at the outset of his career as a teacher, and was harried out of the schoolroom by boys, finally was borne in his dead majesty on the shoulders of manly students out of a great church which was a glorious monument to the affection his people bore him, through a weeping multitude, and across a college yard where a university stood hushed in solemn grief, while the whole city of his birth mourned over the untimely death! Surely a life sealed with such profound witness held something that could be told beyond the simple annals of a popular preacher, and Dr. Allen was right when he judged that a man built on so great a scale as was Phillips Brooks was to be measured and interpreted only as one applied himself to the discovery of the very secret of his being.

For this Life of Phillips Brooks is the history of a human soul, engaged in the greatest of affairs, and yet in its work unwittingly writing down the records by which its history may be read. The documents which were at the hand of the biographer were the sermons Brooks had preached, of which many had been printed; the abundant notebooks, which contained the jottings of the hour; a great many letters, comparatively of little value; and the contemporary records of the press, which preserved the impressions created by the preacher on many occasions. Added to this material were the numberless testimonies of men and women and children who had come within the sweep of his personal influence. Out of all this really vast mass of evidence Dr. Allen was to construct an image which we may justly regard as having the same relation to the spiritual life of Brooks, and as permanently so, as the statue by St. Gaudens may be expected to have to his physical presence, or Trinity Church to his constructive power as a great force in the society of his day. The Life never loses sight of its great purpose to show the correspondence between the inward preparation and the outward influence.

Dr. Allen very wisely looks carefully at the stock from which Brooks sprang, and especially does he reproduce, not in a single statement, but with a multitude of significant touches, the figures of his father and mother and the whole family group; for with all the breadth of his affection, indeed because of it, Phillips Brooks was a plant that struck its roots deep in the family life. Near the end of the book, when the shadows begin to fall, we are told that now Brooks spoke often of his mother. The phrase is an illuminating one. Mrs. Brooks had then been dead more than ten years, and when she died he had spoken little of her. She was too deeply set in the secret place of his life to be lightly spoken of; but when his own end drew near, he could not help discovering this holy presence, — the veil was being removed. The letters from Mrs. Brooks to her son which Dr. Allen prints show us a New England Monica; and one is tempted to ask again and again, Is such a life to be lost out of the world in the extinction of the New England type of evangelical religion? And if so, what have we to show that is worthy to take its place? It is not difficult to see in what a shrine Phillips Brooks set his mother, a shrine in the very heart of the household, — homely, close, and yet infinitely sacred. We are even fain to believe that in the very sanctity of her nature, her burning zeal for the truth of God as she perceived it, lay in part the difficulty of her son's approach to her, which finds its explanation in Dr. Allen's pages in the nature of the son himself.

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For early in the study of Phillips Brooks's character we come upon that profound reserve, that deep consciousness of the sacrosanct personality, which lay at the very foundation of his being. Here was a mother loving her son with a passionate fervor, and hungering for some confession from his lips of a consecration of his life to the God whom she worshiped with the whole might of her nature; and here was the son himself conscious of a great turning toward God, yet dumb in the presence of his anxious, trembling mother. Surely it was not only his deep reserve, but something also of awe before that saint, that sealed his lips.

The boyish portrait of the young collegian, the first in an admirable series of portraits scattered through the two volumes, comports well with the description which Dr. Allen gives of Brooks's youth; and in the narrative which recounts the experiment in teaching at the Latin School, when Brooks made so conspicuous a failure, we are able to trace something of the character lying behind the incident. The instinct for teaching which sent him back to his old school after he was graduated from Harvard was one which deepened into the consciousness of a great vocation. The defeat which he met at the threshold of his career was precisely of a nature to give him pause in the particular form of teaching he had essayed, and to throw him in on such an examination of his own nature as led him into a profounder apprehension of life. Dr. Allen, pursuing the wise course adopted for the whole work, has given copious extracts from Phillips Brooks's notebooks during the period which elapsed between the resignation of the ushership at the Latin School and his entrance on theological studies at Alexandria, but he has not indulged in much speculation over the process which was going on in the young man's mind. In consequence, though one reads these pages attentively he gains little specific knowledge of the workings of the young man's thought, but he brings away a strong sense of the reserve which was so fundamental a characteristic. Those lonely walks through Boston streets, those reflections on books and life committed to the notebooks, and the hunger after companionship which his letters disclose, — what are they all but half-hidden evidences of a struggle going on deep beneath the surface, a struggle in which the bitter sense of personal humiliation unquestionably stung his thought about himself into action? Now and then one sees a meek man who betrays by the telltale flush on his cheek that his meekness is not a negative quality, but a virtue won by hard battle with an imperious nature. It is not too much to say that the pride which accompanies so strong a sense of personal dignity as Phillips Brooks had by an endowment of nature was at this time resolutely subdued, and that the humility which throughout life was the crowning grace of this masterly man registered a victory which was won after the indignity he had suffered. This humility, which was Pauline in its nobility, lay behind that disposition he now felt to subject himself to further discipline under the teaching of the greatest of sciences, and the almost secret departure for Alexandria marked a temper which was at once docile and honest and yet profoundly self-centred.

It is a striking fact that not only did Phillips Brooks enter a school for the training of Christian ministers before he had apparently made up his mind to accept that calling, but before he had come forward for confirmation, or, to use the term which the evangelical school in which he was brought up would say, before he was converted. The independence of his nature could not better be affirmed, nor the sincerity of his purpose. With scarcely a word to those most concerned he put himself to the test, and he put also to the test the

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claims of the church upon him for service. The strength of his convictions which made him so powerful a pleader for righteousness was due, in the first instance, to his determination to stand on no false bottom of merely hereditary faith or conventional view of the ministry.

The life at Alexandria, which occupies a large space in Dr. Allen's record, was in part a prolongation of the lonely walks in Boston when he had been thrown in his early wrestling match. To one who looks eagerly for the hand of the potter shaping each vessel to honor or dishonor, nothing could seem more fit than the secluded life that Phillips Brooks now led, with little in the way of collegiate instruction to distract him, with a companionship easily limited in intimacy to a very few who remained lifelong friends, but with leisure for great books and the meditation on great themes. It is a commonplace that great men have had this sort of withdrawal into the wilderness, and certainly there is no seminary of intellectual eminence which does not seem to include in its academic buildings a hermitage. Here, as one reads on and on in the notebooks which contain the confidences of Phillips Brooks, one sees the gradual unfolding of a rare soul. What splendor of imagination is revealed, what glowing spirit of discovery in the great realms of human feeling, new, undiscovered territory to every son of man, yet so rarely traversed, since most are content with their own little plots of earth! To read these passages alone, one might easily fancy that here a poet was making; and it is no surprise to find the young theological student taking verse naturally and simply as his vehicle of expression, packing criticism into a sonnet, and singing his way among the mysteries.

Dr. Allen has called attention to the predominance of intellectualism in his early sermons, and to the play even of fancy, but he has also reminded us of the fervor and the strong human sympathy which from the first marked his preaching. What most impresses the reader, as he follows Phillips Brooks through his ministry in Philadelphia, is the manner in which he threw himself into the national cause of the war for the Union, and then and later into the education of the blacks. The war came at a time when the young preacher was coming into conscious possession of his power, and furnished him at once with a field for large endeavor. He proved himself to be of the order of prophets; and as we are most concerned with the development of the man, we have a right to say that the cause of union and freedom both amplified his thought and prepared the way for that still higher consecration of his powers which came when he concentrated, as he did later, all his energies in the work of declaring a gospel commensurate with the needs and aspirations of humanity. In those days Phillips Brooks was a great civilian. His conception of nationality was a religious conception, and the attitude which he took toward the war was one which presaged his attitude toward life, when this dramatic occasion passed. He had a profound respect for the individual soul; but his vision was always of a large humanity penetrated with the divine influence, and his preaching grew steadily in the direction of the interpretation of this truth.

For, though one may not seek to mark the boundaries of life in such a nature, it is clear, from the evidence given in these volumes, that when Phillips Brooks transferred the scene of his endeavor from Philadelphia to Boston, there was something more than a mere change of residence or expansion of influence. No great development comes in a man's expression which does not spring from some inner experience, however that experience may be concealed from view; and in a marked degree, this man, so reticent in his speech regarding himself,

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so little given to personal disclosure, from this time forward became the most personal of preachers. One hesitates about seeming too intimate with this reserved man, yet it almost appears that as, at the time of his disappointment over his trial of teaching in Boston, he had gone down to the depths of his nature, and come forth as a strong man armed for the calling of his life, so now he had touched some deep experience in life which thenceforth made him surrender himself, and not merely his gifts, to the noble work of preaching. This man, who could be dumb before the passionate longing of his mother for a response, even while he was quite ready to meet her most darling wish, could now stand before an audience and empty his heart and soul to them.

In nothing has Dr. Allen shown greater insight as a biographer than in the interpretation which he has put upon the abundant material he possessed in Phillips Brooks's sermons, whether printed or unprinted. The letters which Brooks wrote are very expressive of a certain side of his nature, that sunny side which made so large a part of his greatness, but they rarely are more than superficial disclosures of his temperament. In his case, as in so many others, life must be read in the man's performance of his chosen work; and when one has such ample witness to work as may be found in these innumerable sermons, one feels instinctively that there he must look for the man. Dr. Allen, at any rate, had this instinct. He looked for Brooks in his sermons, and there he has found him. Never was there a more complete fulfillment of the mystic words of Christ: "What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light: and what ye hear in the ear, that preach ye upon the housetops." It is not merely that the great truths which were luminous in these sermons had been nourished in the secret places of life, but the still voice which had whispered in his ear, and had come from the very depth of his personal experience, was now at once translated by him into a public message. Again and again does Dr. Allen draw forth from this rich treasury sentences which, if deftly put together, would be a very mosaic of the man's inner portrait. The great cardinal truths were there, especially the comprehensive one of the Incarnation; but the terms in which they were presented were often autobiographic, though veiled in an impersonal speech.

From this time forward one must increasingly think of Phillips Brooks as a great preacher; and here comes into view a homely consideration, almost startling in the impression which it makes on the reader's mind. If there was any one feature in Brooks's impassioned discourse which had universal acceptance, it was his spontaneity, so that one always regarded him as possessing in his nature a wonderful living spring which flowed as if inexhaustible. At the very last of his life he was at a New England dinner in New York. "A gentleman who sat beside him complained that he could not enjoy the dinner because of the speech he had to make. 'That,' said Phillips Brooks, 'is also my trouble.' 'Why,' said the gentleman, 'I did not suppose you ever gave a thought to any speech you had to make.' 'And is that your impression of the way in which I have done all my work?' 'It is,' said the gentleman; 'I have thought it was all spontaneous, costing you no effort of preparation.'" Now, the evidence which Dr. Allen brings from the preacher's multitudinous notebooks and memoranda is cumulative to the effect that the most apparently unpremeditated discourse was patiently prepared. The glimpses we get into the workshop of this man of genius show him to the very last making the most careful preparation for every discourse, however simple. The views we get of him in the delivery also show

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him very often apparently brushing aside manuscripts and notes, and letting his impetuous speech carry him beyond the bounds of his preparation. But the fact that is most important is the respect in which he held his audience and his work, so that he never slighted his workmanship. His rapid utterance made a stenographic report exceedingly difficult, and it was in part the risk he ran of being misquoted that led him imperatively to refuse a sanction of publication following upon such reports; but beside this it may justly be inferred that, knowing the actual discourse to be a genuine work of art, he would not have a mangled substitute presented.

Alike the scrupulous care in preparation and the freedom afterward, knowing that he could trust his spontaneity since it had been so brought under the control of a disciplined judgment, testified to the nobility of his conception of the preacher's vocation. We are sometimes in danger of suspecting the art of an orator, to hold it as something inferior to the wayward impulse of the improvisatore, and to regard what looks like an unpremeditated burst of eloquence as a bit of nature, and thus above the work of the artist, and subject only to some law superior to the ordinary laws of art. But here was an example of freedom gained by perfect obedience, and the example is of the utmost value. If ever a man had a genius for pulpit oratory, it was Phillips Brooks, and yet this memoir bears indisputable evidence of the toil with which he wrought at his sermons. The explanation is to be found in two causes. There was in him the consciousness of an artist. One can see this in such insignificant matters as the character of his handwriting and the finish of his ordinary expression as in familiar letters. He was not merely a man of taste, exquisitely modulated for the appreciation of all forms of art, if music be excepted, — a not uncommon exception, — but he had the constructive gift, and his first efforts in youth made it easy to predict for him a literary career. But there was in him emphatically that which now and then lifts an artist into the region of inspiration, namely, a possession. And here, again, it will not do to look upon him as some half-conscious instrument, to be played upon by spiritual forces; he had, by the struggles to which we have referred, and by a long process of training, wrought of himself a mighty engine for doing a piece of work in which the emotional nature and the intellectual energy both bore a part. Filled he was in all his being by this breath of the divine will; but the largeness of soul which could be so filled was not a mere gift, — it was a great development. As the reader moves through these absorbing pages, he becomes aware of a concentration at last of the preacher upon the great message of reconciliation, of harmony, which it is his to deliver. That picture drawn of the eloquent preacher in the darkening church, with the light thrown only upon his rapt face as he makes his passionate appeal, may stand for an image of the life; for it would seem that, though his horizon was constantly widening and his opportunities increasing, he was forever, by the force of his determination and the impulse of a mighty purpose, narrowing the activities of life to this one function of preaching. Books came, but they were his sermons put into type; and when he spoke on occasions commonly regarded as secular, he was swiftly drawn by the controlling purpose of his life into some radiant transfiguration of the occasion, so that his hearers could not fail to be swept into that circle within which he was moving.

It is especially to be noted that while the first impression of a hearer was likely to be of light and heat in the glow of the preacher's discourse, he was soon made aware that he was not being magnetized by a man of overpowering emotional nature, but that he was listening

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to one whose mind was very far from losing itself in vague generalities. It was a part of Phillips Brooks's work as a preacher to transfuse thought and emotion, to attack the whole man, because it was the whole man that was on fire with great ideas. Dr. Allen has touched upon Dr. Brooks's theology from point to point, and in one masterly chapter has passed the whole subject in review; and ample evidence is given that here was a man not merely gifted with poetic insight, but having a high order of ratiocination. So overpowering was the eloquence of the man that it was easy to suspect he could not be a deep thinker. It ought not to be so easy now, in the face of these memoirs.

It was in happy accord with the character of this great preacher that he should have been a great traveler. By this we mean that, though he only once went round the globe, he made repeated visits to Europe, and was at home in many cities and countries. It was a pity, we think, that he could not have known more of America by travel, both that many more might have known him, and that he might have come by personal contact to have conceived more perfectly the range and variety of American life; but the conditions were unfavorable. His travels were vacation travels, and the rest of the ocean and the freedom from responsibilities in his office were essential parts of such a break in his life. Moreover, he was eager to apprehend the great movements of history, and these were brought more vividly to his notice by the monuments of history that make Europe a crowded museum, and by his association with men and women, especially in England, who were active instruments in current religious and social development.

Our purpose has been simply to intimate how thoroughly Dr. Allen has performed the very delicate task of showing the growth of a noble nature, and we have scarcely hinted at the admirable manner in which he has set Brooks before us in the habit as he lived. But of the warm nature of the man, his humor, his genius for friendship, his versatility, the memoir gives delightful illustration. A loving hand has traced the outline of a very human life, and the honesty, the uncompromising truthfulness, of the subject has entered into the disposition of the biographer. It is proverbially difficult for a biographer to exclude himself from his work, and Dr. Allen is here; but he is here as Phillips Brooks's friend, with a wise sympathy and with a beautiful charity; for he has treated those incidents in Bishop Brooks's life like the ordeal through which he passed when called to the episcopate with a dignified reserve which leaves nothing to be desired. No one will find in these volumes any arsenal of controversial weapons.

It is for this reason in particular, and for the reason in general that we have here presented the figure of an inspiring man, that we welcome this Life and Letters as not only a very notable contribution to the small class of really worthy American biographies, but as the prolongation of one of the finest influences that have been moulding American character, especially in the field of spiritual development. Many busy men and women will doubtless look with dismay upon so considerable an undertaking as the reading of some sixteen hundred pages upon the life of one man, but great lives demand great books, and the wealth and variety of the material compelled this profuse illustration. And there is, moreover, one very important class in the community to whom this memoir will be simply invaluable: for a generation to come, those who are qualifying themselves for the Christian ministry, of whatever name, must read this book. It is indispensable to them, for nowhere else can they find so rich a portrayal of that character which all instinctively feel to be the one hope of the Christian ministry, — the character of utter devotion, of sure-footed

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theology, of the consecration of great powers in the noblest of professions. The exceptional endowments of Phillips Brooks will always give him an elevation which will inspire young students and forbid them to emulate him, but his large-hearted humanity will affect them with a noble zeal to warm themselves at the same fires which made him to glow.

It is most fortunate that so rich a life should have been written by a man who has the writer's art. Dr. Allen disavows any theory as to how biography should be written. If any one thinks he has mistaken the annalist's function for that of the biographer, merely because he has required great space, let him read the consummate sketch of Phillips Brooks's brother Arthur in the preface to this Life, and he will see that Dr. Allen is not only a great portrait painter, but can produce an exquisite miniature.

A CENTURY OF AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.[1]

THIS is an eminently readable sketch of our diplomatic history, written by a gentleman who was himself for a time at the head of our Department of State. It is the outcome of a course of lectures given to a college class. A considerable part of the text consists of apt quotations from men who, early or later, played leading parts in conducting our foreign relations, or in moulding public opinion on questions of foreign policy. The whole gives an impression of careful use of first-hand sources, and a laudable desire to present the leading facts of the story in a clear and effective manner. Some of his quotations are perhaps a trifle below the dignity of his subject, and others have little beyond personal bitterness to commend them. Again, the wisdom of reviving, in a work of this kind, the details of the petty and sometimes squalid wrangling between the early agents of the country may well be doubted. If it was wise to do it at all, Mr. Foster has done it in a very striking and impartial way.

Historians of diplomacy may take widely differing views of their precise function. If a man undertakes it, as for example Mr. Trescott did, with the feeling that he frankly holds a brief for his own country's case, the product may be excellent in its way; it may be the truth, but is very sure not to be the whole truth. On the other hand, the writer may set himself the task of describing impartially the various questions and troubles that have arisen between his own and other governments. The man who would perform this task must have the rare gift of a really judicial mind; for the bias of patriotism will be continually at work. Diplomatic history, in this highest sense, is the most difficult kind of history to write. It is as if a Republican or a Democrat were called upon to write a true history of American parties. What would seem true history to the one would not seem so to the other.

As to this supreme quality of judicial fairness I think Mr. Foster's book leaves a somewhat mixed impression. He seems to have been conscious of strong feelings, and to have wished to be fair to other countries in spite of them. The result is at times a little puzzling to the reader.

[1] *A Century of American Diplomacy.* Being a Brief Review of the Foreign Relations of the United States, 1776–1876. By JOHN W. FOSTER. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1900.

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Great Britain is of course the country with which we have had, and are likely always to have, the most numerous and important diplomatic dealings. It happens that this quality of Mr. Foster's mind is most conspicuously shown in his treatment of our relations with England. His history of these relations strikes me as, on the whole, extremely good; occasionally (for example, p. 249) he chides us for undue hardness toward England; but there are omissions of facts important for the English case, and there are occasional outbursts that seem hardly in keeping with the context. For example, he devotes a long paragraph to the burning of the public buildings at Washington in 1814; but he makes no mention of the previous burnings by American troops in Canada for which the destruction of the Capitol was declared to be reprisal. He remarks, in a casual way (p. 62), that "it is well known that the British were in the habit both of making false translations or decipherings and of forging documents;" but he gives no example, and cites no authority for these extraordinary charges. He goes out of his way to remark that England's course in relation to the South American republics was "wholly influenced by a desire to enlarge its trade, and by its jealousy of France," — an imputation of motives uncalled for and unseemly. He is a little overfond of phrases such as the "arrogant and selfish conduct" of the British. These are blemishes which detract from the value of his book. The historian must condemn bad conduct; but it is no part of his business to call bad names or to impute mean motives.

Mr. Foster associates himself unreservedly with the most advanced version of the Monroe Doctrine. He leaves no doubt as to his own thorough "Americanism." Every expansion of the Monroe Doctrine meets his approval. He is strong in condemnation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, as a sad lapse from that doctrine: he calls it "the most serious mistake in our diplomatic history." He quotes, with seeming approval, Secretary Frelinghuysen's contention that it "is voidable at the option of the United States because of its violation by Great Britain." He gives no hint of Great Britain's defense against the charge of violating that treaty, nor any mention of the fact that she eventually agreed to act on our interpretation of it, and made arrangements which our government declared to be "entirely satisfactory." If the space he devotes to quotations denouncing the treaty had been given to a simple narration of the facts connected with it, he would have done his readers a more useful service.

With his account of the "most recent assertion of the Monroe Doctrine" — that made by President Cleveland in the Venezuela boundary question — more serious fault must be found. He makes the assertion that the British government "had from time to time enlarged its claims, and was steadily encroaching upon territory claimed by Venezuela, and over which that government had exercised jurisdiction." These statements I believe to be demonstrably untrue. The charge, made by Venezuelans, of enlarging claims is based upon a mere juggling with the facts. The British claim, from beginning to end, was that possession of the lower course of the Essequibo River carried with it a right to the interior basin drained by that river; and that, by early occupation of the coast up to the mouth of the Orinoco, their predecessors, the Dutch, had won a title to the coast region. No enlargement of that claim was made at any stage. The only thing that can be said with truth is that certain offers of compromise, which were rejected by Venezuela, were withdrawn, and that the later offers were less favorable to her. The fact that the arbitrators unanimously awarded to the British colony several thousand square miles more than

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the British proposed as a settlement, as late as 1886, ought to have opened Mr. Foster's eyes as to the real merits of this famous controversy. Further, his account of the arbitration treaty needs revision. He states that, as a result of our intervention, it was "finally agreed that the whole territory in dispute should be submitted to arbitration." Now, Venezuela had persistently claimed up to the river Essequibo, including territory that had been actually occupied by settlers, under Dutch and later English rule, for over two hundred years. No government could consent to arbitrate such a claim as that. Lord Salisbury refused to do it, as his predecessors had done. Contrary to Mr. Foster's assertion, the whole territory in dispute was not submitted to arbitration; it was agreed in the treaty that title to territory actually occupied by either party for fifty years or upwards should not be drawn in question. The final award, which assigned to British Guiana the whole coast up to the mouth of the Orinoco, carried the boundary a hundred and thirty miles farther to the west than Lord Aberdeen offered to set it in 1844; and in the interior it gave the colony not only the whole of the territory which England refused to arbitrate, but also nearly the whole of what Lord Rosebery's offer of 1886 would have submitted to arbitration. In view of the whole story, Mr. Foster's suggestion of British arrogance and grasping selfishness in connection with this matter would seem to be singularly misplaced. If defense of the latest form of Monroe's legacy requires this sort of argument, more 's the pity.

In spite of some defects, the book is certain to be very useful. It is a decided advance, in my humble opinion, on earlier efforts in the same line. The publishers deserve a word of recognition for the excellence of their share in the work. Type, proofreading, and general appearance are all that could be desired.

S. M. Macvane.

TWO BOOKS ABOUT ITALY.

Of making many books about Italy there will never be an end, so long as men are captivated by beauty and curious concerning the past. The siren country whom age cannot wither still smiles her enslaving smile and weaves her irresistible spell, as she has been doing since the dawn of authentic history; and every new convert to her mysterious cult believes his ecstatic experience to be quite solitary, and cannot rest until he has at least tried to tell the world what Italy has "done for his soul."

The prevailing fashion, of late, has been for impressionist books about Italy. Paul Bourget frankly gave the world for just what they were worth his Impressions d'Italie; and we have had the pictured page and finespun theories of Vernon Lee, the pleasant reveries of the gentleman who assumes the curiously polyglot style of the Chevalier di Pensieri-Vani, and the lime-lighted visions of Maurice Hewlett. Even Symonds, the historian of the Renaissance, always abandoned himself as to a kind of intoxication, forgot the critic and lapsed into the dreamer's mood, when he wrote of the external aspects of Italy; and he has been followed by the daughter who was the constant companion of his travels and studies, in her charming little monograph on Perugia.

Mr. Marion Crawford's books about the country where he was born and bred are of a different and somewhat more

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solid order. He writes neither for the epicure in emotions, nor for that remote and joyless being the scientific investigator, but for the vast and ever increasing company of the demi-learned. In his Ave Roma he attempted, with considerable success, the very difficult task of combining into a consistent and shapely whole the crowding and overlapping histories which even he who runs after a personal conductor may partly read in the huddled remains of the regal, the republican, the imperial and papal capitals. Now he has turned aside into a neighboring field, less extensive than the other and very much less trodden, and in two handsome volumes, entitled The Rulers of the South,[1] he has taken a comprehensive survey of the history of that fairest of terrestrial regions, which was long known to European history as the kingdom of the two Sicilies.

The romantic story of the Trinacrian island and the southernmost Italian mainland, from which it is divided at Messina by so narrow a frith, falls naturally into epochs which are distinctly marked in Mr. Crawford's flowing narrative. A millennium — roughly speaking — of Greek colonization and culture, another of Roman, Byzantine, and barbarian rule, two hundred years to the Saracen, and as many more to the descendants of the chivalrous Norman adventurer, Tancred of Hauteville, bring us down to the end of the thirteenth century A. D., and the memorable hour of the Sicilian vespers. The insulted sons of the soil rose as if by a common impulse on that soft spring evening in 1282, and furiously expelled the Frenchman from their coasts; but only to receive, before the end of the same year, a Spanish king who had married a Norman wife, and to remain, except for a few unimportant intervals, until the middle of the nineteenth century, subject to Spain and the Spanish Bourbons.

[1] *The Rulers of the South: Sicily, Calabria, and Malta.* By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1900.

Mr. Crawford's treatment of his theme is, above everything, picturesque. He never misses a thrilling situation, or fails to set an heroic figure in a brilliant and becoming light. He calls, in sonorous tones, the almost unending roll of widely famous names which are intimately associated with the fortunes of the island and mainland: Pythagoras and the Hieros, Æschylus and Euripides, Timoleon and Theocritus, Cicero and the two foremost Cæsars, Alaric the Goth and Gregory the Great, and the fanatical captains of the Mohammedan hosts, Tancred, and the crusading kings, and the greatest of the Holy Roman Emperors. He shows us a dazzling succession of dissolving views, all mounted in the most effective manner: the first great Hamilcar sacrificing human victims for the success of the Carthaginian arms all day in the sight of two hosts, until the battle was lost at nightfall, and he flung himself upon the flames; Vettius in his Campanian villa listening to the pleadings of his beautiful Greek handmaid, and finally heading an insurrection of the oppressed Greeks in southern Italy against the iron rule of his own countrymen; Cicero dancing with true antiquarian glee, when he found the tomb of Archimedes, long overgrown by brambles; Richard Cœur de Lion doing public penance, before he departed on his ill-starred crusade, for the crimes he had committed on his disorderly passage through Sicily; Constance of Hauteville, the empress of Henry VI., bringing forth the son who was to be Frederick II. under a pavilion in the Cathedral of Palermo, that no one might question the child's parentage on the score of her own mature age; brave young Conradin kissing the severed head of his boyish companion-in-arms, the Duke of Asturia, before he laid his own bright curls upon the block at the bidding of the infamous Charles II. of Anjou.

But though Mr. Crawford writes history like a novelist, primarily for dra-

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matic effect, he never willingly sacrifices to effect the truth as he sees it. He goes regularly to original and contemporary sources of information, where such are available, and he has so steeped himself in the ancient chronicles, from which he professed almost to have compiled his book about Rome, that his own style has become affected, not to say infected, by their garrulity; and he gives us more than enough, at times, of that artificially simplified and condescending kind of relation which is supposed to be especially adapted to the nursery and the girls' boarding school: "He set sail, therefore, with a good heart and dreaming of great spoil. But immediately a great storm arose," etc.

Mr. Crawford is, however, equally master of a very much more virile manner than this, and he can discuss a perplexed historical question, if he will, with independence, impartiality, and keen discrimination. His analysis of the methods and machinery of Roman government in Sicily is very able; and his reflections upon colonial rule generally, as illustrated by the dealings of Rome with her dependencies and the policy of Great Britain in India, are striking and full of timely suggestion for ourselves. His account of the origin of the Pope's temporal power may also be noted as lucid and fair-minded, as well as admirably succinct. Very ingenious and original, too, is the comparison he draws between the influence of Greek and of Roman tradition over the modern mind. He says, and I think truly, that the Roman memories hold the majority of men with a more human and lasting grip through the influence of that inbred Romanticism which betrays its lineage by its name, and is utterly alien to the glad detachment of the genuine Greek spirit. Mr. Crawford's own clever epigram — "The poetic sense is the fourth dimension of the historic understanding" — might undoubtedly stand as an appropriate motto for the greater part of his work. He seldom cites an authority, or consents to deface his fair page with a footnote. But his book is thoroughly indexed, beside having a full and very helpful chronological table at the end of each volume; and he is rarely so forgetful, or so careless, of the results of recent discovery as in the passage on the poets most identified with Sicily, where he says that "nothing has come down to us" of the work of Bacchylides.

Mr. Crawford labors under the disadvantage, common to all who attempt brief summaries of long historic periods, that his task becomes increasingly difficult as he advances in time, and has a more vast and bewildering mass of material from which to make selection.

He will be thought, by some, to have given a disproportionate amount of space to the Greek and Roman periods; but he also grapples firmly and to good purpose with the wild confusion of mediæval dynasties in Sicily, and the rapid changes of Norman, German, Angevine, and Spanish succession. The condensed and informal genealogy of the Norman line which he gives us on page 268 of his second volume is really a model of compact statement, shedding light on some of the most puzzling facts of royal consanguinity in later times; and, knowing our author's Black proclivities, we feel it to be rather handsome in him to call attention, as he does, to the distinct lineal right of the ancient house of Savoy to the headship of Sicily. He believes, however, that the present dynasty is especially menaced by the Mafia, to which curious organization he devotes, at the end of his book, a very interesting and somewhat apologetic chapter.

A word must be said for the extraordinary beauty of the illustrations to The Rulers of the South. Sicilian photographs are proverbially good, and there are a few of these finely reproduced in photogravure. But they are entirely eclipsed in charm by the prints from the

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drawings of Henry Brokman, to whom the book is fitly dedicated. The distinction of some of these delicate little sketches is wonderful. They suggest within the space of a few inches, and seemingly by the simplest means, all the visionary bloom of the Mediterranean atmosphere, the classic elegance of south-European plant forms, and the grace that clothes as with a royal mantle even ruin and beggary in the south. Inserted irregularly, sometimes very appositely to the text which they interrupt, and sometimes otherwise, the drawings of Mr. Brokman form an integral and by no means the least eloquent part of the language of a book which will be a helpful practical guide to the actual traveler in Sicily and Calabria, as well as a *bel divertimento* to him who merely imagines the aspect of the shining shore, by the carefully sustained glow of a northern fireside.

A book less attractive, perhaps, to the rapid traveler and the general reader, but more profoundly studied and permanently valuable, is the Italian Cities of Edwin and Evangeline Blashfield,[1] the accomplished editors of Vasari's Lives of the Painters. The twin volumes are smaller by a third than Mr. Crawford's, but they contain some of the sanest, most catholic, and most conclusive art criticism of recent times. It is criticism based on a full technical knowledge, especially of painting, but expressed with great literary urbanity and an almost entire absence of strictly technical phraseology. The authors know their northern Italy almost as well as Mr. Crawford knows the south, and the region for which they offer themselves as guides to the reader is very nearly the exact complement of the one covered by the scenes of his narrative. Five of the great Tuscan and Umbrian cities — Ravenna, Siena, Parma, Perugia, and Assisi — are made the subjects of elaborate monographs. In each of these art centres the authors have lived long enough to imbibe the sentiment and slowly assimilate the history of the place, grasp the full measure and meaning of its artistic development, and learn by heart all the varying expressions of that physiognomy, physical and spiritual, whereby each one of them is distinguished from every other Italian town.

The opening essay on Ravenna and its mosaics is the most searching, and in many respects the most excellent of all. To read it at an uninterrupted sitting is to be carried back to the gray old city by the Adriatic, so marvelously preserved from decay; to be brought face to face, once more, with the quaint and solemn childhood of Christianity; and to assist at the tardy evolution of Christian out of pagan art. Not a note is dropped here, not a shade slurred. It is as nearly as possible a perfect piece of work.

The chapters on Siena and Perugia are a mine of information concerning the masters of the early Sienese and Umbrian schools, whose work is reviewed minutely and in a spirit both temperate and sympathetic, though with frank dissent from the indiscriminate veneration and exclusive sentimentalism of Rio and Lindsay. The estimate of the work of Pinturicchio and Sodoma (Antonio Bazzi) is peculiarly brilliant; yet one misses something out of the general view of both these memorable places which it is so natural to associate together. There is just one haunting element in the complex impression produced upon the receptive mind by the old mid-Italian towns, to which our authors appear imperfectly sensible, and that is the preclassic or Etruscan element. It underlies the insistent mediævalism of Siena, like the mysterious labyrinth which ramifies under her narrow streets. It is importunate at Perugia, and simply overpowering at Cortona, where the wanderers never met at all, as it would seem, the dark and tongue-tied genius of the place,

[1] *Italian Cities.* By E. H. and E. W. Blashfield. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1900.

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but amused themselves quite simply by discovering living copies of the meek angels and ingenuous nuns of Perugino in the hill convent of Santa Margherita.

At Assisi, St. Francis is yet more to them than Giotto, although the frescoes of the great church are both learnedly seen and luminously described, as one short quotation out of half a dozen pregnant pages will be enough to show: —

"When we say enthusiastically of Giotto, 'There was a decorator for you! There was a muralist far more purely decorative than some later and even greater men,' we are thinking, not of the superiority of his drawing and composition, but of the simple flatness of his masses, free from any elaborate modeling, the lightness and purity of his color, so suited to gloomy interiors, the excellence of his silhouette and his pattern. The layman may not deliberately reason to this effect; but he instinctively thinks of these qualities, because they are what impress him as decorative before he has time to go further in his mental appreciation to the qualities of draughtsmanship and dramatic composition. But the essentially decorative qualities did not belong especially to Giotto; he had no proprietary rights in them; they belonged to the history and development of mural painting, to the Greeks, the Romans, the Byzantines, who had learned centuries before St. Francis, centuries even before the Master whom St. Francis served came into the world, — had learned, we say, that dimly lighted interiors require flat, pure colors with little modeling."

This is the kind of writing about art which not merely stimulates or vaguely excites the unprofessional observer, but clears his mind of cant, and, if he be in any sense teachable, shows him how to see.

The shorter chapters, devoted to Correggio in Parma, and Mantegna in Mantua, may be cited as illustrating the singular catholicity of the writers' tastes, and their equal appreciation of two widely differing orders of beauty, neither of which is in the least spiritual. The Lombard and Venetian schools do not come within the scope of these volumes. A few pages are devoted to a tiny but admirable vignette of the seldom visited Spoleto; a few of the myriad aspects of Florentine art are touched upon in a couple of comparatively light chapters; and a full and very nobly worded appreciation of Raphael's work in the Vatican closes an exceedingly beautiful and instructive work, which, though it deals largely with pictorial themes, is without pictorial illustrations, and does not need them.

Harriet Waters Preston.

REMINISCENCES OF HUXLEY.

THE recent publication of an admirable memoir of Huxley, by his son Leonard,[1] has awakened in me old memories of some of the pleasantest scenes I have ever known. The book is written in a spirit of charming frankness, and is thickly crowded with details not one of which could well be spared. A notable feature is the copiousness of the extracts from familiar letters, in which everything is faithfully reproduced, even to the genial nonsense that abounds, or the big, big D that sometimes, though rarely, adds its pungent flavor. Huxley was above all things a man absolutely simple and natural; he never posed, was never starched, or prim, or on his good be-

[1] *Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley.* By his Son, LEONARD HUXLEY. In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1900.

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havior; and he was nothing if not playful. A biography that brings him before us, robust and lifelike on every page, as this book does, is surely a model biography. A brief article, like the present, cannot even attempt to do justice to it, but I am moved to jot down some of the reminiscences and reflections which it has awakened.

My first introduction to the fact of Huxley's existence was in February, 1861, when I was a sophomore at Harvard. The second serial number of Herbert Spencer's First Principles, which had just arrived from London, and on which I was feasting my soul, contained an interesting reference to Huxley's views concerning a "pre-geologic past of unknown duration." In the next serial number a footnote informed the reader that the phrase "persistence of force," since become so famous, was suggested by Huxley, as avoiding an objection which Spencer had raised to the current expression "conservation of force." Further references to Huxley, as also to Tyndall, in the course of the book, left me with a vague conception of the three friends as, after a certain fashion, partners in the business of scientific research and generalization.

Some such vague conception was developed in the mind of the general public into divers droll misconceptions. Even as Spencer's famous phrase, "survival of the fittest," which he suggested as preferable to "natural selection," is by many people ascribed to Darwin, so we used to hear wrathful allusions to "Huxley's Belfast Address," and similar absurdities. The climax was reached in 1876, when Huxley and his wife made a short visit to the United States. Early in that year Tyndall had married a daughter of Lord Claud Hamilton, brother of the Duke of Abercorn, and one fine morning in August we were gravely informed by the newspapers that "Huxley and his titled bride" had just arrived in New York. For our visitors, who had left at home in London seven goodly children, some of them approaching maturity, this item of news was a source of much merriment.

To return to my story, it was not long before my notion of Huxley came to be that of a very sharply defined and powerful individuality; for such he appeared in his Lectures on the Origin of Species and in his Evidence as to Man's Place in Nature, both published in 1863. Not long afterward, in reading the lay sermon on The Advisableness of Improving Natural Knowledge, I felt that here was a poetic soul whom one could not help loving. In those days I fell in with Youmans, who had come back from England bubbling and brimming over with racy anecdotes about the philosophers and men of science. Of course the Soapy Sam incident was not forgotten, and Youmans's version of it, which was purely from hearsay, could make no pretension to verbal accuracy; nevertheless it may be worth citing. Mr. Leonard Huxley has carefully compared several versions from eye and ear witnesses, together with his father's own comments, and I do not know where one could find a more striking illustration of the difficulty of attaining absolute accuracy in writing even contemporary history.

As I heard the anecdote from Youmans: It was at the meeting of the British Association at Oxford in 1860, soon after the publication of Darwin's epoch-making book, and while people in general were wagging their heads at it, that the subject came up for discussion before a fashionable and hostile audience. Samuel Wilberforce, the plausible and self-complacent Bishop of Oxford, commonly known as "Soapy Sam," launched out in a rash speech, conspicuous for its ignorant misstatements, and highly seasoned with appeals to the prejudices of the audience, upon whose lack of intelligence the speaker relied. Near him sat Huxley, already eminent

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as a man of science, and known to look favorably upon Darwinism, but more or less youthful withal, only five-and-thirty, so that the bishop anticipated sport in badgering him. At the close of his speech he suddenly turned upon Huxley and begged to be informed if the learned gentleman was really willing to be regarded as the descendant of a monkey. Eager self-confidence had blinded the bishop to the tactical blunder in thus coarsely inviting a retort. Huxley was instantly upon his feet with a speech demolishing the bishop's card house of mistakes; and at the close he observed that since a question of personal preferences had been very improperly brought into the discussion of a scientific theory, he felt free to confess that if the alternatives were descent, on the one hand from a respectable monkey, or on the other from a bishop of the English Church who could stoop to such misrepresentations and sophisms as the audience had lately listened to, he should declare in favor of the monkey!

Now this was surely not what Huxley said, nor how he said it. His own account is that, at Soapy Sam's insolent taunt, he simply whispered to his neighbor, Sir Benjamin Brodie, "The Lord hath delivered him into my hands!" a remark which that excellent old gentleman received with a stolid stare. Huxley sat quiet until the chairman called him up. His concluding retort seems to have been most carefully reported by John Richard Green, then a student at Oxford, in a letter to his friend, Boyd Dawkins: "I asserted — and I repeat — that a man has no reason to be ashamed of having an ape for his grandfather. If there were an ancestor whom I should feel shame in recalling, it would rather be a man — a man of restless and versatile intellect — who, not content with an equivocal success in his own sphere of activity, plunges into scientific questions with which he has no real acquaintance, only to obscure them by an aimless rhetoric, and distract the attention of his hearers from the real point at issue by eloquent digressions and skilled appeals to religious prejudice." This can hardly be accurate; no electric effect could have been wrought by so long-winded a sentiment. I agree with a writer in Macmillan's Magazine that this version is "much too Green," but it doubtless gives the purport of what Huxley probably said in half as many but far more picturesque and fitting words. I have a feeling that the electric effect is best preserved in the Youmans version, in spite of its manifest verbal inaccuracy. It is curious to read that in the ensuing buzz of excitement a lady fainted, and had to be carried from the room; but the audience were in general quite alive to the bishop's blunder in manners and tactics, and, with the genuine English love of fair play, they loudly applauded Huxley. From that time forth it was recognized that he was not the sort of man to be browbeaten. As for Bishop Wilberforce, he carried with him from the affray no bitterness, but was always afterward most courteous to his castigator.

When Huxley had his scrimmage with Congreve, in 1869, over the scientific aspects of Positivism, I was giving lectures to postgraduate classes at Harvard on the Positive Philosophy. I never had any liking for Comte or his ideas, but entertained an absurd notion that the epithet "Positive" was a proper and convenient one to apply to scientific methods and scientific philosophy in general. In the course of the discussion I attacked sundry statements of Huxley with quite unnecessary warmth, for such is the superfluous belligerency of youth. The World reported my lectures in full, insomuch that each one filled six or seven columns, and the editor, Manton Marble, sent copies regularly to Huxley and others. Four years afterward I went to London, to spend some time there in finishing Cosmic Philosophy and getting it through the press. I had corre-

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sponded with Spencer for several years, and soon after my arrival he gave one of his exquisite little dinners at his own lodgings. Spencer's omniscience extended to the kitchen, and as composer of a menu neither Carême nor Francatelli could have surpassed him. The other guests were Huxley, Tyndall, Lewes, and Hughlings Jackson. Huxley took but little notice of me, and I fancied that something in those lectures must have offended him. But two or three weeks later Spencer took me to the dinner of the *x* Club, all the members of which were present except Lubbock. When the coffee was served Huxley brought his chair around to my side, and talked with me the rest of the evening. My impression was that he was the cosiest man I had ever met. He ended by inviting me to his house for the next Sunday at six, for what he called "tall tea."

This was the introduction to a series of experiences so delightful that, if one could only repeat them, the living over again all the bad quarters of an hour in one's lifetime would not be too high a price to pay. I was already at home in several London households, but nowhere was anything so sweet as the cordial welcome in that cosy drawing-room on Marlborough Place, where the great naturalist became simply "Pater" (pronounced *Patter*), to be pulled about and tousled and kissed by those lovely children; nor could anything so warm the heart of an exile (if so melancholy a term can properly be applied to anybody sojourning in beloved London) as to have the little seven-year-old miss climb into one's lap and ask for fairy tales, whereof I luckily had an ample repertoire. Nothing could be found more truly hospitable than the long dinner table, where our beaming host used to explain, "Because this is called a tea is no reason why a man should n't pledge his friend in a stoup of Rhenish, or even in a noggin of Glenlivet, if he has a mind to." At the end of our first evening I was told that a plate would be set for me every Sunday, and I must never fail to come. After two or three Sundays, however, I began to feel afraid of presuming too much upon the cordiality of these new friends, and so, by a superhuman effort of self-control, and at the cost of unspeakable wretchedness, I stayed away. For this truancy I was promptly called to account, a shamefast confession was extorted, and penalties, vague but dire, were denounced in case of a second offense; so I never missed another Sunday evening till the time came for leaving London.

Part of the evening used to be spent in the little overcrowded library, before a blazing fire, while we discussed all manner of themes, scientific or poetical, practical or philosophical, religious or æsthetic. Huxley, like a true epicure, smoked the sweet little brierwood pipe, but he seemed to take especial satisfaction in seeing me smoke very large full-flavored Havanas from a box which some Yankee admirer had sent him. Whatever subject came uppermost in our talk, I was always impressed with the fullness and accuracy of his information and the keenness of his judgments; but that is, of course, what any appreciative reader can gather from his writings. Unlike Spencer, he was an omnivorous reader. Of historical and literary knowledge, such as one usually gets from books, Spencer had a great deal, and of an accurate and well-digested sort; he had some incomprehensible way of absorbing it through the pores of his skin, — at least, he never seemed to read books. Huxley, on the other hand, seemed to read everything worth reading, — history, politics, metaphysics, poetry, novels, even books of science; for perhaps it may not be superfluous to point out to the general world of readers that no great man of science owes his scientific knowledge to books. Huxley's colossal knowledge of the animal kingdom was not

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based upon the study of Cuvier, Baer, and other predecessors, but upon direct personal examination of thousands of organisms, living and extinct. He cherished a wholesome contempt for mere bookishness in matters of science, and carried on war to the knife against the stupid methods of education in vogue forty years ago, when students were expected to learn something of chemistry or palæontology by reading about black oxide of manganese or the dentition of anoplotherium. A rash clergyman once, without further equipment in natural history than some desultory reading, attacked the Darwinian theory in some sundry magazine articles, in which he made himself uncommonly merry at Huxley's expense. This was intended to draw the great man's fire; and as the batteries remained silent the author proceeded to write to Huxley, calling his attention to the articles, and at the same time, with mock modesty, asking advice as to the further study of these deep questions. Huxley's answer was brief and to the point: "Take a cockroach and dissect it!"

Too exclusive devotion, however, to scalpel and microscope may leave a man of science narrow and one-sided, dead to some of the most interesting aspects of human life. But Huxley was keenly alive in all directions, and would have enjoyed mastering all branches of knowledge, if the days had only been long enough. He found rest and recreation in change of themes, and after a long day's scientific work at South Kensington would read Sybel's French Revolution, or Lange's History of Materialism, or the last new novel, until the witching hour of midnight. This reading was in various languages. Without a university education, Huxley had a remarkably good knowledge of Latin. He was fond of Spinoza, and every once in a while, in the course of our chats, he would exclaim, "Come, now, let's see what old Benedict has to say about it! There's no better man." Then he would take the book from its shelf, and while we both looked on the page he would give voice to his own comments in a broad and liberal paraphrase that showed his sound and scholarlike appreciation of every point in the Latin text. A spirited and racy version it would have been had he ever undertaken to translate Spinoza. So I remember saying once, but he replied: "We must leave it for young Fred Pollock, whom I think you have seen; he is shy and does n't say much, but I can tell you, whatever he does is sure to be amazingly good." They who are familiar with Sir Frederick Pollock's noble book on Spinoza, to say nothing of his other works, will recognize the truth of the prophecy.

Huxley had also a mastery of French, Italian, and German, and perhaps of some other modern languages. Angelo Heilprin says that he found him studying Russian, chiefly in order to acquire a thorough familiarity with the work of the great anatomist, Kovalevsky. How far he may have carried that study I know not; but his son tells us that it was also in middle life that he began Greek, in order to read at first hand Aristotle and the New Testament. To read Aristotle with critical discernment requires an extremely good knowledge of Greek; and if Huxley got so far as that, we need not be surprised at hearing that he could enjoy the Homeric poems in the original.

I suppose there were few topics in the heavens or on earth that did not get overhauled at that little library fireside. At one time it would be politics, and my friend would thank God that, whatever mistakes he might have made in life, he had never bowed the knee to either of those intolerable humbugs, Louis Napoleon or Benjamin Disraeli. Without admitting that the shifty Jew deserved to be placed on quite so low a plane as Hortense Beauharnais's feeble son, we can easily see how distasteful he would be to a man of Huxley's ear-

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nest and whole-souled directness. But antipathy to Disraeli did not in this case mean fondness for Gladstone. In later years, when Huxley was having his great controversy with Gladstone, we find him writing: "Seriously, it is to me a grave thing that the destinies of this country should at present be seriously influenced by a man who, whatever he may be in the affairs of which I am no judge, is nothing but a copious shuffler in those which I do understand." In 1873 there occurred a brief passage at arms between Gladstone and Herbert Spencer, in which the great statesman's intellect looked amusingly small and commonplace in contrast with the giant mind of the philosopher. The defeated party was left with no resources except rhetorical artifice to cover his retreat, and his general aspect was foxy, not to say jesuitical. At least so Huxley declared, and I thoroughly agreed with him. Yet surely it would be a very inadequate and unjust estimate of Gladstone which should set him down as a shuffler, and there leave the matter. From the statesman's point of view it might be contended that Gladstone was exceptionally direct and frank. But a statesman is seldom, if ever, called upon to ascertain and exhibit the fundamental facts of a case without bias and in the disinterested mood which Science demands of her votaries. The statesman's business is to accomplish sundry concrete political purposes, and he measures statements primarily, not by their truth, but by their availableness as means toward a practical end. Pure science cultivates a widely different habit of mind. One could no more expect a prime minister, as such, to understand Huxley's attitude in presence of a scientific problem than a deaf-mute to comprehend a symphony of Beethoven. Gladstone's aim was to score a point against his adversary, at whatever cost, whereas Huxley was as quick to detect his own mistakes as anybody else's; and such differences in temperament were scarcely compatible with mutual understanding.

If absolute loyalty to truth, involving complete self-abnegation in face of the evidence, be the ideal aim of the scientific inquirer, there have been few men in whom that ideal has been so perfectly realized as in Huxley. If ever he were tempted by some fancied charm of speculation to swerve a hair's breadth from the strict line of fact, the temptation was promptly slaughtered and made no sign. For intellectual integrity he was a spotless Sir Galahad. I believe there was nothing in life which he dreaded so much as the sin of allowing his reason to be hoodwinked by personal predilections, or whatever Francis Bacon would have called "idols of the cave." Closely connected with this ever present feeling was a holy horror of *a priori* convictions of logical necessity and of long festoons of deductive argument suspended from such airy supports. The prime necessity for him was to appeal at every step to observation and experiment, and in the absence of such verification to rest content with saying, "I do not know." It is to Huxley, I believe, that we owe the epithet "Agnostic," for which all men of scientific proclivities owe him a debt of gratitude, since it happened to please the popular fancy, and at once supplanted the label "Positivist" which used to be ruthlessly pasted upon all such men, in spite of their protests and struggles. No better word than "Agnostic" could be found to express Huxley's mental temperament, but with anything like a formulated system of agnosticism he had little more to do than with other "isms." He used to smile at the formidable parade which Lewes was making with his Objective Method and Verification, in which capital letters did duty for part of the argument; and as for Dean Mansel's elaborate agnosticism, in his Limits of Religious Thought, Huxley, taking a hint from Hogarth, used to liken him to a (theological) inn-

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keeper who has climbed upon the sign-board of the rival (scientific) inn, and is busily sawing it off, quite oblivious of the gruesome fact that he is sitting upon the unsupported end! But while he thus set little store by current agnostic metaphysics, Huxley's intellectual climate, if I may so speak, was one of perfect agnosticism. In intimate converse with him, he always seemed to me a thoroughgoing and splendid representative of Hume; indeed, in his writings he somewhere lets fall a remark expressing a higher regard for Hume than for Kant. It was at this point that we used to part company in our talks: so long as it was a question of Berkeley we were substantially agreed, but when it came to Hume we agreed to differ.

It is this complete agnosticism of temperament, added to his abiding dread of intellectual dishonesty, that explains Huxley's attitude toward belief in a future life. He was not a materialist; nobody saw more clearly than he the philosophic flimsiness of materialism, and he looked with strong disapproval upon the self-complacent negations of Ludwig Buechner. Nevertheless, with regard to the belief in an immortal soul his position was avowedly agnostic, with perhaps just the slightest possible tacit though reluctant leaning toward the negative. This slight bias was apparently due to two causes. First, it is practically beyond the power of science to adduce evidence in support of the soul's survival of the body, since the whole question lies beyond the bounds of our terrestrial experience. Huxley was the last man to assume that the possibilities of nature are limited by our experience, and I think he would have seen the force of the argument that, in questions where evidence is in the nature of the case inaccessible, our inability to produce it does not afford even the slightest *prima facie* ground for a negative verdict.[1] Nevertheless, he seems to have felt as if the absence of evidence did afford some such prima facie ground; for in a letter to Charles Kingsley, written in 1860, soon after the sudden death of his first child, he says: "Had I lived a couple of centuries earlier, I could have fancied a devil scoffing at me . . . and asking me what profit it was to have stripped myself of the hopes and consolations of the mass of mankind. To which my only reply was, and is, O devil! truth is better than much profit. I have searched over the grounds of my belief, and if wife and child and name and fame were all to be lost to me one after the other, as the penalty, still I will not lie." This striking declaration shows that the second cause of the bias was the dread of self-deception. It was a noble exhibition of intellectual honesty raised to a truly Puritanic fervor of self-abnegation. Just because life is sweet, and the love of it well-nigh irrepressible, must all such feelings be suspected as tempters, and frowned out of our temple of philosophy. Rather than run any risk of accepting a belief because it is pleasant, let us incur whatever chance there may be of error in the opposite direction; thus we shall at least avoid the one unpardonable sin. Such, I think, was the shape which the case assumed in Huxley's mind. To me it takes a very different shape; but I cannot help feeling that mankind is going to be helped by such stanch intellectual integrity as his far more than it is going to be helped by consoling doctrines of whatever sort; and therefore his noble self-abnegation, even though it may have been greater than was called for, is worthy of most profound and solemn homage.

But we did not spend the whole of the evening in the little library. Brierwood and Havana at length gave out, and the drawing-room had its claims upon us. There was a fondness for music in the family, and it was no unusual thing for us to gather around the piano and sing psalms, after which there would perhaps

[1] I have explained this point at some length in The Unseen World, pp. 43–53.

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be a Beethoven sonata, or one of Chopin's nocturnes, or perhaps a song. I can never forget the rich contralto voice of one bright and charming daughter, since passed away, or the refrain of an old-fashioned song which she sometimes sang about "My love, that loved me long ago." From music it was an easy transition to scraps of Browning or Goethe, leading to various disquisition. Of mirth and badinage there was always plenty. I dare say there was not another room in London where so much exuberant nonsense might have been heard. It is no uncommon thing for masters of the Queen's English to delight in torturing it, and Huxley enjoyed that sort of pastime as much as James Russell Lowell. "Smole" and "declone" were specimens of the preterites that used to fall from his lips; and as for puns, the air was blue with them. I cannot recall one of them now, but the following example, from a letter of 1855 inviting Hooker to his wedding, will suffice to show the quality: "I terminate my Baccalaureate and take my degree of M. A. trimony (is n't that atrocious?) on Saturday, July 21."

One evening the conversation happened to touch upon the memorable murder of Dr. Parkman by Dr. Webster, and I expressed some surprise that an expert chemist, like Webster, should have been so slow in getting his victim's remains out of the way. "Well," quoth Huxley, "there 's a good deal of substance in a human body. It is n't easy to dispose of so much *corpus delicti*, — a reflection which has frequently deterred me when on the point of killing somebody." At such remarks a soft ripple of laughter would run about the room, with murmurs of "Oh, Pater!" It was just the same in his lectures to his students. In the simple old experiment illustrating reflex action, a frog, whose brain had been removed, was touched upon the right side of the back with a slightly irritating acid, and would forthwith reach up with his right hind leg and rub the place. The next thing in order was to tie the right leg, whereupon the left leg would come up, and by dint of strenuous effort reach the itching spot. One day the stretching was so violent as to result in a particularly elaborate and comical somersault on the part of the frog, whereupon Huxley exclaimed, "You see, it does n't require much of a brain to be an acrobat!" In an examination on anatomy a very callow lad got the valves of the heart wrong, putting the mitral on the right side; but Huxley took compassion on him, with the remark, "Poor little beggar! I never got them correctly myself until I reflected that a bishop was never in the right!" On another occasion, at the end of a lecture, he asked one of the students if he understood it all. The student replied, "All, sir, but one part, during which you stood between me and the blackboard." "Ah," rejoined Huxley, "I did my best to make myself clear, but could not make myself transparent!"[1]

Probably the most tedious bore on earth is the man who feels it incumbent on him always to be facetious and to turn everything into a joke. Lynch law is about the right sort of thing for such persons. Huxley had nothing in common with them. His drollery was the spontaneous bubbling over of the seething fountains of energy. The world's strongest spirits, from Shakespeare down, have been noted for playfulness. The prim and sober creatures who know neither how to poke fun nor to take it are apt to be the persons who are ridden by their work, — useful mortals after their fashion, mayhap, but not interesting or stimulating. Huxley's playfulness lightened the burden of life for himself and for all with whom he came in contact. I seem to see him now, looking up from his end of the table, — for my place was usually

[1] I have here eked out my own reminiscences by instances cited from Leonard Huxley's book.

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at Mrs. Huxley's end, — his dark eyes kindling under their shaggy brows, and a smile of indescribable beauty spreading over the swarthy face, as prelude to some keen and pithy but never unkind remark. Electric in energy, formidable in his incisiveness, he smote hard; but there was nothing cruel about him, nor did he ever inflict pain through heedless remarks. That would have been a stupidity of which he was incapable. His quickness and sureness of perception, joined with his abounding kindliness, made him a man of almost infinite tact. I had not known him long before I felt that the ruling characteristic in his nature was *tenderness*. He reminded me of one of Charles Reade's heroes, Colonel Dujardin, who had the eye of a hawk, but down somewhere in the depths of that eye of a hawk there was the eye of a dove. It was chiefly the sympathetic quality in the man that exerted upon me an ever strengthening spell. My experiences in visiting him had one notable feature, which I found it hard to interpret. After leaving the house, at the close of a Sunday evening, the outside world used to seem cold and lonely for being cut off from that presence; yet on the next Sunday, at the moment of his cordial greeting, a feeling always came over me that up to that moment I had never fully taken in how lovable he was, I had never quite done him justice. In other words, no matter how vivid the image which I carried about in my mind, it instantly seemed dim and poo. in presence of the reality. Such feelings are known to lovers; in other relations of life they are surely unusual. I was speaking about this to my dear old friend, the late Alexander Macmillan, when he suddenly exclaimed: "You may well feel so, my boy. I tell you, there is so much real Christianity in Huxley that if it were parceled out among all the men, women, and children in the British Islands, there would be enough to save the soul of every one of them, and plenty to spare!"

I have said that Huxley was never unkind; it is perhaps hardly necessary to tell his readers that he could be sharp and severe, if the occasion required. I have heard his wife say that he never would allow himself to be preyed upon by bores, and knew well how to get rid of them. Some years after the time of which I have been writing, I dined one evening at the Savile Club with Huxley, Spencer, and James Sime. As we were chatting over our coffee, some person unknown to us came in and sat down on a sofa near by. Presently, this man, becoming interested in the conversation, cut short one of our party, and addressed a silly remark to Spencer in reply to something which he had been saying. Spencer's answer was civil, but brief, and not inviting. Nothing abashed, the stranger kept on, and persisted in forcing himself into the conversation, despite our bleak frowns and arctic glances. It was plain that something must be done, and while the intruder was aiming a question directly at Huxley, the latter turned his back upon him. This was intelligible even to asinine apprehension, and the remainder of our evening was unmolested.

I never knew (not being inquisitive) just when the Huxleys began having their "tall teas" on Sunday evenings; but during that first winter I seldom met any visitors at their house, except once or twice Ray Lankester and Michael Foster. Afterward, Huxley with his wife, on their visit to America, spent a few summer days with my family at Petersham, where the great naturalist learned for the first time what a tin dipper is. Once, in London, in speaking about the starry heavens, I had said that I never could make head or tail of any constellation except the Dipper, and of course everybody must recognize in that the resemblance to a dipper. To my surprise, one of the young ladies asked, "What is a dipper?" My effort at explanation went far enough to evoke the

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idea of "a ladle," but with that approximation I was fain to let the matter rest until that August day in New England, when, after a tramp in the woods, my friends quaffed cool mountain water from a dipper, and I was told that not only the name, but the thing, is a Yankee notion.

Some time after this I made several visits to England, giving lectures at the Royal Institution and elsewhere, and saw the Huxleys often, and on one occasion, with my wife, spent a fortnight or so at their home in Marlborough Place. The Sunday evenings had come to be a time for receiving friends, without any of the formality that often attaches to "receptions." Half a dozen or more would drop in for the "high tea." I then noticed the change in the adjective, and observed that the phrase and the institution were not absolutely confined to the Huxley household; but their origin is still for me enshrouded in mystery, like the "empire of the Toltecs." After the informal and jolly supper others would come in, until the company might number from twenty to thirty. Among the men whom I recall to mind (the married ones accompanied by their wives, of course) were Mark Pattison, Lecky, and J. R. Green, Burdon Sanderson and Lauder Brunton, Alma Tadema, Sir James Stephen and his brother Leslie, Sir Frederick Pollock, Lord Arthur Russell, Frederic Harrison, Spencer Walpole, Romanes, and Ralston. Some of these I met for the first time; others were old friends. Nothing could be more charming than the graceful simplicity with which all were entertained, nor could anything be more evident than the affectionate veneration which everybody felt for the host.

The last time that I saw my dear friend was early in 1883, just before coming home to America. I found him lying on the sofa, too ill to say much, but not too ill for a jest or two at his own expense. The series of ailments had begun which were to follow him for the rest of his days. I was much concerned about him, but journeys to England had come to seem such a simple matter that the thought of its being our last meeting never entered my mind. A few letters passed back and forth with the lapse of years, the last one (in 1894) inquiring when I was likely to be able to come and visit him in the pretty home which he had made in Sussex, where he was busy with "digging in the garden and spoiling grandchildren." When the news of the end came, it was as a sudden and desolating shock.

There were few magazines or newspapers which did not contain articles about Huxley, and in general those articles were considerably more than the customary obituary notice. They were apt to be more animated than usual, as if they had caught something from the blithe spirit of the man; and they gave so many details as to show the warm and widespread interest with which he was regarded. One thing, however, especially struck me. While the writers of these articles seemed familiar with Huxley's philosophical and literary writings, with his popular lectures on scientific subjects and his controversies with sundry clergymen, they seemed to know nothing whatever about his original scientific work. It was really a singular spectacle, if one pauses to think about it. Here are a score of writers engaged in paying tribute to a man as one of the great scientific lights of the age, and yet, while they all know something about what he would have considered his fugitive work, not one of them so much as alludes to the cardinal achievements in virtue of which his name marks an epoch! It is very much as if the biographers of Newton were to enlarge upon his official labors at the Mint and his theory of light, while preserving a dead silence as to gravitation and fluxions. A few words concerning Huxley's work will therefore not seem superfluous. A few

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words are all that can here be given; I cannot pretend even to make a well-rounded sketch.

In one respect there was a curious similarity between the beginnings of Huxley's scientific career and of Darwin's. Both went, as young men, on long voyages into the southern hemisphere, in ships of the royal navy, and from the study of organisms encountered on these voyages both were led to theories of vast importance. Huxley studied with keen interest and infinite patience the jellyfish and polyps floating on the surface of the tropical seas through which his ship passed. Without books or advisers, and with scant aid of any sort except his microscope, which had to be tied to keep it steady, he scrutinized and dissected these lowly forms of life, and made drawings and diagrams illustrating the intricacies of their structure, until he was able, by comparison, to attain some very interesting results. During four years, he says, "I sent home communication after communication to the Linnæan Society, with the same result as that obtained by Noah when he sent the raven out of his ark. Tired at last of hearing nothing about them, I determined to do or die, and in 1849 I drew up a more elaborate paper, and forwarded it to the Royal Society." This was a memoir On the Anatomy and the Affinities of the Family of Medusæ; and it proved to be his dove, though he did not know it until his return to England, a year later. Then he found that his paper had been published, and in 1851, at the age of twenty-six, he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society. He went on writing papers giving sundry results of his observations, and the very next year received the society's Royal medal, a supreme distinction which he shared with Joule, Stokes, and Humboldt. In the address upon the presentation of the medal, the president, Lord Rosse, declared that Huxley had not only for the first time adequately described the Medusæ and laid down rational principles for classifying them, but had inaugurated "a process of reasoning, the results of which can scarcely yet be anticipated, but must bear in a very important degree upon some of the most abstruse points of what may be called transcendental physiology."

In other words, the youthful Huxley had made a discovery that went to the bottom of things; and as in most if not all such cases, he had enlarged our knowledge not only of facts, but of methods. It was the beginning of a profound reconstruction of the classification of animals, extinct and living. In the earlier half of the century the truest classification was Cuvier's. That great genius emancipated himself from the notion that groups of animals should be arranged in an ascending or descending series, and he fully proved the existence of three divergent types, — Vertebrata, Mollusca, and Articulata. Some of the multitude of animals lower or less specialized than these he grouped by mistake along with Mollusca or Articulata, while all the rest he threw into a fourth class, which he called Radiata. It was evident that this type was far less clearly defined than the three higher types. In fact, it was open to the same kind of objection that used to be effectively urged against Max Müller's so-called Turanian group of languages: it was merely a negation. Radiata were simply animals that were neither Articulata nor Mollusca nor Vertebrata; in short, they were a motley multitude, about which there was a prevailing confusion of ideas at the time when young Huxley began the study of jellyfish.

We all know how it was the work of the great Esthonian embryologist, Baer, that turned Herbert Spencer toward his discovery of the law of evolution. It is therefore doubly interesting to know that in these early studies Huxley also profited by his knowledge of Baer's methods and results. It all tended toward a theory of evolution, although

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Baer himself never got so far as evolution in the modern sense; and as for Huxley, when he studied Medusæ, he was not concerned with any general theory whatever, but only with putting into shape what he saw.

And what he saw was, that throughout their development the Medusæ consist of two foundation membranes, or delicate weblike tissues of cells, — one forming the outer integument, the other doing duty as stomach lining, — and that there was no true body cavity with blood vessels. He showed that groups apparently quite dissimilar, such as the hydroid and sertularian polyps, the Physophoridæ and sea anemones, are constructed upon the same plan; and so he built up his famous group of Cœlenterata, or animals with only a stomach cavity, as contrasted with all higher organisms, which might be called Cœlomata, or animals with a true body cavity, containing a stomach with other viscera and blood vessels. In all Cœlomata, from the worm up to man, there is a third foundation membrane. Thus the Cuvierian group of Radiata was broken up, and the way was prepared for this far more profound and true arrangement: (1) Protozoa, such as the amœba and sponges, in which there is no distinct separation of parts performing different functions; (2) Cœlenterata, in which there is a simple differentiation between the inside which accumulates energy and the outside which expends it; and (3) Cœlomata, in which the inside contains a more or less elaborate system of distinct organs devoted to nutrition and reproduction, while the outside is more or less differentiated into limbs and sense organs for interaction with the outer world. Though not yet an evolutionist, Huxley could not repress the prophetic thought that Cœlenterata are ancient survivals, representing a stage through which higher animal types must once have passed.

As further elaborated by Huxley, the development above the cœlenterate stage goes on in divergent lines; stopping abruptly in some directions, in others going on to great lengths. Thus, in the direction taken by echinoderms, the physical possibilities are speedily exhausted, and we stop with starfishes and holothurians. But among Annuloida, as Huxley called them, there is more flexibility, and we keep on till we reach the true Articulata in the highly specialized insects, arachnoids, and crustaceans. It is still more interesting to follow the Molluscoida, through which we are led, on the one hand, to the true Mollusca, reaching their culmination in the nautilus and octopus, and, on the other hand, to the Tunicata, and so on to the vertebrates.

In the comparative anatomy of vertebrates, also, Huxley's achievements were in a high degree original and remarkable. First in importance, perhaps, was his classification of birds, in which their true position and relationships were for the first time disclosed. Huxley showed that all birds, extinct and living, must be arranged in three groups, of which the first is represented by the fossil archæopteryx with its handlike wing and lizardlike tail, the second by the ostrich and its congeners, and the third by all other living birds. He further demonstrated the peculiarly close relationship between birds and reptiles through the extinct dinosaurs. In all these matters his powerful originality was shown in the methods by which these important results were reached. Every new investigation which he made seemed to do something toward raising the study of biology to a higher plane, as for example his celebrated controversy with Owen on the true nature of the vertebrate skull. The mention of Owen reminds us that it was also Huxley who overthrew Cuvier's order of Quadrumana, by proving that apes are not four-handed, but have two hands and two feet; he showed that neither in limbs nor in brain does man present differ-

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ences from other primates that are of higher than generic value. Indeed, there were few corners of the animal world, past or present, which Huxley did not at some time or other overhaul, and to our knowledge of which he did not make contributions of prime importance. The instances here cited may serve to show the kind of work which he did, but my mention of them is necessarily meagre. In the department of classification, the significance of which has been increased tenfold by the doctrine of evolution, his name must surely rank foremost among the successors of the mighty Cuvier.

Before 1860 the vastness and accuracy of Huxley's acquirements and the soundness of his judgment were well understood by the men of his profession, insomuch that Charles Darwin, when about to publish The Origin of Species, said that there were three men in England upon whose judgment he relied; if he could convince those three, he could afford to wait for the rest. The three were Lyell, Hooker, and Huxley, and he convinced them. How sturdily Huxley fought Darwin's battles is inspiring to remember. Darwin rather shrank from controversy, and, while he welcomed candid criticism, seldom took any notice of ill-natured attacks. On one occasion, nevertheless, a somewhat ugly assault moved Darwin to turn and rend the assailant, which was easily and neatly done in two pages at the end of a scientific paper. Before publishing the paper, however, Darwin sent it to Huxley, authorizing him to omit the two pages if he should think it best. Huxley promptly canceled them, and sent Darwin a delicious little note, saying that the retort was so excellent that if it had been his own he should hardly have had virtue enough to suppress it; but although it was well deserved, he thought it would be better to refrain. "If I say a savage thing, it is only 'pretty Fanny's way;' but if you do, it is not likely to be forgotten." There was a friend worth having!

There can be little doubt, I think, that, without a particle of rancor, Huxley did keenly feel the *gaudium certaminis*. He exclaimed among the trumpets, Ha! ha! and was sure to be in the thickest of the fight. His family seemed to think that the "Gladstonian dose" had a tonic effect upon him. When he felt too ill for scientific work, he was quite ready for a scrimmage with his friends the bishops. Not caring much for episcopophagy (as Huxley once called it), and feeling that controversy of that sort was but a slaying of the slain, I used to grudge the time that was given to it, and taken from other things. In 1879 he showed me the synopsis of a projected book on The Dog, which was to be an original contribution to the phylogenetic history of the order Carnivora. The reader who recalls his book on The Crayfish may realize what such a book about dogs would have been. It was interrupted and deferred, and finally pushed aside, by the thousand and one duties and cares that were thrust upon him, — work on government commissions, educational work, parish work, everything that a self-sacrificing and public-spirited man could be loaded with. In the later years, whenever I opened a magazine and found one of the controversial articles, I read it with pleasure, but sighed for the dog book.

I dare say, though, it was all for the best. "To smite all humbugs, however big; to give a nobler tone to science; to set an example of abstinence from petty personal controversies, and of toleration for everything but lying; to be indifferent as to whether the work is recognized as mine or not, so long as it is done," — such were Huxley's aims in life. And for these things, in the words of good Ben Jonson, "I loved the man, and do honor to his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any."

John Fiske.

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ON A SOLDIER FALLEN IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Streets of the roaring town,
Hush for him, hush, be still!
He comes, who was stricken down
Doing the word of our will.
Hush! Let him have his state.
Give him his soldier's crown.
The grists of trade can wait
Their grinding at the mill,
But he cannot wait for his honor, now the trumpet has been blown.
Wreathe pride now for his granite brow, lay love on his breast of stone.

Toll! Let the great bells toll
Till the clashing air is dim.
Did we wrong this parted soul?
We will make it up to him.
Toll! Let him never guess
What work we set him to.
Laurel, laurel, yes;
He did what we bade him do.
Praise, and never a whispered hint but the fight he fought was good;
Never a word that the blood on his sword was his country's own heart's blood.

A flag for the soldier's bier
Who dies that his land may live;
Oh, banners, banners here,
That he doubt not nor misgive!
That he heed not from the tomb
The evil days draw near
When the nation, robed in gloom,
With its faithless past shall strive.
Let him never dream that his bullet's scream went wide of its island mark,
Home to the heart of his darling land where she stumbled and sinned in the dark.

William Vaughn Moody.

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